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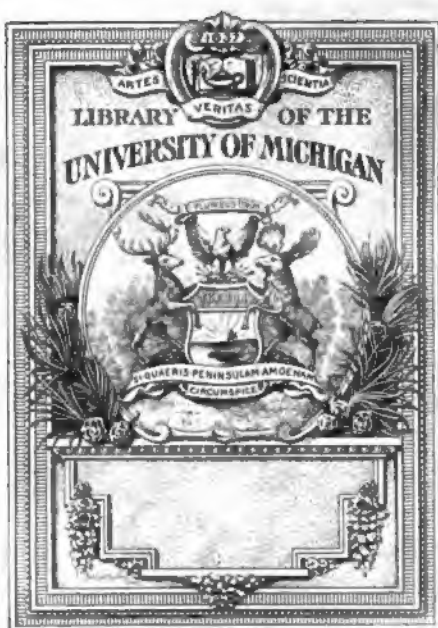
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THE MODERN REVOLUTION.

Historical Inductions.

NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES—GREEK FOLK POESY.

'Thug e doibh sgeul air Rìgh na Gréige, agus mar a bha Nighean an Rìgh air a gleidheadh 'san Dùn, 's nach robh aon air bith gu AILLIDH, Nighean Rìgh na Gréige, fhaotainn ri phòsadh, ach aon a bheireadh a mach i le sàr ghaisge.'

SGEUL CHONUIL GHUILBNICH.

NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES.

GREEK FOLK POESY:

ANNOTATED TRANSLATIONS,
FROM THE WHOLE CYCLE OF ROMAIC
FOLK-VERSE AND FOLK-PROSE.

BY

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

EDITED WITH ESSAYS ON
THE SCIENCE OF FOLKLORE,
GREEK FOLKSPEECH, AND THE SURVIVAL
OF PAGANISM,

BY

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE, M.A.

‘And he told them the Tale of the King of Greece, and how his Daughter was kept in the Dun, and that no one at all was to get BEAUTY, Daughter of the King of Greece, to marry, but one who could bring her out by great valour.’—CAMPBELL: *West Highland Tales*, Vol. iii., p. 258.

VOL. I.—FOLK-VERSE.

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GREEK FOLK-POESY

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GRATEFULLY BY THE TRANSLATOR,
AND WITH PROFOUND RESPECT BY THE EDITOR,
THE ENDEAVOUR OF BOTH HAVING BEEN
TO MAKE THEIR WORK
WORTHY OF ASSOCIATION WITH THE BRITISH NAME
THE MOST HONOURED
BY ALL GREEKS.

ΤΩ,
ΔΙΑΠΡΕΠΕΙ ΛΟΓΙΩ,
ΡΗΤΟΡΙ ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΩ,
ΤΩ, ΚΡΑΤΕΡΩΤΑΤΩ, ΠΡΟΜΑΧΩ,
ΤΟΥ ΤΩΝ ΕΘΝΩΝ ΔΙΚΑΙΟΥΤ,
· ΚΑΙ ΜΕΓΙΣΤΩ, ΤΩΝ ΦΙΛΕΛΕΤΘΕΡΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΠΟΤΡΩΝ,
ΤΩ, ΤΠΕΡΤΙΜΩ,

ΓΟΥΛΙΕΛΜΩ, ΕΒΑΡΤΩ, ΓΛΑΔΣΤΩΝΙ,
Η ΤΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΩΝ ΔΗΜΩΔΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ
ΗΔΕ ΣΥΛΛΟΓΗ ·

ΑΝΑΤΙΘΕΤΑΙ,
ΕΤΓΝΩΜΟΝΩΣ ΜΕΝ ΤΠΟ ΤΗΣ ΜΕΤΑΦΡΑΣΔΣΗΣ,
ΕΤΣΕΒΑΣΤΩΣ ΔΕ ΤΠΟ ΤΟΥ ΕΚΔΟΝΤΟΣ,
ΚΟΙΝΗ, ΣΤΝΕΡΓΑΣΑΜΕΝΩΝ
ΚΑΙ ΕΠΑΞΙΩΣ ΤΟ ΕΡΓΟΝ ΣΤΝΑΨΑΝΤΩΝ
ΤΩ, ΒΡΕΤΤΑΝΙΚΩ, ΟΝΟΜΑΤΙ
ΤΩ, ΤΟΙΣ ΕΛΛΗΣΙΝ ΑΠΑΣΙΝ ΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ
ΤΕΤΙΜΗΜΕΝΩ. .

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NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES.

*‘Der grosse Aufschwung, den während des letzten Menschenalters die Wissenschaften genommen haben, ist der Mythologie . . . nicht zu gute gekommen Es herrscht die grösste Unsicherheit nicht blos über die Grundfragen, sondern auch über die Mittel, mit denen sie beantwortet werden müssen, und selbst die Fragestellung steht keineswegs fest. Der verschiedenen mythologischen Systeme sind fast ebenso viele, als der Forscher.’—GRUPPE, *Culte und Mythen*, Vorwort iii.*

*‘But as the changes in our knowledge of the past history of Mankind have mostly been effected without reference to the study of Mythology and Folklore, their effect upon these studies has never been set forth clearly, and . . . the consequences are doctrinal anarchy in both departments.’—NUTT, *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, vol. i., Intr. xvi.*

GENERAL PREFACE.





NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES.

GENERAL PREFACE.

§ 1 *a*. HARDLY at all is it recognised to how remote a date the first collecting of Folklore goes back ; how very remarkable, and, indeed, revolutionary, have been the chief Epochs of the collecting of especially mythical and historical traditions ; and how clear a periodicity may be traced in the recurrence of the greater of these Epochs. How far the oldest monuments of Culture-lore, the oldest Sacred Books of Egypt and Chaldea in their primitive forms, incorporated Folklore may remain doubtful. Perhaps they had exclusively for their contents the Kosmical, and particularly the Astronomical Observations and Theories, the Historical Traditions, and the Sacred Songs and Ritualistic Observances of the Ruling White Race^a of these River-valleys. Unquestionably Folk-belief and Folk-custom

^a See Note on *The Ethnology of the White Races*, below pp. 14*a*, 14*b* and 15.

influenced, at a very early period, both the doctrines and the rites of the Religions of which men of the Higher Race constituted themselves the systematisers and hierophants. But, so far as we as yet know, it was not till a later Age, though still as early as from the Third Millennium B.C., that Folklore was definitely collected, and, in a more or less transformed shape, presented in Culture-lore—as in the great Chaldean Epic, of which the Flood-story is an episode (2300 B.C.), and in the earliest collections of Egyptian, Chinese, and Indian Folk-tales. It was not, however, till a still later Age—the Age that must be dated from that great Asian-European Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C., which broke up the Ancient, and initiated New Civilizations, in which all our modern conflicts are already found in germ—it was not till this Age that the interaction of Folklore and Culture-lore became more definitely historical, and more socially and politically important. And in both Sacred and Secular Literatures there are found, not only at this great Epoch, but thereafter at regularly recurring Epochs, characteristic manifestations of the recordation of Folklore by, and its influence on, the Cultured Classes.

§ 1 *b.* To prove, or even adequately to illustrate such a generalization would require more space than I can give to the whole of this *General Preface*. But let the Folklorist recall the Folklore incorporated, not only in the Sacred Books of the Ancient Civilizations—the Indian *Vedas*, Persian *Zendavesta*, Hebrew *Bible*, etc.—

as re-edited at the opening of the Age initiated by the Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C., but also in the Sacred Books of the New Civilizations—the Christian Scriptures, and particularly the *Gospels*, at the opening of the Second Half-millennium (1-500 A.C.), and the Mohammedan *Koran*, with the Scholia of its Commentators, at the opening of the Third Half-millennial Period, reckoned from that European-Asian Revolution. And let him also, surveying Secular Literatures, recall, in the First of these Half-millenniums (500 B.C. to 1 A.C.), the Collections of the Foundation-legends of Cities, to which even an Aristotle contributed in his lost *Κτίσεις*, and the Collections of Greek Myths generally, as by Apollonios Rhodios, not only in his *Κτίσεις*, but in his epic *Argonautica*, and by Apollódoros in his *Περὶ Θεῶν*, *Βιβλιοθήκη*, and *Χρονικά*; the Collections, in the Second Half-millennium (1-500 B.C.), of Roman Legends, as in the *Ῥωμαϊκὴ Ἀρχαιολογία* of Dionysius Halicarnassus, and the *Βιβλιόθηκη ἱστορική* of Diodorus Siculus, and the magnificent use made of them by Vergil in his *Æneid*, as also by Ovid in his *Fasti*; the Collections, even in the dark Third Half-millennium (500-1000), the true Mediæval Age, and even in our remote islands, of British Traditions in the Irish *Annals of the Four Masters*, the *Four Ancient Books* of Wales, and the *Historia Britonum* of Nennius; the Collections, nor the collections only, but, in the *Shah Nameh* of Firdausi, the Arthurian Romances, and the *Nibelungenlied*, the splendid epicisings and romanticisings of Racial Tra-

ditions in the glorious Fourth Half-millennium (1000-1500); and finally, at the opening, in the Sixteenth Century, of the Fifth Half-millennium of the Age initiated by the Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C., not only the Collections of various antiquaries, but the poetically transforming incorporation both of Folklore facts innumerable,^a and of heroic national traditions in the Plays of Shakespeare—the great poet of the Anglo-Keltic (more correctly, perhaps, Norse-Keltic) Race.

§ 1 c. But it must here suffice to have thus merely indicated the extreme antiquity of the recording of Folklore, and to have thus merely suggested that the greater Epochs of World-literature will be found to have been determined by the greater energy and intensity at these Epochs of the more or less constant interactions of Folk-lore and Culture-lore. The reason of this may hereafter be seen in the very constitution of Civilized Societies, and traced to the essential condition of their origin—the Conflict of the Colonists of a Higher White Race with the *πολὴ πλῆθος ἀνθρώπων*, ‘the great multitude’ of Lower Coloured and Black Races, by whom, living *ἀτάκτως καὶ ὥσπερ τὰ θηρία*, ‘lawlessly and like beasts,’^b we now know that the Chaldean and Egyptian Cradlelands of Civilization were already,

^a See THISTLETON DYER, *Folklore of Shakespeare*. And more than one such passage as the first of the two mottoes of my Introductory Essay to *Greek Folkpoesy* testifies to Bacon’s recognition of the importance of Folklore.

^b BEROSSOS, *Χαλδαϊκά*. See LENORMANT, *Commentaire des Fragments cosmogoniques de Bérosee*; and DAREMBERG et SAGLIO s.v. *Chaldæi*.

before the settlement of these White Colonists, peopled. Conflicts of Classes have succeeded Conflicts of Races. And the fact that Folklore forms so considerable a constituent element of the later Sacred Books, and, at regularly recurring Epochs, surges up so prominently in Secular Literatures, will be found in general to indicate nothing less than a more or less revolutionary uprising into political power of ethnically or culturally Lower Races or Classes. But I must now pass at once to the characterisation of those Eras of the Modern Period of interaction between Folklore and Culture-lore, which here more particularly concern us.

§ 2. The first of these later Eras may be dated from the publication, in 1760, of MacPherson's *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem*, and the European enthusiasm excited by that Epoch-making book in which 'breathed the very soul of the Celtic genius.'^a Folklore Researches were carried by it high above the plane on which the older antiquaries of the Modern Period had worked—Drayton (b. 1563), and Camden (b. 1551), and Aubrey (1686), and Bourne (1725). For, originating the whole course of those Keltic Researches which have gone on to this day, it initiated that Keltic Revival—just fourteen years after the suppression of the last Jacobite Rebellion 1745 - 46 — of which the results, not literary and scientific only, but also social and political, are very far indeed, as yet, from being exhausted. Yet this Keltic Revival forms but one of the movements at once

^a ARNOLD, *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, p. 150.

literary, social, and political, with which MacPherson must be for ever associated. To the European enthusiasm excited by his *Ancient Epic*, and to the example of those researches which it stimulated in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, may be traced the similar Folklore Researches, with their similar results of revival of national memories, and kindling of national aspirations, which presently disturbed every Despotism in Europe, and have already, though not yet, indeed, completely and finally, rectified or reconstituted national boundaries. Almost sufficient proof of this might be furnished by a mere Bibliography of National Folklore Researches since 1760, each country ranking according to the date of the first important work on its Folklore—not excluding, of course, such poetic syntheses as the Scottish *Fingal*, in 1760, and the Finnish *Kalevala*, in 1835^a—and indications being given of the social and political changes effected in each country since the first work on its National Folklore. Besides, however, leading to such

^a It is admitted that verses occur in the *Kalevala* which cannot be found in any existing folk-songs, and which were composed simply to suit ‘the exigencies of Dr. Lönnrot’s epic design.’ (See BILLSON, *The Folk-songs comprised in the Finnish ‘Kalevala.’—Folk-Lore*, December, 1895, p. 350.) MacPherson, to suit the ‘exigencies of *his* epic design,’ doubtless inserted a far greater number of his own compositions than Dr. Lönnrot found necessary. But candour about his work was made as difficult for him as possible by the *bear* he had to contend with.

‘Here lies poor Johnson : reader have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear—
* * * * *

Illbred, and overbearing in dispute,
A Scholar, and a Christian, yet a Brute.’

political and social changes, Folklore Researches, in this brilliant Eighteenth Century Era of their activity, not only gave to the writing of History new facts, and with these a new interest and a new style, but contributed to the creation, by Sir Walter Scott, of a new Art-form, the Historical Romance. And through these new National Histories and Historical Romances, Folklore Researches became still more definitely causes of Historical Events.

§ 3. Half a century later than the Era that must be associated with MacPherson was that which must be associated with the Grimms. That European Civilisation is an organic unity constituted by the interaction of the Romance and Teutonic elements was the idea which Von Ranke formulated in his earliest work,^a and still maintained in his latest.^b Substitute *Keltic* for 'Romance,' and *West European* for 'European' Civilisation, and we shall find an illustration of the truth of this theory, in the succession of the Eras of Modern Folklore Research. Characteristically Keltic as was its Eighteenth Century Era, initiated by the *Ancient Epic* of 1760, characteristically Teutonic has been the course of its Nineteenth Century Era initiated by the *Kinder und Hausmärchen* of 1812-14. The National Researches distinctive of the former Era still continued with their various social and political results;

^a *History of the Romance and Teutonic Nations between 1494 and 1535.*

^b *Universal History.* He died May, 1886, aged 91.

but this later Era has been more distinctively marked by the larger than merely National aims and objects which have stimulated students of Folklore; though, indeed, in Germany, these larger aims and objects have too often been subordinated to a mere vulgar glorification of Germans as the supreme Aryan Race. The solution of such great historical questions as those of the origins of European Folklore, the origins of Epics, the origins of Mythology, nay, the origins of Religion, have, in this Nineteenth Century, become the aims of Folklore Research. These great problems began now to be attacked also by another class of Researches—those into Aryan Philology, and Early, and especially Vedic Aryan Literature—and this particularly after the verification by Franz Bopp, in 1833-35, of Sir William Jones' theory, already stated in 1786, of the common derivation of the Aryan, the Indo-European, or, as Germans, in despite of Kelt and Slav, delight in calling them, Indo-Germanic Languages—Sanscrit and Zend, Greek and Armenian, Latin and Keltic, Lithuanian, Teutonic, and Slavonic. And then arose the Philological and Aryan School of Mythologists which, under Professor Max Müller, ruled supreme in this country for an unfortunately prolonged period, seeing that what have turned out to be the truer views of native scholars, naturally less favoured by our German Dynasty, were thus for long scouted and suppressed.

§ 4. Truer, however, though these views might be—Latham's Theory, for instance, of the European Origin



of the Aryans, and Lang's of the Savage Origin of Myths—no adequate and consistent theory has yet been stated. As so learned a Folklorist as Mr. Nutt frankly admits, 'no homogeneous theory has taken the place of' those which the changes in our historical knowledge have 'dispossessed'; and 'the consequences are doctrinal anarchy in both departments of study'—in our Theories both of Mythology and of Folklore—'and party grouping of scholars according to insignificant side-issues rather than according to well-defined general principles.'^a Here I have no space to justify this opinion, corroborating, as it does, my own. Nor is it necessary. The reader interested in the question will find the fullest justification of these judgments in Gruppe's elaborate criticism of the *wichtigsten Versuche die Entstehung des Cultus und des Mythos zu erklären*,^b and more especially during the Era above distinguished from the Brothers Grimm in 1812-14 down to 1887. The Folk-poesy Theories of the Grimms, the Philological Theories of Adalbert Kuhn and Max Müller, the Metaphysical Theories, the Anthropological Theories, the Theories of the Demonologists, Schwartz, Mannhardt, Lang, etc., the Ancestral-ghost Theories of Herbert Spencer, Lippert, etc., the Theories of the so-called Kakodemonists and Eudemonists, etc., are all subjected to such a severe, yet candid, criticism as to convince all readers, I should

^a *Waifs and Strays*, I. Intro. xvi.

^b *Culte and Mythen*, Kap. 1.

think, save those criticised, and even perhaps some of them, that there is but partial, and, it may be, but very partial, truth in any one of these theories. Nor, as I venture to think, can more be said of Gruppe's own theory save on one point;^a nor of the theories, either implicit or explicit, even of such important works for their facts as those of Mr. Frazer and Mr. Hartland, published since Gruppe's work—*The Golden Bough* in 1890, and *The Legend of Perseus* in 1894-96. Must we then conclude from such results of criticism that the problem of the origin of Myth and Religion is insolvable? '*Das verschlossene Wesen des Universums hat keine Kraft in sich welche dem Muthe des Erkennens Widerstand leisten könnte.*'^b Our more reasonable conclusion will, I think, be simply, that the problem must be attacked from some new and higher point of view, and that its solution must be aided either by some newly discovered, or more duly considered, facts.

§ 5. Now, the historical student of larger range is struck by few things more than by the connection which, however unapparent at the time, later events make manifest in the synchronisms of History. Not only Des Bosses, but Hume, was a contemporary of MacPherson; and synchronous with *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem* (1760) was not only the *Dieux Fétiches* (1760), but the *Natural History of Religion* (1757). A certain connection may be recognised between the two last;

^a See *below*, p. 43.

^b HEGEL, *Encyklopädie, Anrede. Werke*, B. vi., s. xi.

but could any books be named apparently more unconnected than these last and the first? Yet, as we have just seen, the New Era of Folklore Research initiated by MacPherson was succeeded by one of which the aim has become less and less distinguishable from that of Hume's *Natural History of Religion*; while the method of at least one of the Schools of this later Era has been identical with that of the *Dieux Fétiches* of Des Brosses. Quite independently, however, have the two movements, initiated respectively by Hume and by MacPherson, hitherto proceeded. Taken in conjunction with the *Treatises* in which Hume set forth his theory of Causation (1738-48), those in which his theory of the Natural History of Religion was either suggested, as in his *Dialogues*, or outlined, as in his *Essay* (1754-57), gave rise to a New Era in that great movement of philosophic thought initiated by Bodin in his *Methodus* (1566) and *Republic* (1576)—that great movement of which the aim has been a Philosophy of History. But of this splendid philosophic effort, the chief, perhaps the only ideas which have, as yet, been, not stated merely, but more and more clearly verified, seem to be these three. The first is the idea of the central Law of History as a law of the historical development of Thought, or, more definitely, as a law of the historical development of the conception of Causes. The second of these two ideas is that of a certain Differentiation and Reintegration as the logical form of thought, and this, whether observed in the

large process of the historical development of Thought, or in every elementary process of individual Thought. And the third is the idea of the correlation of all Social Laws, and hence of the importance of the discovery of any one, and particularly of that of the development of Historic Thought. To Turgot, and more especially to Hume, we chiefly owe the first; to Fichte, and more especially to Hegel, the second; and though we do not chiefly owe to Comte, but rather to the naturalist Cuvier, the third of these ideas, it is with Comte's name that, in its application to History, it may be chiefly associated. Beyond these ideas, the Philosophy of History has hardly, perhaps, as yet, made any considerable advance. And hence, exceedingly difficult must be the great task of the Rev. Professor Flint in attempting to give a detailed, interesting, and impartial survey of the History of the Philosophy of History, which shall not be open to the charge that one cannot see the trees—the three or four, or, at most, half-dozen giant oaks—for the wood, much of it but mere brushwood, that surrounds them.

§ 6. For no more than did Hume, or Hegel, or Comte, do any of their successors as yet appear to have verifiably solved two Problems, without the solution of which no important advance can be made beyond those three ideas which I have just defined. The first of these Problems may be stated in the Question: *What is the main objective condition of the origin of progressive Social Organization, or Civilization?*

And the second of these Problems may be stated in this further Question : *What is the main subjective condition of the origin of progressive Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination ?* That the first of these Problems is not as yet solved—or is not, as yet, generally admitted to be solved—will be evident on considering the admittedly unsatisfactory character, not only of each of the past, but of the presently current theories, of the origin of Civilization—(1) the *Family-Origin* Theories of Plato and Aristotle ; after the long night of the Christian Dark Ages, (2) the Sixteenth Century *Conquest-Origin* Theory of Bodin ; (3) the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century *Social Contract-Origin* Theories of Hooker, Grotius, Hobbes, and Locke, etc., to Rousseau ; and (4) those theories now of Dr. Tylor, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Spencer, which may be distinguished as the *Savage-Origin* Theories of Civilization, doubt of which becomes more and more general, as knowledge of the results of Assyriological and Egyptological research becomes more and more diffused. But to admit that this First Problem is not, as yet, satisfactorily solved is implicitly to admit that the Second is also, as yet, similarly unsolved. For unless we have some tolerably definite and verifiable knowledge of the main objective condition of the Origin of progressive Social Organization, we can evidently have neither definite nor verifiable knowledge of the main subjective condition of the Origin of the progressive Philosophic Thought, which has unquestionably been, if a determined, a determining

correlate of progressive Social Organization. Besides, however, such implicit, there is explicit and conclusive evidence of the non-solution of the Second of these Problems in the disputes still about a Primitive Fetichism, Innate Ideas, and a Primitive Revelation.

§ 7 *a*. It is by the aim, to which recognition of these two defects in the New Philosophy of History give rise, that these New Folklore Researches are distinguished. For when it is seen that these two great Problems—the Origin of progressive Social Organization, and the Origin of progressive Philosophic Thought—are not as yet satisfactorily solved, it must be evident, on reflection, that, until these General Problems are verifiably solved, there can be no adequate solution of the Special Problems of Folklore and Mythology—such Problems as those of the origin, the diffusion, and the relations of Folk- and Culture-myths, and of Folk- and Culture-expressions generally. To solve, or at least to contribute to the solution of these larger Historical Problems, is, therefore, the clearly defined aim which may, perhaps, justify my calling these studies New Folklore Researches. The discovery of the Origins of Civilization must, indeed, be primarily drawn from the results of historical, archæological, and ethnological research. But Folklore Research will afford a most important deductive verification of whatever hypothesis we may have been led to by these other researches, if it can be shown that this hypothesis serves to explain unsolved problems of Folklore, as

also of Folk-custom. Such deductive verifications of our hypothesis as to the Origins of Civilization will be found in the solution of the problems of Myth-Origin and Diffusion suggested in the essay on the *Science of Folklore*, which serves as Introduction to the First Set of these New Folklore Researches. And a similar verification will be suggested in the solution offered of the Problem dealt with in the Second Set of these Researches, that, namely, on *Amazonian Matriarchy*.

§ 7 *b*. But though it is on historical and ethnological research that we must chiefly rely for the solution of the problem of the Origin of progressive Social Organization, or Civilization, it is otherwise with regard to the problem of the Origin of progressive Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination. What the solution of the former of these problems would appear to be, I have already indicated, and will, in the above referred-to *Introduction*, have occasion more fully to state. The Origin of progressive Social Organization, or Civilization, has been found in a Conflict of Higher White and Lower Coloured and Black Races; hence, not, as currently believed, in a spontaneous development from Savagery; but in such a conflict between Races with Higher and Lower aptitudes as, in its economic consequences, gave to the former the most favourable conditions for the development of its aptitudes. But if progressive Social Organization, or Civilization, has thus not originated in a spontaneous development from Savagery, neither certainly has pro-

gressive Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination. If the former has in a Conflict of Higher and Lower Races, the latter must have originated in a Conflict of Higher and Lower Conceptions. And just as a survey of the history of Civilization appears to verify such an induction as to its origin, so does a survey of the history of Ratiocination appear to verify such an hypothesis as to its origin likewise. For the more we penetrate into the facts of the historical conceptions of things, the more we see that our histories of Religions, of Literatures, and of Philosophies give us, for the most part, only facts of culture-conceptions; and but indications only of quite different Folk-conceptions, which, however, are constantly making themselves felt in their reactions against these culture-conceptions. But if progressive Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination, originated in a conflict of higher and lower conceptions, how are these to be distinguished? It is on Folklore Research—on the most careful collecting, classifying, and comparing of the conceptions of the Folk, either, like Savage Peoples, wholly, or almost wholly, uninfluenced by Culture, or of Lower Classes only partially so influenced—that we must chiefly rely for the solution of this Problem.' It is Greek and Keltic Folk-poesy that I have chiefly studied with a view to the definition of these higher and lower conceptions; with a view, therefore, to the discovery of such a Law of Historic Thought as is possible only if the main conditions of the origin of

its development can be verifiably defined; and hence, with a view to deductive solutions of such problems as may thus, but cannot otherwise be solved. In the Prefaces respectively to *Greek Folk-poesy*, and to *Keltic Folk-poesy*, I shall point out the special importance of the study of each with respect to this General Problem. And in the terminal Essays of these First and Third Sets respectively of our new *Folklore Researches*—in Essays on *The Survival of Paganism*, and *The Folk-sources of Romance*, I shall state the conclusions to which study of these most ancient and important of all West Aryan Folk-poesies may appear to lead with respect to this great problem of Thought-origins, of which the solution is the *sine quâ non* of discovery of an ultimate Law of History.

§ 7 c. To recall what I said in the opening paragraph of this *General Preface*, and to sum up. It was suggested that, dating from that Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C., common to both Asia and Europe, European-Asian History may be divided into clearly marked Half-millennial Periods, and that each of these has been distinguished by special interactions between Folklore and Culture-lore. But up to this fourth century of the fifth of these Half-millennial Periods the collecting of Folklore has, in general, been entirely unscientific in its method, and when collected it has been used in general merely for the purposes of Religion and of Poesy. If we except Aristotle, it was by the Grimms, in the beginning of this century, that

Folklore was first collected with scientific method, and used for scientific purposes. And as the Special Problems for the solution of which Fölklore has been studied, when scientifically studied at all, appear to have been found insoluble by direct attack, it is now proposed both to collect and to use it with a view to the solution of certain Historical Problems, not only because they are as yet unsolved by the Philosophy of History, but because it would appear that it is only from the solution of these General Problems that adequate solutions can be deduced of the Special Problems of Mythology and Folklore.

J. S. S.-G.

1884-1896.





NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES.

I. GREEK FOLK-POESY.

PREFACE.

§ 1. OF the Σύλλογη Δημοδῶν Ἀσμάτων τῆς Ἠπείρου, by the late Dr. Aravandinos of Ioánnina, presented to me in the autumn of 1880 by a Greek friend at Corfu under the circumstances mentioned in the sequel,^a I found myself able to read but little. So difficult to one hitherto a student only of the Greek Classics, are the Dialects of these Songs, with their riddles of Grecized foreign words, their poverty of grammatical forms, and their puzzles of contractions and elisions of every kind. But on discovering, at a later period, that Miss Garnett could read more or less easily what I could make so

^a In the opening paragraph of *The Survival of Paganism*, vol. ii. p. 467.

little of, I urged her to turn this exceptional knowledge to some account. We projected, therefore, so long ago as 1882, a little book of translations from Aravandinos under some such title as that of *Songs of Epeiros*; and, in 1883, I sent some specimens of these translations to my old Master, the late Professor Blackie, the first scholar in this country who insisted on the closeness of Modern to Ancient Greek, and the first who advocated the study of Greek, not as a dead, but as a still living Language. The humblest projects, however, become not unfrequently greatly enlarged. Our project of a booklet of Folk-songs limited in its scope to a selection of those of Epeiros became enlarged to that of a book giving as complete a view as possible of all the various phases of Greek Folk-life, and drawn not only from Epeiros and such a single source as Aravandinos, but also from Thessaly and Macedonia, and thus from all the provinces of 'Ἡ Δούλη Ἑλλας, 'Enslaved Hellas,' and a corresponding variety of sources. Thus enlarged in scope, and with an Introduction on *The Survival of Paganism*, the first edition of these *Greek Folk-songs* was printed in 1884^a, and, after certain difficulties, published in 1885 (Elliot Stock). A second edition was published in 1888 (Ward and Downey) with an additional essay by myself on *The Science of Folklore*, which considerations of expense had prevented my publishing with

^a Hence it is from this year that I date these New Folklore Researches.



the first edition. And now, this second edition of *Greek Folk-songs* having been long since sold out, we present two volumes of *Greek Folk-poesy*, of which the first contains nearly twice as much Verse-poesy—Idylls, Songs, and Ballads—as did *Greek Folk-songs*, and the second is an entirely new volume of Prose-poesy—Tales, Stories, and Legends—arranged in the same classes as the Verse-poesy; while the area of collection of the originals embraces not only the Provinces of ‘Enslaved Hellas,’ but the whole of the Ottoman Empire, and also the Greek Kingdom, and our sources, therefore, are now of the almost exhaustive variety indicated in the appended Bibliography.

§ 2. It may be desirable briefly to indicate the results of research which led to this great enlargement of the scope and contents of our Collection of Greek Folk-poesy. The explorations and studies, in 1880 and 1881, at the outset of which I was presented with the *Ἀσμάτα τῆς Ἠπείρου*, led, first of all, to the conviction that it was the Northern Greece of those Sanctuaries of Dodona, of Olympos, and of Samothrace—which, in the then anarchic condition of the country, I reached with so much difficulty, yet at each of which I managed to spend so considerable a period—that was, after all, the true Ancient Hellas, as was, indeed, affirmed both by Homer^a and Aristotle.^b After my explorations, more particularly at Dodona, and studies at Ioánnina, the Kuhn-Müller explanation of Hellenic

^a *Il.*, ii. 634-5.

^b *Meteor.*, i. 14.

Mythology from the *Vedas* seemed impossible, and Hellenic Mythology seemed much more probably derivable from the pre-Aryan Civilizations of which I found so many traces, and with which the Western Aryans probably first came into contact in these Northern Provinces of Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epeiros. But, if so, then the Ancient Civilization of Southern Greece was founded probably by the same 'Pelasgian' race to which the pre-Hellenic Civilization of Northern Greece was due, though, in Tiryns and Mykenai, it reached a greater height of splendour than has been anywhere as yet discovered in Northern Greece. So far, indeed, as it seemed to me, was the Ancient Civilization of Southern Greece from being Hellenic, that it was by the Hellenic Dorians that it was destroyed, and that a condition of Society, so different from that depicted by Homer, was introduced—the condition depicted by Hesiod.^a

§ 3. But whence came this pre-Hellenic Civilization, and by what race, and under what conditions, was it founded? During a stay of some weeks at 'Lárisa of the Pelasgians,' towards the end of 1880, the fact that a long line, or rather a broad belt, of Larissas, or Lar'sas, connects those of Greece and Italy with Lársa, one of the most ancient cities of Chaldea, appeared to me to have a significance which had not yet been duly appreciated. Hence, as soon as I

^a See my *Origin of the Classic Civilizations*, *Trans. Cong. of Orientalists*, 1892, vol. ii., pp. 486, 487.

returned to England, I resumed previous studies of the conditions of the origin of what, so far as we know, were the Primary Civilizations of Chaldea and Egypt. And of these studies the general results were these three. First, the main determining condition of the origin of these Primary Civilizations was a Conflict of Higher White, but non-Semitic and non-Aryan, Races with Lower Coloured and Black Races. Secondly, the study of the origin and history of Civilization must be swung round to an absolutely new standpoint, with the most revolutionary results in all directions—the standpoint of the Primary Civilizations of Chaldea and Egypt. And, thirdly, the Semitic and West Aryan Civilizations certainly, and the Chinese and East Aryan Civilizations probably,^a and all other Civilizations possibly, were either directly or indirectly derived from these Primary Civilizations under a similar general condition of Conflict to that in which these Primary Civilizations themselves originated; but a Conflict, in the case of the Semites and Aryans, rather between culturally than racially Lower and Higher Races—culturally Lower Races who assimilated and transformed the Civilizations of culturally Higher Races.

§ 4. It would be irrelevant here to say more of this

^a It is to the late Professor Terrien de Lacouperie that we chiefly owe demonstration of the connection of the Chinese with the Chaldean Civilization; and his death, from want of due means of subsistence, is one of the many similar scandals that excite as yet, alas! in our plutocratic society, but powerless indignation.

General Theory of the Origin of Civilizations, Primary and Derivative. I proceed, therefore, to point out, though very briefly, some of the more important deductions with respect to Folklore which were naturally suggested by this General Theory. The first of these was that, if this Theory were found verifiable, one of the two chief defects would be corrected which, as I have pointed out in the *General Preface*, at present exist in current Philosophies of History. And a further deduction was that, if the Problems of Folklore, which are more or less admittedly insolvable on the assumptions of the current Theory of the Origins of Civilization, were found solvable on the assumptions of this new Theory of these Origins, we should be furnished with very important deductive verifications of this Theory. In order to this, however, nothing less was required than a reconstitution of the Science of Folklore. For this Science, so far as it can be at present said to exist, is based on a Theory of the Origins of Civilization which, if it does not explicitly deny, entirely ignores those later results of Assyriological and Egyptological Research from which is derived the Theory which I have ventured to propose. And hence it was necessary that, in the *Introduction* to this First Set of these New Folklore Researches, I should attempt to indicate the Principles, the Method, and the Results of a Science of Folklore based on this New Theory of the Origins of Civilization. What will now be suggested as the Principles of the Science of

Folklore will simply be the generalisations of this New Historical Theory. From these generalisations the Method of the Science will be deduced. And then, those solutions of Folklore Problems will be indicated which offer themselves for verification as deductions from the generalisations here assumed, but elsewhere, as I venture to think, proved.

§ 5. Another defect in current Philosophies of History, besides that of unverifiable theories of the Origin of progressive Social Organization, or Civilization, was pointed out in the *General Preface*—the want, namely, of a verified and generally accepted theory as to the Origin of progressive Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination. But it was also pointed out that if, as we were led to conclude, the former had originated in a Conflict of higher and lower Races, the latter must have originated in a Conflict of higher and lower Conceptions; and that it was on Folklore Research that we must chiefly rely if we would attain a verifiable definition of these higher and lower Conceptions. It was the aim at a more assured solution of this Problem, no less important for the Science of History generally, than for the special Science of Folklore, that has led to the enlargement, above noted, of the scope and contents of this Collection of Greek Folk-poesy. For, as I went through these Greek Folk-songs with Miss Garnett in the deliberate way required by our attempt to give scrupulously literal and metrical translations, I was more and more struck by the extra-

ordinarily little influence that appears to have been exercised upon them by Christian conceptions, and by the extraordinarily marked difference between the Folk-conceptions of the Greek peasants, and the Culture-conceptions of the Greek priests. Long domination by such Culture-conceptions as those of Christianity might, indeed, have naturally been expected to destroy almost everything distinctive in the Folk-conceptions submitted for two millenniums to so powerful an influence. But as, so far from having been destroyed, these Greek Folk-conceptions were found to present still all the most characteristic features of Paganism, it seemed that, in order to the solution of the Problem above stated, I could take up the study of no Folklore more likely to have fruitful results than that of Greek Folk-poesy. And to this I was further moved by the remarkable parallels discovered between Greek and Keltic Folk-poesy, and by the hope of being able to supplement my present collection and study of monuments of the former by a similar collection and study of monuments of the latter—the only other West Aryan Folk-poesy which rivals that of the Greeks in age and historic importance.


§ 6. As fully pointed out in the *Introduction*, Literature must thus be regarded as including both Oral and Written Literature, both Folk-lore and Culture-lore. And in order to that comparative study of Folk- and Culture-conceptions required for the solution of the above-stated Problem, such a Natural

Classification of the different departments of Folk-lore and Culture-lore is required as will make possible a scientific comparison of the conceptions expressed in the one with those expressed in the other. My first work, therefore, as Editor of this Collection of pieces representative of every department of Greek Folk-poesy, was to classify them in accordance with the principles stated in the *Introduction*. No less important, however, did I esteem the duty of ensuring, by careful and repeated revisions of the Translations, a scrupulously close rendering both of the spirit and letter of the Originals ; and as to the character of the Englishing, our aim has been to make it as simple as possible, and dialectic only in occasional touches. Miss Garnett's Footnotes and Annotations I have also revised, adding to them here and there ; but I have not thought it necessary to indicate these Editorial additions, save where they refer to personal experiences of travel. With reference to the Translations, Miss Garnett desires me to express her thanks to all the correspondents from whom she has received loans of books, answers to queries, or other assistance. The veteran French scholar, to whom the study of Greek Literature, in both its Folk- and Culture-lore, is so greatly indebted, M. Émile Legrand, she especially desires to thank for the valuable aid he has rendered, not only in supplying information from the vast stores of his erudition, but in generously placing at her disposal the hitherto unpublished Originals, in MS. or proof, of a large number of

pieces; to the well-known Greek author, M. Demetrios Bikelas, Miss Garnett desires also to acknowledge her obligations for the important Collections of Greek Folklore he has kindly lent her for so long a period, and also for the helpful interest he has taken in her work for the last dozen years; and to Mr. Alfred Nutt both she and I must gratefully record our thanks for the gift, or loan, of a little library of books on Keltic Folklore.

§ 7. In *Greek Folk-songs*, the first lines of the Originals of the various pieces were given in order that scholars might have an opportunity of judging for themselves both as to the character of the Dialects, and the accuracy of the Translations. Considerations of expense, however—the number of pieces in the present Folk-verse volume having been so greatly increased—have made it impossible to print so much Greek—such works as this being, in any case, the reverse of remunerative. But specimens of the Dialects not having been thus given, a Note on their Characteristics seemed all the more desirable for those who might wish to know something of the Language in which these Songs are composed. And for those who might be struck, as I have been, with the Paganism of the sentiments and ideas expressed, something more seemed also desirable. For, considering the relations between Language and the Thought which it expresses, the question might naturally arise whether the degree of change in the Language corresponds with the degree of change in the Thought. This led to con-

verting my original 'Note on the Characteristics of Greek Folk-speech' into but the central Section of an *Excursus*, of which the first Section attempts a summary indication of the stages of the past development of Greek, and the third Section ventures on remarks on the burning question of the direction to be given to the future development of Greek—whether towards a re-Atticizing, or a popularizing, of the Literary Language. How closely connected are discussions of the past, and the future, development of Greek with the subject of Greek Folk-speech will, I trust, be found sufficiently evident to justify such an extension of my original Note. Here, therefore, I shall only say that all these questions are treated from the point of view, not only of my General Conflict Theory, but of that Theory (which I stated nearly a quarter of a century ago in *The New Philosophy of History*, 1873) of the Sixth Century B.C. as the true Epoch of the Origin of the Modern Civilizations, and of the Half-millennial Periods distinguishable since then in European, and indeed also in Asian, History. And hence I would hope that this *Excursus* on Greek Folk-speech may, in some degree, add to the proof, or at least illustration, of both these Theories. I cannot, however, conclude my reference to this *Excursus* without an expression of my grateful acknowledgments to the distinguished Greek whose pen-name is 'Αργυρής 'Εφταλιότης, not only for the loan of the *Études de Philologie néo-grecque* of his friend M. Jean




Psichari, but also for an introduction to that eminent philologist and literary leader, to whose correspondence, as well as works, I have been greatly indebted.

§ 8. Finally as to *The Survival of Paganism*, the general conclusion to this First Set of Folklore Researches. Under this title I have summarized the results of studies of every class of Greek Folk-poesy both in verse and in prose—Idylls and Tales, Songs and Stories, Ballads and Legends—in their bearing on the solution of the Second of those two great Historical problems above stated—the Problem of defining the characteristics of Folk-, in their relation to Culture-conceptions, and hence, of the conditions of the origin of Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination. A Theory of the origin and history of Civilization as the result of a Conflict between Races or Classes, ethnically, culturally, or economically distinguishable as Higher and Lower, naturally leads to a Theory of the origin and development of Ratiocination as the result of a Conflict of Folk- and Culture-conceptions—a Conflict seen in the historic interactions of Religions, Literatures, and Philosophies. I venture to think that great light will thus be found to be thrown, not only on the origins of Religions and Philosophies; but also on the actualities of Belief as distinguished from conventional assumptions with respect to it; and, indeed, on the whole process of the development of Religious and Philosophic Ideas. Progress has been variously conceived, but perhaps in no way more falsely than as a direct advance. Our

consideration of the Conflict of Folk- and Culture-Conceptions in *The Survival of Paganism* will show that Progress is a very much more complicated process than that. Yet we may find reason to believe that the Racial and Economic Conflicts which constitute the History of Civilization may have a far-off, yet perhaps, at length, not unattained, goal in a *voluntary* Co-operation of human Capacities working together, each within its due limits, for the Common Good. And so, we may also find reason to believe that the Conflicts of Folk- and Culture-conceptions which constitute the History of Thought may have a far-off, yet perhaps at length, not unattained, goal in a *true* World-consciousness.

§ 9. Previous criticisms, however, warn me that the mere mention of such ideas in connection with a book of Folk-poesy may appear to some minds highly incongruous and out of place. Be it so. The authors of these criticisms, even though unburdened with scientific aims, have given no such proof, so far as I am aware, of capacity for enjoying Folk-poesy merely as Folk-poesy, as has been given by the years of labour expended on these Translations—though aims were certainly kept in view other than that of mere sympathetic enjoyment of what I found in the Originals—the spontaneous revelation of the very heart of a people in all its ideas, sentiments, and memories. Indeed, it was just my profound sympathy with the Greek Folk-life thus expressed that made so especially

welcome the kind terms in which Mr. Gladstone acceded to Miss Garnett's request to be permitted to dedicate to him these volumes. How far he may assent to, or dissent from the views I have ventured to put forth, I do not know; though, as he himself was one of the first scholars to show the importance of Ethnology in its bearings on Mythology, I cannot but hope that he may view with some favour my theory of the Conflict of Races. But apart altogether from the theories outlined in my Essays, it seemed to me that a work, of which by far the greater part deals, not with theories, but with the facts of Greek Folk-thought, Folk-sentiment, and Folk-memory, could be to no one dedicated more fitly—and seeing especially that, in Macedonia and Crete, there is still a Δούλη"Ελλας—than to a scholar of Mr. Gladstone's special attainments, and a statesman of his special renown. I felt certain also that no acceptance of the Dedication would be more gratefully appreciated ὑπό τῶν Ἑλλήνων ἀπάντων than Mr. Gladstone's—and it is, indeed, to a Hellene, Dr. Valetta, that I am indebted for the Greek version of our Dedication. Nor is there but another point of fitness added by the fact of Mr. Gladstone's Keltic descent. For, considering the relations of Greeks and Kelts in the Classical Period, it is curious to remark that the most distinguished of English-speaking Philhellenes—the most distinguished of those who, in our Modern Period, have sought to deliver from



bondage 'Beauty, the daughter of the King of Greece,' *Aillidh, Nighean Rìgh na Gréige*—have, almost all, had in their veins a more than usual proportion of the Keltic blood which is common to the whole Britannic Race.

J. S. S.-G.

HASLEMERE, *May* 19, 1896.



INTRODUCTION.

‘Antiquitates, seu historiarum reliquiæ, sunt tanquam tabulæ naufragii ; cum deficiente et fere submersa rerum memoria, nihilominus homines industrii et sagaces . . . ex . . . proverbiiis, traditionibus, archivis et instrumentis tam publicis quam privatis . . . nonnulla a temporibus diluvio eripiunt et conservant.’—BACON, De Augmentis, lib. ii., cap. 6.

‘Neque pro nihilo æstimandum, quod per longinquas navigationes et peregrinationes (quæ sæculis nostris increbuerunt) plurima in natura patuerint et reperta sint, quæ novam philosophiæ lucem immittere possint. Quin et turpe hominibus foret, si globi materialis tractus, terrarum videlicet, marium, astrorum, nostris temporibus immensum aperti et illustrati sint; globi autem intellectualis fines inter veterum inventa et angustias cohibeantur.’—Novum Organum, lxxxiv.

THE SCIENCE OF FOLKLORE.





THE SCIENCE OF FOLKLORE.

WE have seen, in the *General Preface* to these New Folklore Researches, that a complete anarchy at present exists in current theories of Folklore and Mythology; and also—what is always the first step in the reduction of anarchy to order—the cause of that anarchy. For, directing our attention from the present discordant theories of Folklore to that great movement towards a New Philosophy of History, which has run parallel with the development of Folklore Studies, we found ourselves obliged to recognise in it two great defects, of which the first was the want of a verifiable theory of the Origins of Civilization. And as verifiable theories of Folklore and Mythology must necessarily be founded on some verifiable general Theory of History, the cause became at once apparent of the anarchy admitted by Folklorists themselves—or by, at least, the most distinguished of them. Then, in the special *Preface* to this First Set of New Folklore Researches, it was indicated that the chief result of my eighteen months of exploration in Northern Greece, and of the subsequent studies which led to the correction, development, and verification of the historical hypotheses suggested in the course of these explorations, was a New Theory of

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the Origin of Civilizations, Primary and Derivative. Whether this New Theory of the Origins of Civilization will be ultimately verified may still appear questionable, unable as I have yet been to submit to criticism more than mere samples of the facts of which it is a generalization. Sufficiently verified, however, I trust it may appear to justify me in stating it as the basis of a reconstitution of the Science of Folklore. For to do this will be, in fact, to submit the Theory to the most definite and crucial tests.

SECTION I.

THE NEW GENERALIZATIONS OF HISTORICAL THEORY.

§ 1. Foregoing further allusion than I have already made, in the *General Preface*, to the Classical, the Sixteenth, the Seventeenth, and the Eighteenth Century Theories of the Origins of Civilization, I shall, before proceeding to state the New Theory which I would propose as the basis of the Science of Folklore, confine myself to but a brief characterization of those current views which may be generally distinguished as Theories of the Savage Origins of Civilization. The theories, all essentially similar, of Dr. Tylor, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Spencer, have in common these three characteristics. In speculating on the Origins of Civilization—or of ‘Political Forms and Forces’^a—they all start from the conception of an unorganized horde of savages, and hence, from the assumption not only that savages may independently raise themselves, but that ‘various races have independently raised themselves

^a SPENCER, *Principles of Sociology, Political Institutions*, v.

from utter barbarism.’^a The second characteristic of these theories which is, indeed, implied in their above-defined starting-point is, that ‘it is both possible and desirable to eliminate considerations of hereditary varieties or races of men, and to treat mankind as homogeneous in nature.’^b And, in further accordance with such assumptions, these current theories, and Mr. Spencer’s, no less than the others, are all characterized by either vague or unverifiable assumptions as to internal Capacities, and insistance chiefly on the external Conditions by which ‘the Higher Culture has gradually been developed or evolved out of the Savage State.’^c

Such are the assumptions which at present form the bases of Folklore Studies. It is, however, between eighty and ninety years since Niebuhr affirmed that ‘no single savage race could be named which has risen independently to civilization.’^d And it was complacently imagined by Archbishop Whately that this affirmation left us no option but that either of disproving, as seemed impossible, the truth of Niebuhr’s assertion, or of believing that Civilization had a supernatural origin.^e

Now, it must be admitted that the century, nearly, of research since the publication of Niebuhr’s *Römische Geschichte* has in no way disproved his assertion, but has, on the contrary, enabled us to repeat it with no less assurance, and with incomparably greater evidence

^a LUBBOCK, *Origin of Civilization*, p. 479.

^b TYLOR, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i., p. 6.

^c *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 28.

^d ‘Kein einziges Beyspiel von einem wirklich wilden Volk aufzuweisen ist, welches frey zur Cultur übergegangen wäre.’—*Römische Geschichte*, Theil i., s. 88 (1811).

^e Compare his *Origin of Civilization*, and his *Political Economy*, p. 68.

of its truth, than was in his day possible. For not only is it the fact that there is no example of a savage people raising themselves independently to civilization, but the theories founded on the assumption of such independent development are now more or less candidly admitted to be incapable of giving any satisfactory solution of the chief problems presented to the student of Folklore. Are we then forced, after all, to the Archbishop's presumed only alternative—that of a supernatural origin of Civilization? By no means. And I shall now proceed to summarize those new results of historical, and particularly of ethnological, research which appear to suggest a new theory of the Origins of Civilization, and hence a new basis for the Science of Folklore.

§ 2. This new theory of the Origins of Civilization is a generalization of the following three sets of facts mainly.^a The first set of facts are those which overthrow altogether the current commonplaces, by our actions belied, about the Equality of Human Races.^b

^a This Theory I first fully stated in 1887, in papers read at the April meeting of the Royal Historical Society, and the September meeting of the British Association, and afterwards published in full or in abstract in their respective *Transactions*. I had, however, partially stated the Theory in previous publications—only a development, as it is, of my *New Philosophy of History* published in 1873. And, with reference to this Theory, I have, since 1887, both written Papers published in the *Transactions* of the International Congresses of Orientalists, the *Transactions* of the International Folklore Congress, the *Archæological Review*, *Folklore*, and other Periodicals, and delivered Lectures (*The Conflict of Races: a New Theory of the Origins of Civilization*) at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, reported in the *Scotsman* from November, 1893, to January, 1894.

^b This Equality doctrine I disputed with the late Mr. Buckle more than thirty years ago (*Pilgrim-Memories*, pp. 338-40). Already, however, DE GOBINEAU had published his *Inégalité des Races Humaines*, 1853-55, and POTT his *Ungleichheit der Menschlichen Rassen*, 1856. But, opposed as their conclusions were to current ideas, their works had but little vogue, and I was not, till long after their publication, even aware of their existence.

Though there is nothing we hear of more frequently in the School of Messrs. Spencer and Tylor than 'Primitive Man,' yet the fact is that, in the very earliest ages to which anthropological evidence goes back we find at least two different, and intellectually unequal Species, or Races of Primitive Man. Of these the lower is better distinguished as the Spy or Neanderthal than, as by Hamy and De Quatrefages, as the Cannstadt type, while the Higher is commonly referred to as the Cromagnon type.^a Both appear to have lived in the Pleistocene Period;^b yet these probably co-existing species differed from each other in cranial type as well as in stature, even more than Whites now differ from Blacks; and there is even less evidence to show that one of these types was derived from the other than there is to show that the Neolithic was a descendant of the Palæolithic Man.^c Besides, we find that, when once a Race is definitely formed, it becomes through heredity analogous to a Species, and is marked henceforth not only by the most extraordinarily persistent physical features, but by no less extraordinarily persistent moral characteristics and intellectual capacities. And just as, during infancy, there is very little difference between the brain-weight of Man and the higher Apes, and after maturity very great difference; so it is, though not to an equal degree, when we compare the brain-weights respectively of the infant and the adult White and Negro.^d

^a See their *Crania Ethnica*.

^b See GEIKIE, *Prehistoric Europe*, p. 559.

^c *Prehistoric Europe*, p. 379; and compare AGASSIZ, *De l'Espèce et des Classifications*, as cited by Le Bon, *L'Homme et les Sociétés*, t. i., pp. 179-80.

^d See WIEDERHEIM, *Der Bau der Menschen*. It has been translated by Mr. Bernard.

This, of course, arises from the earlier closing of the cranial sutures in the one than in the other Race or Species. Hence, instead of the Cromagnon being a descendant of the Neanderthal Man, or the White being a descendant of the Negro, each may have been descended, I will not say from a different 'Species,' but from a different 'Precursor.' Which, then, of these two kinds of Man is to be regarded as the 'Primitive Man' of these Theorists? If both are so to be regarded, how, with brain-pans and therefore brains so extraordinarily different, could they both have had identical notions about things? And, indeed, how generally can the extravagant postulate of Mental Identity, which goes with that of Equality, be seriously maintained in face of that fact of a *hundred* unrelated 'Stock Languages,' which alone would appear sufficient to limit Mental Identity to but the most general characteristics?^a

§ 3a. So far as to *Equality*, the unjustified assumption of current Theories; and as to *Inequality*, the verified postulate of the new Theory. And I proceed now to indicate the central set of facts on which this New Theory of Social Origins is founded. It may be conveniently subdivided into three groups. The first group of facts are those which, verifying Niebuhr's assertion above referred to, demonstrate that the 'external factors' on which Mr. Spencer, Sir John Lubbock and Dr. Tylor rely as the efficient conditions of the Origin of Civilization have never alone sufficed for any

^a See F. MÜLLER, *Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft*, b. i., s. 77. Among more recent papers on the Origin of Language, see KEITH, *On Pithecanthropus erectus*, etc., *Science Progress*, July, 1895. And compare with the details he gives as to the development of the facial muscles WALLACE'S theory in his article on *The Expressiveness of Speech*, *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1895.

such origin. Endless wars there have been between innumerable savage tribes, under the most multifarious geographical and climatic conditions, without any such result as the foundation of an organized and progressive Society, or Civilization.^a To this day, and after unnumbered thousands of years of existence, savages are found among whom historical changes have had so little of a progressive character that a Sovereign Power, or Government, fundamental institution as it is of Civilized Society, does not even yet exist.^b Progress, however, is as essential a characteristic of Societies called Civilized as Multiplication is of Bodies distinguished as Organized. Yet, as Sir Henry Maine remarked nearly forty years ago, 'nothing is more remarkable than the extreme fewness of progressive Societies,' and 'the difference between the stationary and progressive Societies is one of the great secrets which inquiry has yet to penetrate.'^c What, then, is this secret? What are the special conditions that give rise to this exceptional phenomenon? What is the cause of the origin of an organized and progressive, rather than of such an unorganized and stationary Society as only receives accretions and suffers disintegrations, as does a Stone as distinguished even from a Protozoon? Nowhere is this fundamental question of Sociology faced by Mr. Spencer. And it must be confessed that a student anxious to find a statement of this problem, and a discovery of its solution, is apt to get somewhat impatient of what he is offered instead—endless illustrations of Von Baer's, which was already, nearly a

^a For a definition of this term, see below, p. 29.

^b See, for instance, CURR, *The Australian Race*, vol. i., pp. 51-60; or CODRINGTON, *The Melanesians*, pp. 45-56.

^c *Ancient Law*, pp. 22, 23 (Second Edition, 1863).

century ago, Hegel's, formula of 'differentiation and integration.'^a

§ 3b. The solution of this fundamental problem of the Origin of progressive Societies, or, in a word, of Civilization, is to be found, I believe, in the following facts : The essential condition of the first Human Co-partnership, that of the Family, was a complementary difference of Capacities ; similar was the essential condition of the second degree of Human Co-partnership, that of the Domestication of Animals ; and similar also was the essential condition of the third degree of Human Co-partnership, that of the State. For the States, of the origins of which we know anything, appear now to have all arisen from the interaction of two complementarily different Races—an organic interaction which I would compare to that of Cell-elements in their relations to External Conditions. In the Primary Civilizations of Chaldea and Egypt, these complementarily different Races were Higher White and Lower Coloured and Black Races ; in the derivative Secondary and Tertiary Civilizations, they were rather culturally than ethnically distinguishable, through the possession by the one, and non-possession by the other of the Arts of Civilization. The evidence of the first of these assertions given by the results of the Assyriological and Egyptological researches of especially the last fifteen years is now, I think I may say, overwhelming ; as appears also to be the evidence that the Higher White Races of these Primary Civilizations were non-Semitic and non-Aryan, and, as such, conveniently distinguishable as ' Archaian.'^b The present

^a Hegel is said to have taken his *Phenomenologie des Geistes* to the printers the very day of the battle of Jena, 1806.

^b See *The Ethnology of the White Races* below, p. 14a.

evidence of the second of these assertions varies in amount in different cases: the derivation of the Semitic Civilizations being certain; that of the Chinese and Aryan Civilizations, I think I may say now, almost certain; while there is hardly, perhaps, evidence, as yet, to justify any decided opinion with respect to the derivation of the Higher Element in the conflict in which the Ancient American Civilizations originated. But no more than was the Co-partnership of Domestication was the Higher Co-partnership of Civilization established by War only and Enslavement. Only by sympathies as courageous as profound, and by treatment making life more pleasant to them as well as to their Masters, could fierce and fleet wild Dogs, huge and powerful wild Cattle have been brought into willing and attached Co-partnership with Man.^a And that it was similarly that Co-partnerships were, in the Primary States, established between Higher and Lower Races, to the advantage of each, is vouched for by all the traditions of the Origin of Civilization. For these are traditions of Colonisation, rather than of Conquest, traditions of the settlement, even as by ourselves to this day, of but a few White men among multitudes of savages.^b

§ 3c. The third group of what I have distinguished as the central facts on which this New Theory of Social Origins is founded are those which certainly followed as the necessary results of the Settlement of Higher White Races among Lower Coloured and Black Races—given such correlative moral and intellectual differ-

^a See HAHN, *Die Hausthiere und ihre Beziehungen zur Wirthschaft des Menschen*; and compare MICHELET, *Bible de l'Humanité*, ch. i., *L'Inde. Le Ramayana*.

^b See my *Traditions of the Archaian White Races—Trans.*, Royal Hist. Soc., New Series, vol. iv., p. 303.

ences between them as to make the rule of the White Colonists and the obedience of the Coloured or Black Natives possible. This psychological condition was, of course, of the first importance. Just as there are Animals which cannot adapt themselves to Domestication, there are men who cannot adapt themselves to Civilization. But that there were the required correlations between the Aborigines of the Nile and Euphrates Valleys and the White Colonists of both, is unquestionable. Not otherwise could Civilizations, of the composite ethnological character of which we have now the fullest evidence, have ever been established in these Sacred Cradlelands. And many contemporary facts testifying to the impression made on Coloured and Black Races by White Settlers, even the rudest and most ignorant, enable us to understand the suggested process of the establishment of Civilization. All the traditions, however—and, though mythical in their forms, they are corroborated by a variety of facts—indicate that the White Colonists of Egypt and Chaldea had already acquired certain arts of Civilization, and probably in Southern Arabia. This would, of course, make easier their subjection of the Natives, and certainly even more by the arts of peace than by those of war. But mark the necessary economic results. Inducing the Aborigines thus to work under direction, the White Colonists would naturally obtain for themselves wealth and leisure. And this leisure, the very conditions of their rule would force them to devote to intellectual work, and especially, as the most practical of all, to those astronomical observations, and that first and greatest of scientific objects, the discovery achievement of which led to prediction of, and hence, power over, the inundations of their great Rivers; made

possible a Systematic Agriculture; and led to the institution of regularly recurring Religious Festivals—the discovery of the Year.

§ 4. The third general set of facts on which this Conflict Theory of the Origins of Civilization is founded are those which more immediately apply to the solution of the problem of Myth- and Folklore- similarities. Chaldea and Egypt became not only Twin-centres of the earliest Civilizations known to us; but became Twin-centres of Trade-routes and Commerce; and Twin-centres of the Migration and Colonisation of White Races,^a carrying in all directions, to the uttermost ends of the Earth, not only the Arts of Civilized life, but the Myths of the Religions through which these Civilizations were mainly established. And the third set of facts, therefore, to which I have here to call attention are those exceedingly varied and exceedingly important results of recent geographical, ethnological, and archæological research bearing on the Cradlelands of Races, their Migrations, Conquests, and Colonisations; informing as to Land and Sea Trade-routes, Ocean Currents, and Relics of Ancient Shipwrecks; and making us acquainted with the distribution of Megalithic Monuments, of Peculiar Weapons, and of special Artistic Designs, etc. Only on a Map, however, could these facts be set duly forth; and I ventured therefore to urge on the International Folklore Congress of 1891 the preparation of such a Map. For considering these hardly questionable facts of warlike, colonizing, and mercantile expeditions, and of fugitive and other individually adventurous wanderings from the Cradlelands of Civilization, all theories affirming or implying either

^a See *The Ethnology of the White Races*, below, p. 14a.

the independent origin of diverse Civilizations, or the independent origin of similar, but peculiar Institutions, such as Matriarchy, or of similar but peculiar Myths and Folk-tales, are hardly worth stating until it has been shown that *hypothetically independent* origins cannot be more verifiably explained as *historically derivative* origins. Undoubtedly we must beware of being led further than facts may warrant by the fascinating vision which thus rises before us of a Unity of Human History grander in the infinity of its correlations and interactions than any yet conceived. But from the results of research above indicated we may be confident that we are, so far, at least, on solid ground. For we have seen that, on the Earth, as in the Heavens, there have certainly been movements, not only from east to west, as formerly believed, but in all directions, east and west, and north and south. Most, if not all of these movements, have not only been directly or indirectly connected with the great centres both of the Primary and of the Secondary Civilizations, but have been going on, not for centuries only, but for millenniums, and probably for, at least, ten millenniums. And as discovery and recognition of the movements of what had been regarded as Fixed Stars renovated the Science of Astronomy, so, I believe, will discovery and recognition of the wonderful hither-and-thither movements of Human Races, and especially of the fertilising White Races, renovate, if not rather indeed create, the Science of Folklore.

§ 5. But a Theory of the Origins of Civilization is but a special application either of an explicit, or—as more generally happens—of an implicit, Theory of Social Evolution. Hence, the verification of the generalizations constituting a theory of Social Origins is to be

found by no means only in such inductive proofs as those furnished by the various sets of ethnological, historical, and other facts above indicated. Due verification requires also such deductive proofs as may be afforded by solutions of unsolved problems, drawn from these generalizations. And it requires finally and fundamentally that these inductive generalizations themselves be found in accordance with deductions from a Theory of Social Evolution, which is a correlate of the Theories of Organic and of Physical Evolution. To attempt, however, such a brief indication of this Ultimate Theory as would accord with my present limits would be futile; and to state at greater length even the outlines of such a Theory would here be irrelevant. That will be my task in another work.^a It must, therefore, here suffice to say that, as I think, a true Theory of the Origins of Civilization must be capable of being related to the principles of a General Theory of Evolution; and, further, that such a Theory is impossible without a more generally applicable conception of the Internal Elements than that implied in attributing to them qualities of 'Variation' and 'Heredity,' which may be found to be derivative, rather than ultimate.

Hence my opposition to current theories of the Origins of Civilization is grounded not merely on great masses of facts—and with respect especially to the Egyptian and Chaldean Civilizations—which have been, for the most part, ignored by Dr. Tylor, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Spencer; but is based on Fundamental Principles more verifiable, as I believe, than those on which Mr. Spencer founds his General Theory of Evolution. Instead of his Principle of the

^a *Fundamental Principles*—the *General Introduction* to the work, the goal of all the labours of my life—*The Laws of Man's History*.

‘Persistence of Force’—but a misconception of that of the Conservation of Energy^a—I have proposed the Principle of Coexistence (*Every Existent determines and is determined by Coexistents*). And instead of conceptions of Matter, Motion, and Force, argued about as separately existing *entities*—though, of course, there is no Matter that is not in motion, nor Motion that is not moving matter, nor Force that is not both Matter and Motion—I have proposed correlative, and, as I trust, verifiable conceptions of the Atom, the Organism, and the State.

No light thing, therefore, is it to propose a Theory of the Origins of Civilization—a Theory of Social Evolution. Profound are the problems—reaching down even to those of the ultimate conceptions of Matter and Mind—the solution, or some approximate solution, of which underlies any such theory of a duly scientific character; and not vast only, but most varied, are the collections of facts necessary for the verification of any adequate theory of the most complex of all the forms of Evolution. But if this has been made in any degree clear, a fine humourousness will certainly strike one in the conceit of a recent writer that a theory of ‘Social Evolution’ can not only, in despite of Aristotle’s famous dictum, be scientifically elaborated without investigation of its *origins*; and so, be knocked-off in the evening leisure of no more than a decade; but can be securely founded on nothing more stable than those notoriously shifting theories of Weismann’s, which, with all their great qualities, testify more strongly, perhaps, than any other, not indeed to the unverifiableness of the Theory of Evolution, but to the inadequacy of current conceptions of its foundations.

^a See the criticisms of *e.g.* FLETCHER MOULTON, *British Quarterly*, 1873, and TAIT, *Nature*, 1879-80.

NOTE.

THE ETHNOLOGY OF THE WHITE RACES.

(See above, pp. 9 and 11.)

NOTHING, perhaps, has been more remarkable in the history of Ethnology, during the last dozen years or so, than the more general recognition, not only of the very great variety and world-wide spread of White Races, but of their relation to the history of Civilization. No doubt Pritchard pointed out seventy years ago that there were other White Races than Aryans and Semites, as, for instance, the Georgians, Circassians, etc., to whom he gave the name of Allophyllian Races. No doubt also De Quatrefages thirty years ago extended Pritchard's list of these Allophyllian Races. But no more by De Quatrefages than by Pritchard were the initiators of Civilization in Chaldea and in Egypt included, as recent research has shown that they must be, among what they called the Allophyllian Races. And hence, when I first stated this Conflict Theory, Aryans and Semites were still generally regarded, even by men of science, as the only *civilizing* White Races; while by others than ethnologists, they were regarded as the only *existing* White Races.

In the first full statement of this Theory in April, 1887, I thus defined what I meant by White Races—'By White Races I mean Races with either long or short heads (dolichocephalic or brachycephalic), high noses, unprojecting jaws (orthognathic, rather than prognathic), long hair and beards, and light-coloured skins' (*Traditions of the Archaian White Races, Trans.*, Royal Historical Society, New Series, vol. iv., p. 303). But considering that the 'light colour' of the great number of Races which come under such a general definition may vary from ruddy- or rosy- or colourless-white, through shades innumerable of olive, to ruddy-brown; considering also that their most distinctive characteristic is, not their complexion, but the oval transverse section of their hair, and its abundant growth on the faces of the men as beard; and considering further that, unlike all other Races, their settlements are not confined to any one quarter of the globe, while their place of origin is still uncertain, all the names hitherto given to this remarkable Variety of Mankind seemed to me highly unsatisfactory, nor least so, perhaps, the commonest, that, namely, of *Caucasian*, or *Caucasic*. For in no way is the Variety thus designated specially connected with the Caucasus, though, of course, they are to be found in the Caucasus as in every other region of the earth. I venture, therefore, to propose the term HYPENETIAN, from Ὑπηνήτης, 'a bearded man.' For this Variety is distinguished, even in its hybrid Races, from all other Varieties by its being always bearded, and having also such physical and moral characteristics that they have voluntarily made themselves homes in every quarter of the globe.

But I have ventured to propose yet other new ethnological

terms. Though the White, or Bearded, Races have shown that they have in them the potential capacity of acting, under fit conditions, as the organizers and rulers of other Races, it is only certain of these White Races who have prominently distinguished themselves by this capacity. It seemed to me, therefore, in working out this theory of the Conflict of Races, very desirable to have a general name for those White Races who, antecedently to either Semite or Aryan, founded more or less developed Civilizations. Without here detailing the serious objections that may be taken to such terms as Hamitic, Kushite, etc., I proposed, in the paper above referred to, the term *Archaian* as a general designation for all the earlier White Races, the initiators of Civilization in Chaldea, and Egypt, in Europe, India, China, and possibly America. We have thus the Primary Civilizations associated with the Archaian White Races; the Derivative and Secondary Civilizations associated with the Semitic White Races; and the also Derivative and Tertiary Civilizations associated with the Aryan White Races. But for the White Races not so prominently associated with the organizing and ruling of other Races, it seems likewise desirable to have general designations. Hence, I would limit *Caucasian* to its natural connotation as a general name for the non-Semitic and non-Aryan White Races of the Caucasus. The White Races of Northern Africa form another distinct subdivision formerly known as *Libyans*, or *Berbers*, and now as *Kabyles*; and with these Berbers the *Iberians* of Western Europe appear to have been connected. To the not unjustly discredited, because hitherto inadequately defined, term *Turanian* I would give such a definite connotation as would exclude all but the non-Semitic and non-Aryan White Races of, or immigrants from, Central Asia, like the *Uzbeks*, *Turks*, *Magyars*, etc. Already Mr. Logan's term *Indonesian* has been extended by Dr. Hamy to the White Races of Oceania. But what we may popularly call White, technically Hyphenetian, Varieties of Mankind can be at once exhaustively and scientifically classified only when we are able to arrange them as *different kinds of Hybrids*.

As to that Aryan Race which has dominated the New Age initiated in the Sixth Century B.C., not only by Aryan World-Conquest, but by Aryan World-Philosophy, I venture to think that it is more of an ethnical unity than it is now, perhaps, commonly considered. No doubt the old conception of Aryans as descended from a single, primitive, and semi-divine tribe, must be given up. For unquestionably the speakers of Aryan languages are descended from a very great number of different tribes who originally spoke non-Aryan languages, the linguistic reaction of which on Aryan speech was, in fact, the main cause of the differentiation of Aryan dialects. But it is to be noted that the main constituents of the peoples now speaking Aryan languages were, so far as known, tribes of the White, or Hyphenetian Variety. And hence, just as Greek has given a certain ethnical unity to members of a number

of White, but originally non-Greek-speaking, tribes ; and just as English is giving a certain ethnical unity to members of a number of White, but originally non-English-speaking, peoples ; so the Aryan languages—spoken as, save in jargons, they appear to be only by White, or predominantly White Races—may be considered as having given to these Races a certain larger ethnical unity, in which original physical differences are lost in the new moral unity given by the intellectual characteristics, traditions, and literatures, of a kindred set of Languages.

Finally, the general ethnological relations of the White, or Hyphenetian Variety may, as I think, be thus summarily indicated—postponing, however, the question as to the place in Classification of Dwarf Races. It is generally admitted that there is less difference between any one of the Mongolian, American, and so-called Caucasian, or, as I should say, Hyphenetian Races, and the others, than there is between any one of these Races, and any one of the African, Negrito, and Papuan Races. Such a fact—whether due, or not, to specifically different Precursors—ought, I submit, to be indicated in Classification. Hence the first Division I would propose of Human Races is into EQUATORIAL and BOREAL, of which the Subdivisions will become scientific only when we know more as to the hybridism of Races. And in the BOREAL Division I would suggest that the American Races would—to avoid the necessity of having to couple with ‘American’ some such adjective as ‘pre-Columbian’ in order to make our meaning clear, and whether the Atlantis-story arose from any knowledge of America or not—be desirably distinguished as *Atlantisian*.

SECTION II.

THE NEW PRINCIPLES OF METHOD (DEFINITION, CLASSIFICATION, AND INVESTIGATION).

§ 1a. From such New Generalizations of Historical Theory as those stated in the foregoing Section as New Bases of the Science of Folklore, there will evidently follow both New Principles of Method in dealing with Folklore Facts, and New Suggestions of Theory for solving Folklore Problems. It is to an exposition of the former of these consequences—New Principles of Method—that this Section will be devoted. The initial step of a scientific Method is the clearing of one’s ideas by coherent Definitions. And we must

first, therefore, consider what the foregoing Historical Theory may suggest as to the true significance, and hence definition, of the terms *Folk*, *Folklore*, and *Science of Folklore*. The fact mainly insisted on by this theory is that of a Conflict of Higher and Lower Races or Classes, with, as its consequences, two clearly distinguishable, but constantly interacting Lives, and Expressions of these Lives. Hence, by the *Folk* I mean people unaffected by Culture, or the ideas of Ruling Races or Classes with Written Records—people relatively unaffected by such Culture, like the majority of the Working Classes of a Civilized State; or people absolutely unaffected by such Culture, like Savages who have neither inherited anything from ancestors subjected to a Culture Race in the Past, nor acquired anything from the Missionaries and Traders of such a Race in the Present. In this definition of *Folk*, I have incidentally defined also what I mean by *Culture*. For Culture always connotes the conscious use of means for the increase of powers of production, whether physical or mental. Hence it should, I submit, when used with reference to a state of Society, imply the existence of some such means for the conscious increase of powers, as Written Records. And hence one can hardly but conclude that the term is somewhat misapplied in such a phrase as 'Primitive Culture,' used, as by Dr. Tylor, as a synonym for Primitive Savagery.^a

§ 1b. And now as to the definition of *Folklore* suggested by this Theory of the Conflict of Races. How can we at once more simply and more satisfactorily define *Folk-*

^a The inaccuracy, and hence confusion, in Dr. Tylor's use of the term *Culture* may be illustrated by his finding it necessary to use such phrases as the 'relation of savage to cultured life,' though savage, barbaric, and cultured life are each, with him, a stage of 'culture.'

lore than as *Folk's lore*—the traditionally transmitted, rather than graphically recorded, lore of the Folk about their own Folklife, and the lore, therefore, knowledge of which gives knowledge of Folklife. In the *Handbook*, however, of the Folklore Society, the term 'Survivals' is borrowed from Dr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*,^a and *Folklore* is defined as 'a body of Survivals of archaic beliefs, customs, and traditions in modern ages.'^b But if by *Folk* we mean Lower Races or Classes unaffected by Culture, and if, since the first origin of Civilization there have always been such Classes, why limit what we study as *Folklore* to 'modern ages'? And as to 'Survivals,' surely the term can be properly applied only to such Folk-beliefs and -practices as, like certain eccentric habits and fancies of the Cultured Classes, exist, like island-peaks in a sea, amid a quite different and more coherent set of beliefs and practices? But if so, how, with this definition of it, can the term *Folklore* be used to include Folk-beliefs and -practices which, existing still as a coherent system, constitute the very life of whole nations, with Culture-beliefs and -practices as mere intrusive elements, like erratic boulders on a great plain? The definition, however, which I have above given includes under Folklore both such beliefs and practices as, like the former, may properly be called 'Survivals'; and such as, like the latter, cannot properly be called 'Survivals'; nor does it limit our study either of what are, or of what are not, properly 'Survivals' to 'modern ages.'

§ 1c. Before attempting next to define the *Science of Folklore*, let me remark that the Sciences are simply systematized and co-ordinated knowledges. Sys-

^a Vol. i., pp. 15, 63 and following, and vol. ii., p. 453.

^b *Handbook*, p. 15.

tematized and co-ordinated. For Knowledges to be truly Sciences must be not only systematized, but systematized on such principles as to be capable of co-ordination with the whole circle of systematized Knowledges, or Sciences. And for this good reason. The fulfilment of this condition of co-ordination will be a verification of the principles of systematization. And now we shall see that, if *Folklore* is defined as the lore of the Folk about their own Folklife, the *Science of Folklore* can be no otherwise defined than as *Systematized knowledge of the Lore of the Folk, capable of co-ordination with other systematized Knowledges*. And hence, when a Science of Folklore has been definitively constituted, a man of Culture will not only have acquired his knowledge of Folklore otherwise than, as a man of the Folk, by tradition, but such knowledge as he has will exist in a different state—as a system of related, not a chaos of unrelated, Knowledges; nor as that only, but as a system of related Knowledges capable of co-ordination with other Systematized Knowledges. With what Science, then, is the Science of Folklore to be co-ordinated? Evidently, if we accept this Conflict Theory, with the Science of Culture-lore; and these two Sciences become then the two constituent correlates of the General Science of Literature. In accordance, however, with its definition of Folklore, the *Handbook* of the Folklore Society defines the *Science* as *the comparison and identification of the Survivals of archaic beliefs, customs, and traditions in modern ages*.^a But after the above criticism of the *Handbook's* definition of *Folklore*, the inadequacy and ineptness of its definition of the *Science of Folklore* may be here sufficiently illustrated by a reference to the various other

^a *Handbook*, p. 15.

definitions of the Science preferred even by members of the Society^a under whose sanction this *Handbook of Folklore* was issued.^b

§ 2. Postponing to the concluding paragraph of this Section the further definitions which appear necessary—definitions of *Civilization*, *Myth*, and *Religion*—we proceed to consider the principles of investigating and classifying the Facts of Folklore which logically follow from such Historical Generalizations as those above stated. Now, the Criticism of Sources has been the most distinctive feature of Modern Scholarship. But such scholarly criticism has hitherto been, for the most part, confined to editions of the written records of Culture-lore, and has hardly yet been systematically extended to the traditional records of Folklore. Doubtless, in the hundred years between MacPherson's *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem*, 1760, and Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, 1860, an immense advance was achieved towards scientific truthfulness in the presentation of Folk-poesy. But, so far as I am aware, no definite principle has yet been stated by which translations of Folklore may be criticised, and their interpretation regulated. The Principle I would propose may be distinguished as that of the *Psychological*

^a Mr. Nutt, Mr. Hartland, and Mr. Wade all define the Science of Folklore as a department of Anthropology—'dealing with primitive man,' says Mr. Nutt; 'with the psychological phenomena of uncivilized man,' says Mr. Hartland; 'with the psychological phenomena of primitive man,' says Mr. Wade. More approximating to my own is the definition suggested by Miss Burne: 'The science which treats of all that the Folk believe or practise on the authority of inherited tradition, and not on the authority of written records.' See *Folklore Journal*, November, 1884; March, June, and October, 1885.

^b It was not published till 1890. But it was resolved that Mr. Gomme be requested to print his MS. of the proposed *Handbook of Folklore* by a minute of Council, January 12, 1887.

Criticism of Folklore Sources. For in this connection it is evidently required by our Conflict Theory that we guard against translating Folk-expressions by Culture-words which belong to an entirely different stage of Mental development. This Principle, therefore, implies, first of all, the most sceptical reception of the reports of Missionaries and other Travellers saturated with Christian Culture-conceptions; hence delighting in 'discoveries,' even among the 'poor heathen,' of notions proving, as they believe, the universality, save among 'wilfully perverse Agnostics,' of Christian, or at least Theistic beliefs; and hence using such Culture-terms as 'God,' 'Spirits,' 'Ghosts,' etc., in translating Folk-terms, which have really incomparably more concrete and otherwise different meanings.^a But this principle of Psychological Criticism implies, not such scepticism only, but scientific effort to gain some realizing sense of what the lower mental conditions are. And there are three means by which, using all three, one may succeed in this effort. The first is, of course, such thoroughly sympathetic familiarization of one's self with lower mental conditions, as is, however, it must be confessed, possible for but very few philosophers. The second means to success in the required effort is observation of Folk-customs in order thereby to understand more intimately Folk-words. And finally, a realizing sense of lower mental conditions, and hence power of true translation of the expressions of Folk-conceptions, may, if due caution is observed, be gained by acquainting one's self with, and further developing, the recent researches of psychologists with

^a See my *Queries on 'Animism,' Folklore*, September, 1892, pp. 297, following; and Mrs. BALFOUR'S note on *Bogles and Ghosts*, *Ibid.*, March, 1893, pp. 107-108.

reference to the mental characteristics of Children.^a The results, however, of such varied Psychological Criticism of Folk-sources will, if I mistake not, be disastrous both for the 'Ghost Theory' and the 'Savage Philosophy' of Mr. Spencer and Dr. Tylor. Not because *this* notion agrees with *that* fact does the Child or Savage believe it, but because *this* notion and *that* notion, however contradictory, are each, in some way, easy to believe. And I venture to think that the next generation of Folklorists will regard the only too logically coherent 'Savage Philosophy' of Messrs. Spencer and Tylor as one of, at once, the most curious and the most baseless of Culture-philosophies.

§ 3a. The second and central Methodological Principle of a Science of Folklore, based on an Historical Theory of Racial Conflict, must affirm the *Necessity of such a Natural Classification of the Facts of Folklore as will permit of a direct comparison with those of Culture-lore*. The following is the Classification set forth in the *Handbook* of the Folklore Society:

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| 1. <i>Superstitious Belief and Practice.</i> | (h) Beliefs relating to a Future life ; |
| (a) Superstitions connected with great Natural Objects ; | (i) Superstitions generally. † |
| (b) Tree and Plant Superstitions ; | |
| (c) Animal Superstitions ; | 2. <i>Traditional Customs.</i> |
| (d) Goblinism ; | (a) Festival Customs ; |
| (e) Witchcraft ; | (b) Ceremonial Customs ; |
| (f) Leechcraft ; | (c) Games ; |
| (g) Magic and Divination ; | (d) Local Customs. |

^a See, for instance, BALDWIN, *Mental Development in the Child and the Race*, and SULLY, *Studies of Child-Life*. But note GRUPPE'S criticism of the principle of SCHULTZE (*Fetichismus*, s. 61), 'Die Ontogenie wirft auch in Sachen der Bewusstseinsentfaltung, ihre erhellenden Schlaglichter auf die Phylogenie'; and his criticism generally of the treatment of 'die Wilden als Kinder.' *Culte und Mythen*, s. 199, note 5.

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| <p>3. <i>Traditional Narratives.</i></p> <p>(a) Nursery Tales, or Märchen;
 Hero Tales; Drolls,
 Fables, and Apologues;</p> <p>(b) Creation, Deluge, Fire and
 Doom Myths;</p> <p>(c) Ballads and Songs;</p> | <p>(d) Place-Legends and Traditions.</p> <p>4. <i>Folk-Sayings.</i></p> <p>(a) Jingles, Nursery Rhymes,
 Riddles, etc.;</p> <p>(b) Proverbs;</p> <p>(c) Nicknames, Place-Rhymes.</p> |
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But the empirical character of such a Classification is obvious. Its 'four radical groups' can only be compared to those of pre-scientific Botany—Trees, Bushes, Flowers, and Ferns. It may, perhaps, be justified as a Classification easily understood by, and convenient for, Collectors. The authors, however, of the now accepted Scientific Classification of Plants—the Scotsmen, Morison and Brown, and afterwards the Frenchmen, De Jussieu and De Candolle—did certainly not give the Plant-collector one moment's consideration in working out their Classification. Nor need the author of a Scientific Classification of Folklore give any more consideration to the Folklore-collector. And for this good and sufficient reason. A Scientific Classification is derived from the study of *constitution* and *organology*; and it is, therefore, a Natural Classification in this sense, that it relates things to each other in accordance with what is really most essential in their characteristics. And though such a Classification may not, at first, seem so easy and admirable as that into Trees and Bushes, Flowers and Ferns, yet, even by the Collector, it will be found in the long-run more satisfactory.

§ 3b. But if, as I have just said in other words, all Scientific or Natural Classifications of Facts are derived from analysis of internal *forces*, rather than from observation of external *forms*, a Natural Classification will necessarily be one which, as required by our General Historical Theory, permits of direct com-

parison of the facts of Folklore with those of Culture-lore. For Folklore and Culture-lore are really, as already indicated, but two forms of LITERATURE—a term of which the connotation need by no means be limited to Written Literature, or the Literature of *Letters*—there was a Hieroglyphic Literature before Letters were thought of—but may be used to include Oral Literature, or the Literature of *Tradition*. Now, deriving our most general categories of Literature from psychological facts, we recognise the three great classes of (I.) the Literature of Imagination—Poesy, in the wider sense of the term; (II.), the Literature of Observation—Records, or History in the older sense of *Ἱστορία*; and (III.) the Literature of Ratiocination—Philosophy, or Science.* In Culture-lore it will hardly be questioned that we find three great classes of Books, those predominantly the product of Imagination; predominantly the result of Observation; and predominantly the outcome of Ratiocination—Poesy, Historiography, and Science. But hardly less clearly do we find Folklore divisible into similar Classes. That there is a Folk-poesy corresponding to Culture-poesy will not, of course, be questioned. But to the Recordations, or Historiography, of Culture-lore similarly corresponds the great Class of Folk-sayings which, in all its various subdivisions, forms a record of Folk-observations. And similarly also the Ratiocinative Literature, which appears as Science in Culture-lore, is found as Magic—

* These were the general categories of my Paper on a *Scientific Classification of Literature as the Basis of a Scientific Classification of Books*, read at the meeting of the Library Association, December 9, 1889—a Paper opening with a Criticism of the British Museum System as set forth in Dr. Garnett's Paper at the London Conference of Librarians, October, 1877, *On the System of Classifying Books on the Shelves followed at the British Museum*.

Witchcraft, Leechcraft, etc.—in Folklore. We have thus, in our comparative study of Literature in the larger sense of the word, a Folk-poesy to compare with Culture-poesy ; Folk-sayings to compare with Culture-records ; and a Folk-magic to compare with Culture-philosophy—this Folk-magic, however, being, as I believe we shall find, little more than a fragmentary set of relics of an ancient Culture-science. And just as we may thus compare Folklore and Culturelore, we may, and indeed must, if scientific students of History, compare Folk-customs and Culture-institutions, Folk-speech and Culture-language.

§ 3c. But how are these great Divisions of Literature both Oral and Written—the Imaginative, Observational, and Ratiocinative—to be each sub-classified? By distinguishing the general subjects of the conceptions predominantly expressed by each. Such general subjects are the Natural World, the Social World, and the Ancestral, or Historical, World. Hence, Imaginative Literature, Observational Literature, and Ratiocinative Literature will each have its sub-classification determined by its predominant subject—Kosmical Ideas, or Moral Notions, or Historical Memories. And hence we arrive at the following General Classification of

LITERATURE,
ORAL AND WRITTEN, OR
FOLKLORE AND CULTURE-LORE.

<i>Imagination.</i>	<i>Observation.</i>	<i>Ratiocination.</i>
Folk- and Culture- Poesy,	Folk- and Culture- Records,	Folk- and Culture- Science,
and of each of these Classes of LITERATURE, Oral and Written, the general subjects are (a) Nature, (b) Society, (c) History.		



A more detailed Sub-classification is, however, required of our present special subject, Folk-poesy, and an indication at least of the similar Sub-classification of Folk-sayings and of Folk-magic. But using the term 'Poesy' as synonymous with Imaginative Literature, it will be necessary to have correlative terms for the various divisions of the Verse- and Prose- forms of Folk-poesy. And I would suggest that such technical limitations be given to the terms *Idylls* and *Tales*, *Songs* and *Stories*, and *Ballads* and *Legends*, that they shall be understood as signifying respectively Verse- and Prose- expressions of predominantly Kosmical Ideas, predominantly Moral Notions, and predominantly Historical Memories.

FOLKLORE.

<i>Folk-conceptions.</i>		<i>Folk-expressions.</i>		
		I. Poesy.	II. Sayings.	III. Magic.
A. Kosmical Ideas.	{	(I.) <i>Idylls</i> and <i>Tales.</i>	(I.)	(I.)
		i. Zoonist.		
		ii. Magical.		
B. Moral Notions.	{	iii. Supernalist.		
		(II.) <i>Songs</i> and <i>Stories.</i>	(II.)	(II.)
		i. Antenuptial.		
C. Historical Memories.	{	ii. Family.		
		iii. Communal.		
		(III.) <i>Ballads</i> and <i>Legends.</i>	(III.)	(III.)
		i. Byzantine	} In the case of those of Greece.	
		ii. Ottoman		
		iii. Hellenic		

As to the Sub-classification of the *Mythological Idylls* and *Tales*, illustrative of Kosmical Ideas, that can be scientifically founded only on a classification of Folk-conceptions of Nature, and my defence of the divisions here proposed will be found in my Concluding Essay

on *The Survival of Paganism*. The Sub-classification of the *Social Songs and Stories* illustrative of Moral Notions will, I trust, appear sufficiently obvious to require no special defence. And as to the *National Ballads and Legends* illustrative of Historical Memories, these, of course, must always be sub-divided in accordance with the Epochs of National History.

§ 4. To the two above-stated Principles of that new Method of the Science of Folklore which follows from its new Historical Basis—the principle of the *Psychological Criticism of Folklore-sources*, and the principle of such a *Natural Classification of the Facts of Folklore as will permit of a direct comparison with those of Culture-lore*—a third must be added which may be defined as the principle of the *Ethnological Study of Folklore-areas*. An Historical Theory which fails to recognise the essential difference between Animal (including primitive Human) Societies and Civilized Societies, and hence supposes Civilized to have originated, like Animal Societies, spontaneously and sporadically, naturally results in a Method which leads students to flit—like Dr. Tylor, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Lang—from area to area with a capriciousness significantly indicated by the flying fairy-figure stamped on the title-pages of the publications of the Folklore Society, and which cannot be expected to govern its motions by any consideration of the ethnological and historical relations of the areas on which it alights. Very different, however, is the Method that results from such an Historical Theory as that indicated in the preceding Section as to the Origins of Civilization. For if this *organic*, instead of, as previously, *inorganic*, form of Human Aggregation, originated only in such definite centres as Chaldæa and Egypt at certain definite and probably synchronous

dates; if the main characteristic of this new and higher form of Aggregation was the conflict of correlative Higher and Lower Races; and if there were migrations of every kind—warlike, commercial, and colonizing—from these Primary Twin-centres of Civilization; then, evidently no scientific conclusion can be reached with respect to the origin of the Folk-customs, the Folk-speech, and the Folk-lore of less or more distant regions without study, not only of the contemporary, but of the historical ethnology of the regions in which facts bearing on these subjects are collected. And this principle I have endeavoured to illustrate in verifying my deduced theory of the origin of Amazonian Matriarchy by study of the historical ethnology of the Ægean Lands from Kurdistan to Albania, and by collection of the relics of Matriarchal Custom still to be found in the Marriage-ceremonies of this clearly definable ethnological Area.^a Such ethnological research is, no doubt, more necessary in some cases than in others. It cannot, however, fail, in every case, to throw more or less light on the Culture- or Folk-origin, and hence nature, of the various expressions of Folk-conceptions.

§ 5a. But no less necessary for scientific investigation of Folklore than such definitions as those above given (Section II., § 1) are those which we must now attempt—under the guidance of the Historical Theory set forth in our First Section—the definitions of *Civilization*, *Myth*, and *Religion*. Now, if Civilization originated, as we have seen reason to believe, in a subordination of Lower by Higher Races, and has been constituted by

^a See my Introduction and Conclusion to *The Women and Folklore of Turkey*, entitled respectively *The Ethnography of Turkey*, and *The Origins of Matriarchy*.

a continuous interaction between the directive energies of Higher Races (or Classes) and the exertive energies of Lower Races (or Classes), then, in distinguishing Civilization from the lower forms of human Aggregation we must define it as, first of all, such a relation between Higher and Lower Races as results in *Enforced Social Organization*. Such a definition can, however, suffice only for that earliest stage of Civilization characterized by Megalithic monuments, the standing witnesses to, at least, an initial subordination of Lower by Higher Races.* Following the analogy of Geological nomenclature, I would name the two earliest stages of Civilization, as distinguished from mere Aggregation, respectively the Archaian and the Primary. Now, the Primary (Chaldeo-Egyptian) and the succeeding Secondary and Tertiary Civilizations have been distinguished by such more favourable economic organizations as have given the Higher Race at once impulse to, and leisure for, what has, in all ages, been the indispensable pre-requisite of Intellectual Development—the invention of new Recording Arts; hence, further Intellectual Development; and hence, Social Progress. We must also note that, in the later stages, and particularly in the Modern Stage of Civilization, that internal Conflict which distinguishes Civilized Societies has been one of Classes rather than of Races—a Conflict the opposed elements of which are determined by Economic rather than by Ethnical

* Not more on the Plain of the Pyramids, under the benign splendour of the Egyptian sun, than amid the Stones of Callernish, on the stormy shores of Loch Rogart in the Outer Hebrides, was I impressed with the necessity, not only of *proud thought* for desiring, designing, and directing the construction of such monuments, but of *forced labour* for excavating, transporting, and erecting their Titanic materials.


differences. Yet further. *Enforced Social Organization* we may reasonably believe to be but the necessary preparatory discipline making possible at length a *Voluntary Social Organization* through the interaction of Lower and Higher Capacities that are not only free to work, but that joy in working, within their due limits, for the Common Good. And thus it will be seen that CIVILIZATION may be defined as *Such a Relation between Higher and Lower Races, or Classes of the same Race, as results in enforced Social Organization followed by such economic conditions as make possible the invention of Recording Arts; hence, Intellectual Development; and hence, a Social Progress of which the goal is Voluntary Co-operation, or an internally, rather than externally, determined Social Organization.*

§ 5b. And now as to the definition of *Myth*. Like the terms Civilization and Religion, Myth is a word which is much oftener in the mouths of men than any clear conception of its meaning is in their minds. But here again I think that this theory of the Origins of Civilization, this theory of the Conflict of Races, will lead to more clear and verifiable conceptions, and hence definitions, than those at present current. First of all, it follows from such a Theory that we shall expect to find two classes of Myths characterized respectively, as are all other correlative expressions of Folk-life and Culture-life, by spontaneity and design; secondly, that these spontaneous Folk-myths and designed Culture-myths will be found traceable to such functions of Mental Energy as those above indicated,* but especially to Imagination, in its reaction on the impressions made by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments; and, thirdly, that we shall find that

* Above, p. 23.

Folk- and Culture-myths of all classes have variously acted and reacted on each other. And hence we appear to be led to such a definition as the following: MYTHS *were originally either spontaneous Folk-expressions, or designed Culture-expressions, in concrete and personalizing language, of the impressions made, or designed to be made, by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments; and are now most commonly extant either as Culture-polished Folk-myths, or Folk-mutilated Culture-myths.*

§ 5c. Finally, as to the definition of *Religion*. As the term is used both in an individual, and a social reference—Religion must be defined as connoting both a species of Individual Ideal, and a system of Social Observances. This species of Ideal cannot, I think, be defined, with due and verifiable comprehensiveness, save in the most general manner, as an *Ideal of Conduct derived from some general conception of the Environments of Existence*. The Environments of Existence are, as we have seen, the Natural World, the Social World, and the Historical World. But there is historically, not only a progressive consciousness of these, one after the other; but the forms in which each is conceived are progressively more refined and abstract. For the improved economic conditions, which follow on the establishment of Civilization, giving leisure for, and stimulus to, intellectual development, tend not only indirectly to give higher forms to the conceptions of these Environments, but directly to enlarge the area in which, such higher conceptions are possible. And Religion, indeed, if the term is used in its social reference, can hardly be said to exist till that organic form of Human Aggregation arises, of which the determining condition is a Conflict of Higher and Lower Races, and which we call Civilization. Naturally it is the



Ruling Race, or Class, that both works-out doctrinal expressions of conceptions, and authoritatively symbolizes these in rites and ceremonies, nor certainly either uninfluenced by the notions and customs of the Lower Race, or Class, or without deliberate aim at ensuring its own social and political domination. Here again, therefore, we find, as in Civilization generally, two clearly distinguishable Elements—that of authoritative Doctrine and Observance, and that of spontaneous Ideal and Conduct—Elements determined in their forms by the economic, moral, and intellectual conditions of their interaction. And hence, finally, we may define RELIGION as, in its individual reference, *the Ideal of Conduct derived from some general conception of the Environments of Existence*; and, in its social reference, *the Observances in which Environment-conceptions, determined in their forms by the conditions of the interaction between Higher and Lower Social Elements, are authoritatively expressed.*

SECTION III.

THE NEW SUGGESTIONS OF HISTORICAL DEDUCTION.

§ 1a. Such then are the Definitions, and the Principles of Classification and Investigation which appear to follow from the application to the Facts of Folklore of the Historical Generalizations stated in the First Section. From these Generalizations there should follow also Deductions of more or less importance for the solution of the unsolved Problems of Folklore. To indicate certain of these Deductions is the object of this concluding Section; nor only with the hope of

arriving at more satisfactory solutions of unsolved Folklore Problems; but also of further verifying the Historical Generalizations from which these Deductions are drawn. For these Generalizations rest, as yet, only on inductive inferences. And evidently we shall have further assurance of their truth, if Deductions from them serve to give more satisfactory solutions of hitherto unsolved Problems.

§ 16. But the Deductions I propose to draw from this new Conflict Theory are by no means put forward with any pretension that they offer suggestions which are in themselves alone sufficient for the solution of the Problems of Folklore. For I believe that those whose study of Nature and of Man has been the most profound, and whose knowledge, therefore, of the infinitely complex interactions of Energies is the greatest, will, of all men, be the least inclined to offer suggestions of explanation with any pretension that they are exclusively sufficient. One may, however, not unreasonably, perhaps, put forward facts not hitherto recognised, or not duly recognised, as of a great, though not exclusive, importance for the solution of unsolved problems. It is in this spirit that I make the following suggestions as deductions from our New Theory of History. And though, as I have already said, I agree with Gruppe, and other authoritative critics, in thinking that not any one of the current theories of Folklore and Mythology gives adequate explanations of the problems raised; I think also that each may be found to contribute something towards a complete solution; and I have the more faith in the suggestions which I venture to propose because they appear to supplement certain of these theories, and to reconcile others hitherto believed to be mutually contradictory.

§ 1c. Now, numerous as are the special Problems of Folklore, the most general and important may perhaps be stated as these three: First, the problem of the Origin of Mythical Tales; secondly, the problem of the Origin of Folklore Similarities—similarities of Folk-poesy, Folk-sayings, and Folk-magic; and thirdly, the problem of the Origin of Mythical Beings. I repeat that it is not to be imagined that I propose, in the following half-score of pages, to solve these great Problems. But I do hope to make it clear that certain of the facts generalized in this Theory of the Conflict of Races contribute, at least, to a more full and verifiable solution of each of these Problems. Nay, perhaps we shall find that, if not *just* such, some such Mythical Tales as set us the first Problem; some such Folklore Similarities as set us the second; and some such Mythical Beings as set us the third Problem, may be at once explained as direct deductions from the facts which I now proceed to indicate. They will be found to be facts of the history of the Conflict of Races; facts of the historical dispersion and ethnological relations of the White Races; and facts of the historical differentiation, and subsequent action and reaction of Culture- and Folk-conceptions.

§ 2a. First, then, as to the Origin of Mythical Tales. According to what is, at present, in Great Britain at least, the most generally accepted Theory, 'Fairy Tales' have their origin chiefly 'in the doctrine of spirits, the doctrine of transformations, and the belief in witchcraft held by savage tribes,'^a and hence they are characterized as 'impossible stories . . . explicable, and explicable only, as relics of the phases where-

^a HARTLAND, *Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 337.

through nations have passed from the depths of savagery'^a — this 'passage' being postulated as a necessary evolution, and wholly unexplained as a natural process. But from a theory of the evolution of Civilization, not by any sort of necessity 'from savagery,'^b but as the result of such an exceptional Conflict of correlatively Higher and Lower Races as that of which I have above indicated the evidences, there follows a quite different theory of the origin of these 'impossible stories.' Such a theory, in an approximate and provisional form, has, indeed, already been at least implicitly stated in the Definition of Myths deduced from our Conflict Theory. For this theory led us to distinguish Folk-myths and Culture-myths, and to expect, in the former, more of spontaneity, and in the latter, more of design; led us to find the primary cause of each in precisely the same general factors—the Impressions made by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments of Human Existence, and the reacting Mental Capacities which give expression to these Impressions; but led us also to expect great difference between Folk-myths and Culture-myths both in form and in content, and such an interaction as would elevate the former and degrade the latter. This was enough for a general Definition of Myths. But much more is required, by way of suggestive deduction, in order to a definite solution of the many special problems involved in one so general as that of the origin of Mythical Tales.

§ 2b. With reference then to, at least, one class of the Impressions from which, by our definition, Myths are derived, consider the historical facts of which this

^a HARTLAND, *Science of Fairy Tales*, p. 352.

^b *Ibid.*, p. 335.



Conflict Theory is, in the main, but a generalization. Men, from the time of our earliest geological knowledge of them, were already of different Races; not in conflict with each other as yet, because there was more than room enough for all; but in conflict with gigantic Animals, of the impressions made by whom one Race at least has bequeathed us proofs in its wonderful engravings. In a later Age, Human Races, now in conflict with each other, were, the Higher of them, possessed not only of polished, while the Lower had but the rudest, Stone Weapons; but possessed of what the Lower knew nothing of, the secret of giving birth to, controlling, and making a slave of the divine element, Fire; and possessed also of as willing as powerful, as attached as helpful, Servitors in Animals which to the Lower Races were still fear-inspiring Foes; and between these Higher and Lower Races, thus differing not ethnically only but culturally, there would appear to have been often the physical difference of relatively gigantic and dwarfish stature. But though in cases innumerable, and for ages unnumbered, these conflicts were without permanent and progressive results, they were not indefinitely thus fruitless; and permanent and progressive civilizations were at length founded by White Colonists, who had, however, thus had a long previous history, marked by many notable events, from the time of leaving their Primeval Home, to the time of their establishment as the undisputed lords of the great River-valleys of Chaldea and Egypt. Contemporaneously, and probably more or less connected, with the rise of these great Primary Civilizations, but outside their limits, the Lower Races, still unpossessed of any but the rudest arts, came into conflict, or at least contact,

with heroic Adventurers of the White Race, nor men only, but women, possessed of the powers given by all sorts of magical Arts, and of the products of the magical Art especially of converting stones into metals, and fashioning these into all desired implements, utensils, and ornaments; and, as a result of this, Civilizations of the Matriarchal type (if the theory as to their origin, which I have elsewhere set forth,^a should be found verifiable) were widely established. And, later still, there were the Racial Conflicts, out of which arose the European Civilizations, both of the Classical and of the Modern Period. Nor do men die like dogs, without transmitting the memory of both their own achievements and those of their ancestors, and thus living immortally.

§ 2c. Reflect, then, on the immense variety of powerful impressions that must have been made by such historical facts as these, and by all those which they may recall, but which I have here no space even to indicate, facts also which would, in almost every case, differently affect, and be differently remembered by, the contending Races. Consider also this profoundly important psychological fact that, in all earlier stages of mental development, narratives of facts are not so much records of the *facts* themselves, as of the *impressions* made by them—made by experiences and traditions—and are, therefore, floriations, rather than photographs, of facts. And then, judge whether Mythical Tales are not—in at least one important element of the origin of most of them—explained by the first corollary of our Conflict Theory, namely, that the impressions made by such historical facts as the above on minds gifted with imagination and capable of articulate expression,

^a *Women of Turkey*, Concluding Chapters.

would be certainly recorded in some such Myths and Stories of pre-Civilization-, Primary Civilization-, and post-Civilization- times, as we do actually find, in variants innumerable, both in Folklore and in Culture-lore—in *some* such Fairy Tales as those of Dragons, of Fire-theft and Fire-bringing, of Helpful Beasts, of Giants and Dwarfs, sometimes the one and sometimes the other magically gifted, and of Cannibal, and other Savage Customs; in *some* such *μύθοι* as those of Primeval Lands or Paradises, of Patriarchal Kinships of White Races, of remotely ancestral Migrations, Colonizations, and Wars, and of divine or semi-divine Beings—Gods and Goddesses, Culture-Heroes and Swan-Maidens; and in *some* such Hero Tales of Expulsion and Return, etc., as those both of Classic and of Modern Europe? No doubt what I have termed the ‘floriated’ of these archæhistoric (rather than ‘pre-historic’) Tales contain elements which demand further explanation. But such explanation can be given only as result of the solution of the larger problem of the origin of Mythical Beings.

§ 3. Before, however, proceeding to submit the solution of this larger problem, which I would deduce from our general Historical Theory, it will be convenient to consider that of the origin of Folklore Similarities. The current theory of these Similarities explains their origin—the origin of the Similarities all over the world of Folk-poesy, Folk-sayings, and Folk-magic—by postulating the identity of the human mind in all races, and hence affirming ‘that distinctions of race do not extend to mental and moral constitution.’^a These Similarities, however, have been found to be, in innumerable cases, of so extraordinarily detailed a char-

^a HARTLAND, *Fairy Tales*, pp. 351-352.

acter, that even such advocates of this fashionable theory as Mr. Lang have, of late years, expressed themselves far less confidently than formerly as to the adequacy of the explanation offered by a postulate of Mental Identity, which would appear to be true only if limited to the most general characteristics. But in a work published even as these pages are going through the press, it is again, with the old confidence, affirmed that such a postulate is 'an immeasurably more rational conception' than the 'clumsy device of importations, impossible borrowings, or affinities.'^a Such dogmatism, however, ultimately rests on that current conception of Social Evolution which assumes such a development of Civilization from Savagery as has not only never been proved, but as recent research tends more and more definitely to disprove. Social Evolution, according to this theory of it, 'leads all the human groups through the same stages and by the same steps.'^b But all the facts of which this Conflict Theory is but a generalization, urge the questioning altogether of the verifiable, and, therefore, scientific, character of this conception of 'stages' and 'steps,' as determined by a metempirical internal necessity which 'leads' to them rather than by definite and varying relations of co-existents and sequents. And I venture to think, not only that further ethnological, but also that further

^a KEANE, *Ethnology*, p. 368. The reference is more particularly to American and Asian similarities. The special problem, however, of the origin of these similarities seems, as I have above said (p. 9), hardly, perhaps, as yet ripe for *any* dogmatic solution. But Mr. Keane is an impassioned advocate of Dr. Brinton's views as to the originality and independence of the ancient American, or, as I should say, Atlantisian Civilizations. See the latter's paper *On Various Supposed Relations between the American and Asian Races* (*Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology*), Chicago, p. 148.

^b LEFÈVRE, *Race and Language*, p. 185, as cited by KEANE.

psychological, research will make the Similarities of Folklore appear far less scientifically explicable by the current extravagant postulate of Mental Identity, than as a direct deduction from our general theory of Historical Origins, and more particularly from those facts of the ethnological relations and dispersions of the White Races which I have above summarily indicated in setting forth the various sets of facts generalized by this Conflict Theory (Section I., § 4, pp. 13-15). Nor, as I think, will the similarities of Folklore only, be thus explained, but the similarities of all Religions of the Supernatural Type, or of Religions as defined by Gruppe.* But just as we found that there was an element in Mythic Tales the origin of which could not be explained from the facts of historical Conflict indicated, so we must now admit that there is an element in the Similarities of Folk-tales—their Similarities of Plot and exquisite artistic Form—which is not fully explained by consideration only of the above-indicated facts of Racial Dispersion. And our solutions of these problems of the origin of Mythical Tales, and of the origin of Folklore Similarities, must each, therefore, be completed by our solution of the problem which we now proceed to consider.

§ 4a. The final problem of which I would here suggest a solution, deduced from our general theory of the origins of Civilization, is that of the origin of Mythical

* 'Religiösen Glauben nennen wir den Glauben an einen Zustand oder an Wesen, welche zwar eigentlich ausserhalb der Sphäre menschlichen Strebens und Erreichens liegen, aber auf besondere Wege (durch Opfercermonien, Gebete, Busse, oder Entsagung) in diese Sphäre gerückt werden können,' s. 3. And thus defining *Religion* he maintains that 'aus einer allgemein menschlichen Veranlagung könnte die angebliche Universalität und Uniformität der Religion nicht erklärt werden, sondern nur aus einem historischen Zusammenhang.'—*Culte und Mythen*, ss. 254 ff.

Beings. According to the current theory of the sporadic origin of Civilization from Savagery, Mythical Beings, from the highest Gods downwards, are but Ancestral Ghosts of which the origin is to be found in the dreams recollected, and shadows, etc., observed by 'savage philosophers.'^a A far more complex theory, but one far more adequate, as I think, to the complexity of the facts, is suggested as a deduction from our theory of the origins of Civilization in a Conflict of Higher and Lower Races. That theory has led us to define Myths as either spontaneous Folk-expressions, or designed Culture-expressions, in concrete and personalizing language, of the impressions made, or designed to be made, by the Natural, the Social, and the Historical Environments. And the more detailed deduction now to be stated from our general theory is that, differing as Folk- and Culture-conceptions naturally must, the Mythical Beings, to which mental reaction on the impressions made by the Environments of Existence give rise, will be distinctively different in Folklore and in Culture-lore; that, in the creation, by the Culture-classes, of Mythical Beings, there will be clearly traceable design; and that a conflict between the Mythical Beings distinctive of Folklore and of Culture-lore respectively, will be one of the profoundest characteristics of the history of Religion.

§ 4*b*. Now, what are the facts? Closer investigation of Folk-conceptions has already shown,^b and will, I believe, as a result of the present researches, still more clearly show, that the Mythical Beings of the Folk are

^a Which had first made this 'discovery' was keenly contested, some years ago, by Mr. SPENCER and Dr. TYLOR in *Mind*.

^b I would refer particularly to *The Golden Bough* of Mr. FRAZER and *The Legend of Perseus* of Mr. HARTLAND.



of an incomparably more concrete character than our 'Ghosts,' 'Spirits,' etc.; that they are also not, like these, conceived as 'Supernatural,' or outside the system of Nature, but as parts of Nature, acting, and capable of being reacted on, according to certain laws; and hence, that to refer to these Mythical Beings as 'Ghosts' or 'Spirits' is in the highest degree misleading. They are, in fact, more like the 'essential principles' of the modern chemist. They arise simply from such a distinction of internal energy from external form as requires no previous conception of 'Ghosts'; and 'Tree-life' or 'Corn-life' would, I submit, be a truer rendering of the Folk-conception than Mr. Frazer's 'Tree-spirit' or Corn-spirit.' Nor are such Mythical Beings of Folk-conception, as, for instance, the Greek 'Mother of the Sea,' or Keltic 'Sea-maiden,' in any sense 'Spirits'; nor have they likewise any connection with 'Ghosts.' They are but personifications of the internal energies which give to the grander or more awe-inspiring parts, or constituents, of Nature their distinctive characters—personifications, giving expression to the more powerful Impressions made by Nature—and hence, they may more fitly be termed *Supernals* than 'Spirits.' Altogether different are the Gods of Culture-lore. When, through the subjection of Lower Races, Higher Races gain the wealth and leisure necessary for developing those higher capacities which differentiate them as Higher Races, the phenomena that attract them in Nature, and hence the Powers they worship, become different. Instead of such Powers, or Life-Energies, as those of Trees, and especially of the Oak, and of Plants, and especially of Corn, which Mr. Frazer has shown to be characteristic of the Folk-element in the Primary Religions, the Culture-element in these Religions is

distinguished by such highly abstract Triads as those of which Professor Hommel has shown the similarity, if not identity, in the ancient Chaldean and Egyptian Religions.^a Heaven, and Earth, and the Luminiferous Ether—these were the three greater Gods of the Primary Religions—these were the Gods of the Higher Races. But less and less concretely conceived, or, at least, represented, these Supernal Facts were imaged as Supernatural Beings; Mythical Beings, not like those of the Folk, with merely general, but with individual names; nor, like those of the Folk, belonging to the Natural, but to a Supernatural World. From the first establishment of the Primary Civilizations of Chaldea and Egypt the notion of such Other-World Beings seems to have been elaborated, and with hardly questionable political purpose, in that great class of Myths, and especially Hell-myths, which I would distinguish as Sacerdotal. And hence, while the Supernals of Folk Religion are *compelled*—compelled by acts, words, or operations, the efficacy of which is believed to depend on man's own knowledge of, and ability to utter, the words—and knowledge of, and ability to perform, the operations or acts—proper in each special case; the Deities of Culture Religions are *implored*—implored by sacrifice, prayer, and praise, the efficacy of which is believed to depend on the good pleasure of a Supernatural Will. In a word, the Mythical Beings distinctive of Folklore differ so completely from those distinctive of Culture-lore, that the practical outcome of the one set of conceptions is Witchcraft, and of the other, Priestcraft.

^a *Die Identität der ältesten Babylonischen und Ägyptischen Göttergenealogie.* Trans., Ninth International Congress of Orientalists (1892), vol. ii., pp. 218-244.

§ 4c. These indications of the broad differences which are still found to separate the Mythical Beings distinctive of Folklore and of Culture-lore respectively must here suffice. But enough has, I trust, been said to suggest, at least, how complex are the facts which have to be explained in any adequate solution of the problem of the origin of Mythical Beings; and enough also, perhaps, to make it appear probable that a more complete solution of the problem than any at present current is offered as a deduction from our general theory of the Conflict of Races. More particularly it will, I trust, be evident that this suggested theory of the origin of Mythical Beings completes the solutions above suggested, both of the origin of Mythical Tales, and of the origin of Folklore Similarities. Though the former may, as our General Theory would lead us to expect, have originated in, and be, in a way, records of Historical Facts of the Conflict of Races, the older these records are, the more completely have their heroes been transformed into Mythical Beings; and of the origin of such Beings I have just endeavoured to indicate the conditions in the interaction of the distinctive conceptions of Folk- and Culture-classes. And, though the origin of the general Similarities of Folklore may have been so far also explained as a natural consequence of those Ethnological Dispersions to which our Conflict Theory draws attention, yet there remained unexplained those special Similarities of Plot, and of artistic Form, which would seem, however, now to find their explanation in the exercise, at the Centres of Dispersion, of such a moulding action by Culture-classes, both on Culture- and on Folk-conceptions, as is implied in the theory above indicated of the origin of Mythical Beings.

§ 5a. But the above deductions from our Conflict Theory of the Origins of Civilization have been suggested, not merely with the hope of obtaining more satisfactory solutions of the greater Problems of Folklore, but with the hope also of thus obtaining deductive verifications of that General Theory. The current solutions of these Problems are, as we have seen, either implicitly based on, or explicitly drawn from, a theory of the origin of Civilization founded chiefly on what, as I have endeavoured to show, are unverifiable assumptions; namely (1), that all men possess practically equal capacities, and that Mankind may, therefore, be treated as 'homogeneous in nature'; and (2) that an unorganized Aggregation of Savages may independently 'raise itself' into a state of organized Civilization. Hence, as we have no historical knowledge whatever of such origins of Civilization, those who, notwithstanding this, believe in such origins, can explain Mythic Tales only as Fancies determined by certain Savage notions. The first question, therefore, between the current and the proposed theory of the Origins of Civilization may be thus stated. Our deduction from the New Theory is, that Mythic Tales of, at least, one great class are records, though fanciful records, of what we are more and more fully ascertaining to have been actual Conflicts (1) previous to the origin of Civilization, (2) resulting in its establishment, and (3) attending propagation from its Twin-centres. And we ask, Whether this deduction does not give an incomparably more verifiable explanation of these Mythic Tales than a theory which, ignoring all these facts of Conflict, explains all such Stories as those of Helpful Beasts, of Giants and Dwarfs, of Primeval Paradises, of Swan-Maidens, and of Expelled

and Returning Heroes—explains all such Stories as mere products of the assumed former exuberance of a 'Mythopœic Faculty'?

§ 5*b*. Consider next the opposed solutions of the problem of Folklore Similarities. The current theory of the Origin of Civilization, with its assumption of the homogeneity of Mankind, naturally explains these Similarities as the result of the mental identity of all Races. In doing so, however, it is obliged to postulate mental identity, capable of producing all over the world, not merely general similarities of Folk-tales, etc., but similarities of a most special and detailed character. And while ignoring all the difficulties raised by the elasticity of such an assumption of identity, it ignores also the ever-accumulating facts testifying to the dispersion of White Races from certain centres, and an accompanying diffusion of ideas, of which the original forms appear all to be found in the Civilizations of Chaldea and Egypt. And here again the question is: Whether our Conflict Theory of the Origins of Civilization is not verified by a deduction from it which explains these Folklore Similarities by taking full account of all those facts which the Homogeneity Theory ignores?

§ 5*c*. Finally, as to the problem of Mythical Beings. From a theory of the sporadic development of Civilization from Savagery there naturally follows, as we have seen, a theory of the origin of Mythical Beings from observations and reflections of 'Savage Philosophers,' resulting in the notion of 'Ghosts.' And once more the question is: Whether such a distinction between Mythical Beings and such an explanation of their origins and their interaction as that deduced from our Conflict Theory of the Origins of Civilization does not

take a fuller account of the immense complexity of relevant facts than that 'Ghost Theory' explanation, which is the solution deduced from the current theory of Social Origins? Nor this only. For I would further submit whether the suggestions above deduced with respect to the origin of Mythical Beings do not, at least, indicate the possibility both of complementing some theories of their origin, and of reconciling the antagonism of others. For instance. We have theories of profound esoteric meanings in Mythologies; and theories which find nothing in Mythology but the crude notions of Savages. Certain facts have led to the theory of a primitive Monotheism; certain other facts to a theory of primitive Fetishism. But may not both sets of facts be accepted by, and both inferences from them included in, this Theory of Racial Conflict? For, discovering at the Origin of Civilization, not Coloured or Black Savages only, but these, ruled and organized by Colonists of White Race, with the noblest brain-development, and the amplest wealth and leisure for intellectual culture, may these White Brothers of ours—the founders of the greater Physical Sciences, and inventors of the greater Social Arts—be not unreasonably supposed to have had, beneath their Sacerdotal Mythologies, theories of the Universe not very different from our own Theisms or Agnosticisms? And, further. May they not unreasonably be supposed to have regarded that Pagan Mythology—which, at once terrorizing and consoling, so powerfully aided them in subjecting and organizing the Lower Races—much as our own Christian Philosophers, and even Priests of the higher ranks, regard that Christian Mythology, which, for its assumed Social Utility, they patronize, and even preach, though both disbelieve the historical,

and despise the moral implications of its exoteric mottoes and menaces—‘Blood and Fire,’ ‘Turn or Burn’?

In concluding the *General Preface* to these *New Folklore Researches* I pointed out that their aim was determined by certain defects in the Philosophy of History—the lack, as yet, of a verified theory of the Conditions of the Origin of progressive Social Organization, or Civilization; and the further lack of a verified theory of the Conditions of the Origin of progressive Philosophic Thought, or Ratiocination. The solution of the Problem set by the first of these defects must, as I said, be primarily drawn from the results of historical, archæological, and ethnological research; but its solution might be greatly aided if deductions, from whatever hypothesis we might be led to by research, could be shown to explain the more general of the unsolved Problems of Folklore.^a I have just endeavoured to show that the deductions from our general Theory

^a As an illustration of the rapidity with which the results of research appear to be confirming the above Theory of the correlative and derivative origins of Civilization, it may be worth noting that the 3rd edition of Professor SAYCE'S *Science of Language* had hardly been published, in which he still, in 1890, maintained—grounding on FICK'S *Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der indogermanischen Sprachen*, and *Ehemalige Spracheinheit der Indogermanen Europa's*—the high Civilization independently arrived at by the Primitive Aryans (v. ii, pp. 127-134), than the last edition of SCHRADER'S *Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte* was issued, in which apparently conclusive proofs were given of such a social condition of the Primitive Aryans as was far more in accordance with my general Theory; and whereas Professor SAYCE also still affirmed that ‘the Civilizations of China, of Babylonia, and Egypt were all independent and self-evolved’ (v. ii., p. 381-2); Professor HOMMEL, in 1892, showed, as above noted (pp. 42), the identity of the Chaldean and Egyptian Religions; while Professor DE LACOU-PERIE, up to the time of his premature and lamented death, was giving ever stronger reasons for believing that the Chinese was derived from the Chaldean Civilization.

of the Conflict of Races do serve deductively to verify that theory by the solutions they suggest of Folklore Problems. But the solution of the Problem set by the second of these defects in the Philosophy of History depends, as was said, mainly on the results of Folklore research. And it is with a view, therefore, chiefly to the solution of this Problem of Thought-origins, and hence Thought-development, that pieces representative of the whole cycle of Greek Folkpoesy have been here translated, and arranged in such Classes as to make them as available as possible for the purposes of scientific generalization. Interesting as I trust they may be found merely in themselves and without regard to the conclusions which may be drawn from them, I would hope that some readers may peruse them with a view to gaining from them light on the great historical Problem just indicated. And they will thus be able to judge of the verifiable character, or otherwise, of the conclusions to which their study has led myself, and which will be found stated in the final Essay on *The Survival of Paganism*.



TRANSLATIONS.

‘Quin etiam antiquitatum investigatores haud pauca in his popularibus carminibus reperient satis digna, quae respiciant, velut quod Charontem, fluminum arborumque numina, Parcam adhuc Graecis pro daemonibus venerari mos est. Sed multo magis miraberis quod caeci Rhapsodi vicos peragrantes quales ante triginta fere saecula Ulixis fata et Achilles certamina canebant, etiamnunc festis diebus populum epicis carminibus delectare solent.’—PASSOW.

‘Le plus grand poète de la Grèce contemporaine, c’est le peuple grec lui-même, avec cet innombrable essaim de rhapsodes qu’il engendre sans cesse, et qui s’en vont, en quelque sorte sans interruption, depuis le vieil Homère, le premier et l’inimitable, mendiant comme lui, chantant, improvisant, enrichissant chaque jour le trésor de cette poésie dont ils sont les fidèles dépositaires, en même temps que les vulgarisateurs.’—YÉMÉNIZ.

FOLK-VERSE.

The letters *a*, *b*, etc., refer to Footnotes.
The numerals 1, 2, etc., refer to Annotations.



CLASS I.
MYTHOLOGICAL FOLK-IDYLLS :
IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF KOSMICAL IDEAS ;
ZOÖNIST, MAGICAL, AND SUPERNALIST.

SECTION (I.)
IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ZOÖNIST IDEAS.

OLYMPOS AND KISSAVOS (OSSA).

Litochori.

(Oral Version.)

OLYMPOS old and Kissavos, the mountains great, dis-
puted ;
Olympos turns him round, and says to Kissavos, says
he, 'You !
With me you dare to wrangle, you, Turk-trodden
Kissavos, you !
With me, Olympos old renowned, renowned e'en to the
City ?
I seventy mountain-summits have, and two-and-sixty
fountains ;
To every bush an Armatole, to every branch a Klephtë.

And perched upon my highest peak there sits a mighty eagle ;
 A mirror, in his talon grasped, he holds on high exalted,
 And in it he his charms admires, and on his beauty gazes !^a

THE SUN AND THE DEER.

Olympos.

(OIKONOMIDES, E. 5.)

THE Deer are racing o'er the hills, their Fawns around them frisking ;
 One humble Deer walks all alone, nor with the herd is going.
 She saunters only in the shade, in lonely spots reposes.
 And where she bubbling water finds, mixed with her tears she drinks it.
 The Sun has seen her from on high, and standing still he asks her :
 ' O humble Deer, what is thy grief, thou go'st not with the others,
 But only saunter'st in the shade, in lonely spots reposest ?'

^a After weeks of Brigand-hunting, we were ascending Olympos from the Pass of Petra, in the glorious sun-filled atmosphere of an August morning ; and when near the probable site of the more ancient Pelasgian Sanctuary of the Olympian Dodona, my servant Demosthénes burst out with this Song, the last lines of which, however, he but imperfectly remembered. By the treachery of our guides, in league probably with the Brigands, the detachment of twenty infantry and two troopers, under a Yuz-bashi, got dispersed, and we narrowly escaped capture during the night which was spent on the mountain. But some two or three days later, our hostess at the village of Litchóri, above the Plain of the Muses, completed my servant's version of the Song. And there and then, with the help of Demosthénes, as much friend as servant, I made the translation here given. The three last lines seem to me a splendidly bold poetic way of saying that there is a magnificent view from the 'highest peak' of Olympos.—ED.

‘ My Sun, as thou hast questioned me, thus even will
I answer :

For twelve long years I barren lived, without a Fawn
and barren ;

But after the twelve years were passed, a Fawn had
me for mother.

I gave it suck, I tended it till it had lived two summers;
Then the inhuman hunter came, and shot my Fawn
and killed it.

Curst mayest thou, O hunter, be, both thou and all thy
treasures,

By whom I now am twice bereaved, of dearest child
and husband.’^a

THE WAGER.

(PASSOW, DXV.)

THE King and Konstantine did eat, they ate and drank
together,

When rose the question twixt them twain—whose was
the best black racer ?

The King he stakes him golden coins, for he has wealth
in plenty ;

And Konstantine so poor is he that he his head must
wager.

But when the wife of Konstantine, his well-belovéd
heard it,

Down to the horse’s stall she went, and filled with oats
his manger.

‘ The King’s black horse if thou canst pass, and win the
race, my Black One,

Thy daily rations I’ll increase to five-and-forty handfuls ;

^a All our misfortunes after gaining the summit of Olympos
(*above* p. 51 note) were attributed to the killing of the fawn of a
gazelle in a wild volley poured into a herd on the highest ridge of
the mountain.

I'll give these gauds that on me hang, and into horse-shoes change them ;

I'll give my golden earrings too, nails for thy shoes I'll make them.'

They ran for forty miles apace, abreast they ran together;
When they had run the forty-fourth, and neared the five-and-fortieth,

He sudden stopped, and him bethought of what his lady'd told him.

Like lightning-flash he came in front, came from behind like thunder,

And 'tween his rival and himself he left ten miles of country.

' O stay, O stay, for I'm the King, and shame me not 'bove measure ;

The wager that we two have laid I'll pay to thee twice over !'

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF.

(PASSOW, DIIL.)

A SHEPHERD laid him down and slept, slept with his crook beside him,

While strayed away a thousand sheep, and wandered goats two thousand.

Then he along a lonely road, a lonely path betook him,
And meeting soon an aged Wolf, he stopped, and thus he asked him :

' O Wolf, say, hast thou seen my sheep ? O Wolf, hast thou my goats seen ?'

' Perhaps I am thy shepherd then, and I thy goats am tending ?

Upon the further mountain there, the further and the nearer,

Upon the further graze thy sheep, thy goats upon the
nearer ;
I went there, too, to eat a lamb, a tender kid to choose
me,
When quick the lame dog seized on me, and then the
mad dog pinned me ;
They've broke between them all my ribs, my big bone,
too, they've broken !'

THE BIRD'S LAMENTATION.

(PASSOW, CCCCXCVII.)

AMONG a lemon-tree's green leaves a bird its nest had
woven ;
But wildly soon the whirlwind blew, afar the nest it
whirléd.
With her complaint she flew away, and with her sore
heart-burning,
And built herself a nest again, she at a well's lip
built it ;
The maidens there for water went, and pulled her nest
to pieces.
With her complaint she flew away, and with her sore
heart-burning,
And now upon a reedy marsh her little nest she
buildéd ;
But fierce and wildly Boreas blew, and far and wide he
whirled it.
With her complaint she flew away, and with her sore
heart-burning,
And 'mong an almond-tree's green leaves she sat, and
sad lamented.
Then from a castle-window high a King's fair daughter
heard her.

‘ Would, birdie, I’d thy beauty bright, and would I had
thy warbling !
And would I had thy gorgeous wing, thy song of passing
sweetness !’
‘ Why would’st thou have my beauty bright, why would’st
thou have my warbling ?
Why would’st thou have my gorgeous wing, my song of
passing sweetness,
Who eat’st each day the daintiest fare, while I eat
pebbles only ;
Who drinkest of the finest wines, I water from the
courtyard ;
Who liest on the softest couch, on sheets with broidered
borders ;
While unto me my fate unkind gives but the fields and
snow-drifts ?
Thou wait’st the coming of the youth for frolic and for
dalliance,
While I can but the sportsman wait, the sportsman
who’ll pursue me ;
That he may roast me at his fire, and sit and sup upon
me.
O lady, stay thou in thy place, and envy me no longer,
The anguish of another’s heart—Ah ! who can ever
know it !’

THE SWALLOW’S RETURN.¹

(KIND, *Anthologie*, i. 17.)

Now the Swallow comes again
From across the dark blue main ;
Now again she builds her nest,
Warbles while she sits to rest.



March, O March, thou snow'st amain ;
February bringeth rain ;
April, sweetest of the year,
Coming is, and he is near.

Twitter all the birds and sing,
All the little plants 'gin spring ;
Hens lay eggs, and O, good luck !
Already they begin to cluck !

Flocks and herds, a num'rous train,
To the hills will go again ;
Goats will skip, and leap, and play,
Browsing on the wayside spray.

Birds and beasts and men rejoice,
With one heart, and with one voice ;
Now the frosts have passed away,
Snow-wreaths deep, and Boreas gray.

March, O March, she came with snow ;
February mud did throw ;
Shines now April's kindly sun ;
Febr'ary and March are done !

THE SOLDIER AND THE CYPRESS TREE.

Zagorie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 414.)

THERE was a youth, he was a valiant soldier,
Who sought a tower, a town wherein to sojourn :
The road he found, and found he too the footpath ;
Tower found he none, nor town wherein to sojourn.

He found a tree, the tree they call the Cypress :
 ' Welcome me, tree ! welcome me now, O Cypress !
 For I have strayed from battlefield returning,
 And now my eyes in sleep would fain be closing.'
 ' Lo here my boughs, upon them hang thy weapons ;
 Lo here my roots, thy steed to them now tether ;
 Here lay thee down, rest here, and slumber sweetly.'

*THE APPLE TREE AND THE WIDOW'S
 SON—I.*

Zagorie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 232.)

' APPLE-TREE, sweet apple-tree,
 Lend us now, I say, your flowers,
 From your boughs rain leaves in showers !'
 ' I my flowers do not lend,
 Nor my leaves from branches send.
 With my arms,^a and all full-drest,
 To the dance I'll with the rest.
 There I'll wrestle, not one bout,
 Three times nine times I'll stand out,
 Wrestling with the Widow's Son,
 That haughty and o'erweening one,
 Who has basely slandered me,
 And slightly has looked on me.'²

^a The ornaments of silver—chains, bracelets, brooches, clasps, pins, coins, etc.—indispensable to peasant 'full-dress,' are classed together as *ἀρματα* = 'arms.'



*THE APPLE TREE AND THE WIDOW'S
SON—II.*

Zagorie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 231.)

IN the charming taverns there
Sit the gallant youths and drink,
And the tailors sit and sew
Hats that Janissaries wear,
Caps with gay embroidery.
And one winsome tailor lad
Stitches all the livelong day,
And at night he steals away,
Digs, and all the earth he gets
Bears he to the Apple-tree.
' Apple-tree, here's earth for thee,
Cover with it warm thy roots ;
And when thy green leaves appear,
And thy blossoms open out,
From thy store of sweetest fruits,
Give some apples for his share,
Every eve and every morn,
To the Widow's Son [forlorn].'

THE TREE.

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 415.)

A TREE within my courtyard grew,
To me 'twas pleasure ever new ;
I gave fresh water to its root,
That it might thrive and bear me fruit.

Its leaves were all of gold so bright,
 Its branches all of silver white ;
 Fair pink and white the flowers it shed,
 Its fruit was like the apple red ;
 And I believed it was for me
 That they had made it fair to see.

When the apples from the tree
 Gathered were, the housewife (she
 A *skýla* was) would give me none ;
 Into stranger hands they're gone.

PROCESSION FOR RAIN.^a

Thessaly and Macedonia.

(KIND, *Anth.* i. 18.)

PERPERIÀ, all fresh bedewed,
 Freshen all the neighbourhood ;
 By the woods, on the highway,
 As thou goest, to God now pray :
 O my God, upon the plain,
 Send thou us a still, small rain ;
 That the fields may fruitful be,
 And vines in blossom we may see ;
 That the grain be full and sound,
 And wealthy grow the folks around ;
 Wheat and barley
 Ripen early,
 Maize and cotton now take root ;
 Rye and rice and currant shoot ;

^a In times of prolonged drought it is customary to dress up in flowers a girl, who heads a procession of children to all the wells and springs of the neighbourhood ; and at each halting-place she is drenched with water by her companions, who sing this invocation.

Gladness be in gardens all ;
For the drought may fresh dews fall ;
Water, water, by the pail ;
Grain in heaps beneath the flail ;
Bushels grow from every ear ;
Each vine-stem a burden bear.
Out with drought and poverty,
Dew and blessings would we see.

SECTION (II.)

IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MAGICAL IDEAS.

THE SONGSTRESS AND THE SEAMEN.

(ARAVANDINOS, 457.)

A MAID was singing as she sat within a splendid
window,
Her song was on the breezes borne, borne down unto
the ocean.
As many ships as heard her song, moored, and made fast
their anchors.
A tartan from the Frankish land that was of Love the
frigate,
Furled not her sails by breezes filled, nor yet along was
sailing.
Then to his men the captain called, astern where he
was standing :
' Ho, sailors ! furl the sails at once, and climb ye up the
rigging,

That to this charmer we may list, list how she's sweetly
singing,
Hear what's the melody to which she her sweet song is
singing.'
But so sweet was the melody, so passing sweet her
warbling,
The skipper turned him once again, and to the shore it
drew him,
And to the masts the mariners kept hanging in the
rigging.

THE MONSTER AND YIANNI.

(ARAVANDINOS, 452.)

NINE stalwart sons could Yianni boast, and they were
nine tall brothers,
And they did all agree one day that they would go
a-hunting.
When word of it to Yianni came, he ran to give his
orders.
'You everywhere may hunt,' he said, 'roam hither, and
roam thither,
But to Varlámi's^a hill alone there must ye never
venture;
For there an evil Monster lives, with nine heads on his
body.'
But unto him they would not list, but would go to
Varlámi;
And out to them the Monster came, with nine heads on
his body,
And he snatched up the brothers nine, snatched up,
and them did swallow.

^a The site now of one of the Metéora Monasteries.

When Yianni heard their dismal fate, then grieved was
he right sorely ;
His spear into his hand he took, and his good sword
he girded,
And to Varlámi's hill he ran, and quickly he ascended.
'Come out, Stoicheió! come, Monster, out! and let us
eat each other.'
'O welcome my good supper now, and welcome my
good breakfast!'
Then Yianni on the Monster ran, with sword in hand
uplifted ;
Nine strokes he dealt upon the heads, the nine heads of
his body,
And aimed another at his paunch, and set free all his
children ;
And bore them home at eventide, all living, to their
mother.

YIANNI AND THE DHRAKONTA.^a

Thessaly.

(PASSOW, DIX.)

Who was it that was passing by at night-time and was
singing ?
From nests arousing nightingales, and from the rocks
Stoicheia,
And waking, too, a Dhrákissa in Dhráko's arms
enfolded ?
The Dhráko waxes very wroth and much is he
enragéd.

^a The terms Dhráko and Dhrákonta are synonymous ; Dhrákissa is the feminine. See Vol. II. 'Annotations,' note 6.

‘ Who was it that was singing there, for I am going to eat him ?’

‘ O leave me, Dhráko, let me go, O leave me five days longer !

For Sunday is my wedding-day, my wedding-feast on Monday,

And home I must conduct my bride upon the morn of Tuesday !’

The Sun had darkened, darkened quite, the Moon herself had hidden,

And now the pale pure Morning Star was going to his setting.

‘ O welcome here my dinner comes, and welcome here my supper !’

‘ Stones may’st thou for thy dinner have, and pebbles for thy supper !

For I’m the Lightning’s son, and she is daughter of the Thunder !’

‘ Yannáki, go, good luck to thee, and take thy good-wife with thee !’

KATERINA AND THE DHRÁKO.

(BRETO, 'Εθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον, 44.)

AWAY there on the heaven’s edge, and where the green earth endeth,

The wild game, and the little hares, and deer of thirst are dying.

And maidens, too, of noble birth, and they are well-taught maidens.

The noblest lady decks her fair, comes down unto the Dhráko.

‘ Bring, Dhráko, back the water now, that drink may all the thirsty ;

Take, an thou wilt, my gold from me, and pearls, an
thou wilt, take them.'

'I want no gold at all of you, your pearls I do not
want them ;

Your Katerina I desire, I want the lovely songstress,
Who, when she only twice had sung, two cities laid in
ruins,

And if she should a third time sing, my city, too, she'd
ruin.'

They Katerina dress and deck, and lead her to the
Dhráko.

The Sun she places on her brow, the Moon upon her
bosom,

The feather of the raven black she curves upon her
eyebrow.

Nine keys the Dhráko throws to her, and gives her in
her apron.

'Take, open thou the houses all, and walk about within
them ;

Save two that in the middle are, for those thou must
not open.'

But Katerina opened them, and walked about within
them.

Pashás she burning there did see, and árchontes all
glowing ;

She there, too, her dear father saw, and, like the others,
burning ;

And twining round about his cap she saw a snake
three-headed.

One kick she gives the door unto, and forth she flies
affrighted.

'May'st thou live, Katerina mine ! what saw'st thou to
be frightened ?'

'Pashás all burning I did see, and árchontes all glowing ;

My father dear I saw there, too, and, like the others,
 burning ;
 And round about his cap I saw a snake, a snake three-
 headed ;
 And he was holding in his hand a wand, a wand of
 silver.
 I of the Lightning am the child, I am the Thunder's
 offspring ;
 And when I flash, then art thou slain, I thunder, thou
 art stricken !'^a

THE WITCH OF THE WELL.

Khalkhis.

(PASSOW, DXXIII.)

O THEY were four, five brothers, nine brothers in a
 band,
 Who heard of battle raging, and took their swords in
 hand.
 As on the road they journeyed, and on their way did
 ride,
 With thirst were they tormented, but soon a Well
 espied,
 That wide was fifty fathoms, a hundred fathoms deep.
 They cast lots who should venture down that Well's
 side so steep ;
 The lot fell on the youngest, on Constantine it fell :
 'O bind me now, my brothers, and I'll descend the
 well !'
 They tied the rope around him, they let him down
 amain ;

^a This threat had probably the same effect on the Dhráko as similar threats in preceding songs.

But when they would withdraw him, he came not up
again.

They tugged, they strained, in vain 'twas, the cord was
snapped in twain.

'O leave me now, my brothers, leave me and go ye
home.

When our good mother asks you what has of me
become,

Do not you go and tell her, tell not our mother mild,
I've ta'en a Sorcerer's daughter, and wed a Witch's
child.

The clothes she's making for me, tell her to sell them
now,

And back to my betrothéd, give ye her marriage-vow.'

THE WITCH MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(PASSOW, DXX.)

O PASSERS-BY, when passing my birthplace and my
home,

I've apples in my courtyard, go shake the apple-tree;
Then go and take my greetings unto my mother dear,
Then go salute my mother, my grieving little wife,
And my unhappy children, and all the neighbours
round.

Then say you to my dearest, O tell my dear Lenió,
Still if she will to wait me, or marry if she will;
Or if she'd come to seek me, then mourning let her
wear.

For I, alas, am married, in Anatolia wed;
A little wife I've taken, a Witch for mother-in-law,
Who all the ships bewitches, so they no more can sail;
And me she has enchanted, that I no more return.
My horse if I should saddle, unsaddled 'tis again;

My sword if I gird round me, it is again ungirt ;
I write a word to send thee, and 'tis again unwrit.'

THE SPELLS.

Trebizond.

(PASSOW, DXXVII.)

MAY they be curséd who have hung within the well the
apple ;
The apple's filled with poison dire, the well is full of
witchcraft.
And love is bound with spells about ; if I love one,
she's taken.
And love is now in sackcloth drest, I love one drest in
raiment.
She passes by in sackcloth drest, she passes by in
raiment.
Love's in the market but a drug, a drug 'tis in the
market.
You draw it, it comes after you ; if it is lost, you're
lost too.
I strive and strive, it naught avails, I sit me down
a-weeping.
You draw it, it comes after you, if it is lost, you're
lost too ;
And if 'tis to the river drawn, then are the waters
turbid ;
And if 'tis to the ocean drawn, then are the waters
reddened.
Its courtyard should the ocean be, its house should be
the vessel ;
And it should have the crested waves, the billows, for
its neighbours.³

THE THREE FISHES.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 115.)

A LITTLE fisher lad am I—

Lassie with the eyes of blue !

At spearing none with me can vie.

My spear up in my hand I took—

Long and supple reedspear true !

And for the fish I went to look.

And as for fishes there I watch—

Lassie with the eyes of blue !

Three little fishes soon I catch.

Then home I to my mother hie—

Long and supple reedspear true !

And give the fish to her to fry.

And as she cooked them o'er the flame—

Lassie with the eyes of blue !

Three mortal maidens they became.

One from Galata had come—

Long and supple reedspear true !

From Néochori one did roam.

And the third, the youngest one—

Lassie with the eyes of blue !

Was of all the sweetest one.

She from Remnia town did stray—

Long and supple reedspear true !

And she stole my wits away.

*THE STOICHEION OF THE BRIDGE.**Peloponnesos.**(Δελτίον Ι., p. 555.)*

WHEN I am dead and seen no more, the world will be
no poorer ;
For I my money leave behind, my coins of gold and
silver.
A thousand leave I to the church and to the noble
minster,
To Vrety I two thousand coins bequeath, a bridge to
build there,
A bridge across the Tricha broad, with sixty-two wide
arches.
All day long do they build the bridge: by night it falls
to pieces.
And sadly weep the 'prentices, and sorely grieve the
masons.
A little birdie went and perched upon the arch i' th'
middle ;
She sang not as a birdie sings, nor was her note the
swallow's :
' Without a human Stoicheion⁴ the bridge can ne'er be
founded.
It neither must an idiot be, a madman, nor a pauper,
But Ghiorghi's wife it needs must be, Ghiorghi's, the
master-mason.'
Then hasten all the 'prentices, and off they set to
fetch her.
' Thine hour be happy, Ghiórghaina !' ' My boys, I'm
glad to see you !'
' Unbind and swaddle fresh thy babe, and of thy milk
now give him ;

Thy husband Ghiórghi he is sick, and thou with us
must hasten.'

As they were going on the road, and on the road did
journey,

'Three sisters once were we [she cried], and Stoicheia
we'll all be!

Of Kórphos one's a Stoicheion; the other of Zitouni;
And I, the third and fairest one, o' th' bridge across
the Tricha,

And as my eyes are streaming now, may wayfarers
stream over!'

THE BRIDGE OF ADANA.

Kaḗḗadocia.

(*Δελτίον* I., p. 716.)

ALL day long did they build the piers; by night they fell
in ruins.

'Come now and let us branches cut! come now will
we chop faggots.

Let us give up one soul of us that firm the bridge be
buildd.'

They sat them down, and chopped away, the two-and-
forty masons,


Then fell from Yianni's hand his axe, unfortunate
Yiannáki!⁵

'Yiannáki, go, thy goodwife fetch, if thou thy head
would'st keep thee!'

'If I should now my goodwife give, I yet can find
another;

But if I my own head give up, I while I'm young shall
leave her.'

But she again was vigilant, and quick at bath and
washing;
Quickly she bathed and quickly washed and quickly
brought his dinner.
When coming saw her Yiánnakos his eyes with tears
were brimming.
'O eat and drink, my noble men, to sport with her now
leave me,
While we together sport I'll throw the ring from off
my finger.'
They frolic and together sport, the ring falls from his
finger.
'If thou'lt go down and bring it we will own it both
together.'
Then down goes she, and down goes she, steps forty-
two descends she,
And fall upon her as she goes of stones a thousand *litras*,
And throw they down upon her, too, of earth a thousand
spadefuls.
'Yiannáki, open stands thy door, thy baby he is crying;
The loaves, too, in thy oven are, and burnt and black
become they;
Evil hast thou entreated me, so may thy youth be evil.'
'A door is it, and it may shut; babes are they; let them
stilled be;
The loaves that in my oven are, the servants out can
draw them.'
'Hear thou my words, Yiannáki mine, let not the world
rejoice thee;
Three only sisters once were we, we were three sisters
only;
The one did build the Danube's bridge, the second the
Euphrates',
And I, I too, the murdered one, the bridge build of
Adana.



As trembling now is my poor heart, so may the bridge
still tremble ;

And as my tears are failing me, so may wayfarers fail it,
From August unto August pass one solitary camel,
A camel all alone, and on its back the camel-driver.'

' Now may thy mouth burn, girl, for that, for that same
word thou'st uttered.

For I an only brother have, and he's a camel-driver.'

' Then build in front of me a church, behind me build
a chapel ;

And whoso passes by with oil, and wax, here let him
leave them ;

And if there pass my mother by, her tears bid her let
fall here ;

If pass my kindred, let them drop their sweet musk-
scented kerchiefs.'

THE MIRACLE^a OF ST. GEORGE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 159.)

O LIST and hear what once befell within a famous land !
A Monster foul had made his lair, and taken up his stand ;
And gave they him not men to eat at morn and eve enow,
To take the water from the Well no one would he allow.
For that they cast lots every one, he who the lot should
draw,

Must to the Monster send his child, a gift for his foul
maw.

Then fell the lot upon the King, fell on his daughter fair,
And to be eaten she must go, that maid of beauty rare.
And then, with tears and loud lament, the King cries
out : ' O stay !

Take all my goods away from me, but leave my child,
I pray !'

^a θαῦμα. This word originally signified a *wonder* merely.

But with one voice the people say, and with one mouth
they cry :

‘ Give us thy daughter, O our King, or thou instead
shalt die !’

‘ O dress, adorn her, to the Well then lead my child
forlorn ;

That when the Monster eats her, she may not be
chewed or torn !’^a

Away in Cappadocia far, St. George hears, mounts his
steed,

On his swift horse he rides apace, he’s coming with all
speed.

As o’er the road they hasten on, and pass with flying
feet,

Within a dreary desert place, they Satan chance to meet,

‘ O great St. George, O great St. George, why such dire
haste and speed ?

Why do you spur your good swift horse, and forward
urge your steed ?’

‘ How, Satan, curséd Satan, how my name com’st thou
to know ?

I am a stranger in these parts, my family also.’

And sorely whipping his good horse, he to the Well
comes down,

And finds the maiden standing there, like faded apple
grown.

‘ O fly, O fly, thou gallant youth, for fear he should eat
thee.

That Monster fierce, that Monster fell, by whom I’ll
eaten be !’

‘ Be thou not troubled, damsel mine, nor yet be thou
afraid,

^a He, no doubt, hoped that the stiffness of the embroidered and silver-ornamented national costume would necessitate her being *bolted*.

But on the name of our bless'd Lord thy thoughts be
firmly stayed.'

Then he alights and lays him down to take a little sleep,
Until the Monster shall come up from out that Fountain
deep.

When forth the Monster came the hills did shake and
were afraid,⁶

And from her fright all deadly pale and bloodless stood
the maid.

'Awake! arise, O gallant youth, for, see, the water's
fretting;

The Monster grinds his jaws; his teeth, his teeth for
me he's whetting!'

He quickly mounts upon his horse, with spear in hand
he goes,

Soon from the Monster's open mouth a bloody fountain
flows.

'See, Maiden, I've the Monster slain, go back unto
thy kin,

That all thy friends and folk may joy, when thee they
back shall win.'

'O tell, O tell, thou gallant youth, O tell to me thy name,
That I may gifts for thee prepare, and send my lord the
same.'

'They call me George where I at home in Cappadocia
live;

But let thy offering be a church, if gifts to me thou'dst
give.

And set a picture in the midst, a horseman let it bear,
A horseman who a Monster slays, slays with his good
stout spear.'

*THE YOUTH AT THE TOMB OF ST. GEORGE.**Crete.*

(JEANNARAKI, 73.)

LATE last eve I chanced to pass—

"Αλφα δυò, κι' ἄλλα δυò

By the church of great St. George.—

Σίγμα, κάππα, ρῶ, κι' πι,

Δέλτα, ιῶτα, μοναχῇ.

Walking is not to my taste,

"Αλφα, etc.

Nor to ride do I make haste ;

Σίγμα, etc.

Down I sat upon the ground,

"Αλφα, etc.

Counting all the tombs around ;

Σίγμα, etc.

And besides the three graves near,

"Αλφα, etc.

There were full nine thousand there.

Σίγμα, etc.

As my horse strayed on the grass,

"Αλφα, etc.

O'er a man's grave did he pass.

Σίγμα, etc.

The mossy stone did feel, and cried,

"Αλφα, etc.

And heard the lonely youth, and sighed.

Σίγμα, etc.

Who is it that is treading here ?

᾽Αλφα, etc.

And who is it is counting near ?

Σίγμα, etc.

I for my father had a king,

᾽Αλφα, etc.

From a royal line did spring.

Σίγμα, etc.

Earth could not boast that on her breast

᾽Αλφα, etc.

My royal foot did ever rest.

Σίγμα, etc.

She's now my only coverlet,

᾽Αλφα, etc.

My sheets 'tween which I lie and sleep.

Σίγμα, κάππα, ρῶ, κι' πῖ,

Δέλτα, ιότα, μοναχῇ.

THANÁSE VÁGHIA^a, Part II.—THE VAMPIRE.⁷

(VALAORITIS, *Μνημόσυνα*.)

‘ O WHY, Thanásé, thus dost thou arise,

Corpse-like and speechless, erect 'fore mine eyes ?

O why, Thanásé, at eve dost thou roam,

Find'st thou no sleep e'en in Hades, thy home ?

^a Thanásé Vághia was a Greek lieutenant of the tyrant, Alí Pashá, of Ioannina. When all his other officers had refused to massacre the men of Gardíki, eight hundred in number, entrapped by falsehood and treachery in the courtyard of the Khan of Valieré, Thanásé Vághia offered to begin the butchery. For this deed, according to the Greek superstition, his body, after death, could not decompose, but walked the earth as a Vrykolokas or Vampire, in company with his victims and the Vízier Alí, and he is here represented as visiting his widow.

‘ Over the world many seasons have rolled,
 Low since we buried thee under the mould;
 Go! for thy presence drives peace from my breast,
 Leave me, Thanásé, in quiet to rest!

‘ Direful on me thy crime’s shadow is thrown—
 See my condition! Thanásé, begone!
 All the world flees from me, none will receive;
 Alms to thy widow lone, no one will give.

‘ Come not so near me! Why frighten and daunt me?
 What have I done thus to startle and haunt me?
 Livid thy flesh is, and earthy thy smell,
 Canst thou not yet turn to dust in thy cell?

‘ Closer around thee yet gather thy shroud,
 Loathly worms crawl on thy face once so proud;
 O twice-accurs’d, see’st thou not how they cower,
 Ready to spring, and me likewise devour!

‘ Whence through the wild storm comest, trembling
 and shaking,
 See’st how the whole earth is rocking and quaking?
 Out from thy silent grave how couldst thou flee?
 Tell me, whence comest thou, what wouldst thou
 see?’

‘ This very night, as I lay in my tomb,
 Lonely and silent, ’mid darkness and gloom,
 Shrouded, bound, helpless, and turning to clay,
 Deep in my grave at the close of Earth’s day,

‘ Cried there above me a dread *kukuvághia*;^a
 Still did he call and say, “Thanásé Vághia!
 Rise! for the Dead Men will come thee to wake;
 Rise, for away with them thee they will take!”

^a The owl, the herald of the vampire.

‘Hearing my name, and the words that he spake,
Made all my rotten bones rattle and shake;
Strove I to hide myself deep in the ground,
By their revengeful eyes not to be found.

“Out with thee, traitor!” they cry in their ire;
“Out with thee! thee for our guide we require.
Out with thee! fearful one, not as wolves seek we;
Show us the way to our long-lost Gardíki!”

‘Thus cry the Dead Men as on me they fall,
Thus, as all wrathful, they scream and they call,
Talon and tooth root up rank weeds and tear,
Scatt’ring the black soil, my corpse they lay bare.

‘Thus from the quiet Dead me they unbury,
Out of the grave they quick rout me and hurry;
Laughing and gibing, they wildly deride,
On to Gardíki we run side by side.

‘Fly we, and run we, all breathless and fast,
’Neath us the fair Earth we blight and we blast:
Where our black cloud passes on as it flies,
Tremble the cliffs, and from Earth flames arise.

‘Flutter our winding-sheets now far behind,
Flutter like white sails filled out by the wind;
Far on our path, ’neath the light of the moon,
Rotten bones, falling, behind us are strewn.

‘Fore us went flying the dread *kukuvághia*;
Still did he call and say, “Thanásé Vághia!”
Near to the desolate ruins we drew,
Where this accurséd hand so many slew.

‘O what dread witnesses! fear made me cower.
Deep were the curses on me they did shower!

Bloody the draught was they forced me to drain ;
See ! on my lips still the horrible stain !

‘ Gathering to rend me, upon me they fastened ;
Then was a cry heard, and tow’rds it they hastened :
“ Glad we’re to find you, O Vízier Ali ;”
Into the courtyard they rush without me !

‘ On him the Dead Men fall furiously ;
One and all leave me ; then I, fearful, flee,
Breathless I flee from them ; come I to rest
Here with my dear wife, for one night her guest.’

‘ Now that I’ve heard thee, Thanásé, begone,
Back to thy grave, though ’tis dreary and lone.’
‘ Give me for comfort, ’mid darkness and gloom,
Kisses three give me to take to the tomb !’

‘ When on thy corpse oil and wine they did place,
Came I in secret, and kissed thy cold face.’
‘ Years long and many have passed since that day,
Torment thy kisses hath taken away.’

‘ Go ! for thy wild look my terror increases ;
Rotten thy flesh, ’tis all falling in pieces.
Leave me ! O, hide those hands ! For like to knives
Seem the foul fingers that took those brave lives !’

‘ Come to me, O my wife ! is it not I ?
Once, thy Thanásé, in years long gone by ?
Do not thou loathe me, and thus from me fly !’
‘ Go ! I’m polluted if thou comest nigh !’

On her he throws himself, seizes and grips ;
Close on her mouth press his cold clammy lips ;
From her poor bosom, its covering rags,
Tearing in fury, he ruthlessly drags.

Bare he has laid it. His hand forward prest,
Wildly he plunges, and runs o'er her breast.
Turns he to marble, and cold as a snake,
Shivers the Vampire, with fear doth he shake;
Howls like a wolf, like a leaf trembles he,
Touched have his fingers the All-Holy Tree.^a
Her Guardian had saved her when helpless she cried,
Vanished the Vampire, like smoke from her side.
Out in the darkness the dread *kukuvághia*
Still was repeating his 'Thanásé Vághia!'

SECTION (III.)

IDYLLS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SUPERNALIST IDEAS.

INVOCATION TO THE MOIRAI.

(HEUZEY, p. 139.)

OH, from the summit of Olympos high,
The three extremest heights of Heaven,
Where dwell the Dealers-out of Destinies,^b
Oh may my own Fate hear me,
And, hearing, come unto me!

THE EVIL-FATED ONE.

Nisýros.

(*Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ.* Consple., xix., p. 197.)

ALONG the sea-coast wandered I, and by the shore of
ocean,
And there the Fate-scribe I did meet, who writes the
fate of mortals.

^a The morsel of the true Cross worn as an amulet.

^b *Αἱ Μοῖραι τῶν Μοιρῶν.* See Vol. II. 'Annotations,' No. 5.

The fates of all the other folk she has at noonday
written ;
My fate alone did she decree, and write it down at
midnight.
The taper fell from out her hand, then, too, the ink
was spilléd,
It stained and spoiled her garments fair with musk so
sweetly scented.
And there she evil-fated me, the sevenfold unhappy :
'Go ! be thou still devoured with thirst, and be thou
ever hungry ;
May evermore thy lips be dry, thine eyes still tear-
bedimméd ;
The rosy apple of thy cheek with salt tears ever
moistened !'

THE SONGSTRESS.

(PASSOW, DIX.)

Up in the neighbourhood above and in the topmost
quarter
There sat and spun a woman fair, and sang as she was
spinning.
So loud the woman sang her song, so wide her voice
did echo,
The Sun did hear, and he was wroth, and late went to
his setting.
The Mother of the Sun^s learnt this, and thus she cursed
the woman :
'If, woman, thou unmarried art, may evil fate attend
thee :
And if thou hast been married young, may not thy
years be many ;

Who hast the cause been that my Son came late home
to his setting,
Stayed listening thy song unto, and to thy wheel's loud
humming !'
And when the darling hears of this, she thus apolo-
gizes :
' I had a right to sing thus loud, and send my wheel
a-humming,
For I've a husband who's abroad, and many years is
absent,
And now he has a letter sent to say I may expect him.'
The Mother of the Sun doth hear, and gives her her
good wishes :
' If, woman, thou unmarried art, may good fate e'er
attend thee ;
And if thou hast been married young, then may thy
years be many !'

CHARON'S MOTHER AND THE MAIDEN.

Nisyros.

(*Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ.*, XIX., p. 198.)

LAST eve as I was passing by the church of St.
Nikóla,
I heard the tombstones crying out ; the black earth,
too, did tremble.
And Charon's mother, too, I heard, and she her son
was scolding :
' My son, you're always bringing them, to me you ever
bring them,
And yet this maiden you have brought weeps still, and
is not docile.
I give her apples, them she spurns, and throws away
my roses ;

Sweet basil, too, to her I give and underfoot she
treads it.'

And thus to her the maid replies, with lips by grief
embittered :

' I do not want your basil sweet, nor do I want your
balsams ;

My father dear alone I want. I want my own sweet
mother !'

CHARON AND THE YOUTH.

Καρχάρδις.

(*Δελτίον* I., p. 724.)

A YOUTH there was, and such a youth, for many talents
had he ;

Upon the milk of sheep alone his mother him had
nourished.

Him Charon saw and longed for, as he drove his yoke
of oxen ;

He laid wait for, and caught him, just as he his task
had finished.

' Charon, do thou let go my hair, and by the hand now
hold me ;

And show to me where is thy Tent, and by myself I'll
enter.'

He locked his hold upon his hair, and by the hand he
held him,

And showed to him where was his Tent, and it alone he
entered.

Him Charon charge of cattle gave that were to toil un-
broken,

And loaded Charon on his back the seed-grain without
measure.

He ploughs, goes forth, comes in again, and weeps he
at returning.

His plough is of the yellow gold, the yoke is shining
silver,

The handles of the golden plough the bracelets are of
heroes.

He ploughs, goes forth, comes in again, and weeps he
at returning.

‘Charon, my mother calls for me, my sister asketh for
me,

‘Let not thy mother call for thee, nor let thy sister
want thee.’

‘O Charon, let me go forth hence, and I’ll come back
to-morrow!’

‘Here do the Saracens abide, and here the Turks do
linger ;

Here do the youths grow into men, and put forth beards
the adults.

Bide thou here, too, thou few of years, with those
who’ve many years seen.’

‘If I could see thee, Charon mine, upon a broad, green
meadow,

Thy black horse feeding on the grass, and thou laid
wrapped in slumber,

Then softly, softly, I’d approach, and stealthily come
nearer,

And, Charon, take away thy keys, of Paradise the
openers ;

Then would I open Paradise, and see who dwells
within it.

There in the midst my mother sits, upon the edge my
sister,

Upon the furthest, furthest edge my grandfather is
seated.

Awake ! arise ! O birds of Dawn, let us go forth from
Hades !’

[Then cried] a youth with hanging sleeves, [then cried]
a maiden slender :

‘ O take me, too, along with thee, let me go forth from
Hades !’

‘ Your sleeves they long and drooping are, your skirts,
besides, are trailing ;

Your slippers, too, would make a noise, and know of it
would Charon.’

Outside was Charon, walking round, but yet he saw
and heard them ;

And locking, bolting everywhere, he takes away the
openings.

‘ Here do the Saracens abide, and here the Turks do
linger ;

And here, too, have they washed their swords, their
swords that were empoisoned ;

And I stooped down to quench my thirst, and so my
morning faded.’^a

CHARON AND HIS MOTHER.

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, Γ. 3.)

OUT in the little moon’s white light, his horse was
Charon shoeing,

And thus his *mána* said to him, and thus his mother
charged him :

‘ My son, when thou go’st to the chase, when thou go’st
forth a-hunting,

Take not the *mánas* who have sons, nor brothers who
have sisters,

Take not those who have just been wed, nor those just
crowned in marriage.’

^a These last lines seem to suggest that Charon himself had once
been a mortal.

‘Where I find three will I take two, where I find two,
one only,
And if I find one man alone, him, too, will I take with
me.’

CHARON AND THE WIDOW’S SON.

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, Γ. 4.)

THE Sun has risen clouded o’er, and dark is he and
sullen ;
Say, is he angry with the Stars, or with the Moon in
heaven,
Or angry with the Morning Star that’s near the Seven
Pleiads ?
He is not angry with the Stars, not with the Moon in
heaven,
Nor angry with the Morning Star that’s near the Seven
Pleiads.
But Charon’s making merry now, he’s keeping his Son’s
wedding ;
And boys he slays instead of lambs, and brides for goats
he slaughters ;
And he has ta’en the Widow’s Son, no other son is left
her ;
And by his side she weeping goes, walks by his side
lamenting :
‘ O leave him, Charon, leave me him, and I will pay his
ransom ;
O woe is me, I have but him, beside him I’ve no other ;
I promise gold unto the Earth, and towers of pearls I
promise,

And Earth shall wear them as a sword, and wear them
for a musket,
And for this feast ye celebrate, I'll bring you flowers
and violets.'

CHARON AND THE SOULS.⁹

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, Γ. 2.)

WHY do the mountains darkly lower, and stand brimmed
o'er with tear-drops ?
Is it the wind that fights with them ? is it the rain that
beats them ?
'Tis not the wind that fights with them, nor rain that's
on them beating ;
But Charon's passing over them, and with the Dead
he's passing.
The young men he before him drives, and drags the old
behind him,
And ranged upon the saddle sit with him the young and
lovely.
The old men beg and pray of him, the young beseech
him, kneeling :
' My Charon, stop thou in a town, or near cool fountain
tarry,
That water may the old men drink, the young men cast
the boulder,
And that the little bairnies all may go the flowers to
gather.'
' At no town will I stop to lodge, nor near cool fountain
tarry ;
The mothers would for water come, and recognise their
children ;
And know each other man and wife ; nor would there
be more parting.'

CHARON AND THE GIRL.

(PASSOW, CCCCXIII.)

THERE boasted once a cherished one, she had no fear
of Charon :

For she had nine tall brothers bold, and Constantine
for husband.

And Charon somehow heard of it, some bird the tale
had told him,

And he set forth and came to them while seated at
their dinner.

‘ Good greeting to you, *árchontes*, and all the noble folk
here !’

‘ Sir Charon, you are welcome here, Sir Charon, you
are welcome.

O sit you down and eat with us, sit down and eat your
dinner.’

‘ ’Tis for no dinner I have come, I came not for your
dishes,

I came but for the cherished one, who has no fear of
Charon.’

He seized her by her flowing hair, and on her back he
threw her ;

‘ Let go thy hold upon my hair, and hold my arm,
O Charon ;

I’ll farewell to my mother say, and farewell to my
sisters,

And farewell to my father dear, and farewell to my
brothers.

Oh, mother, when comes Constantine, afflict him not,
nor grieve him,

But spread his dinner that he dine, and ready make his
 supper ;
 For I with Charon must depart, and he no more will
 see me.'

THE SHEPHERD AND CHARON.

Samothrace.

(PASSOW, CCCCXXXII.)

FROM tow'ring mountain-summit down there strolled a
 young *léventé*,^a
 His fez on one side cocked he wore, and loosely hung
 his gaiters.
 And Charon looked at him, he looked, and much was
 he displeaséd ;
 And seized him by his flowing hair, and by his right
 hand held him.
 'To take thy soul I'm sent by God, to take thy soul
 He's sent me.'
 'Let go thy hold upon my hair, and hold my hand, O
 Charon,
 And come and let us wrestle on a threshing-floor of
 marble,
 And whoso of the twain is thrown, then his soul be it
 taken.'
 When the *léventé* grasped his foe, then out the red
 blood spurted ;
 But when he was by Charon grasped, with flesh were
 fed the mountains.
 'O Charon, I beseech thee now, take not my soul out
 from me,

^a This word has the same meaning as *pallikar*, namely, a strapping young man.

For I have flocks of sheep unshorn, and in the press
the cheeses ;

And I have, too, a lovely wife, not meet to leave a widow,
And I have little ones besides, and they should not be
orphans.'

'Thy flocks of sheep may shear themselves, and press
themselves the cheeses,

The widows can get on alone, and they can rule the
children.'

'O Charon, I beseech thee now, take not my soul out
from me ;

Show me where thou thy Tent hast pitched, and thee
to it I'll follow.'

'When on my Tent thine eyes shall look, fear will take
hold upon thee,

For outside it is green of hue, within 'tis blackest
darkness ;

But open now thy mouth, for I will take thy soul out
from thee.'

THE JILTED LOVER.

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 37.)

I WILL go down to Hades, with Charon I'll unite,
And for my friend I'll take him, and brotherhood we'll
plight,

And then perhaps some arrows, some arrows keen he'll
lend,

That I, against those darlings, a deadly bow may bend,
Who kisses did me promise, all three so sweet and coy,
Then jilted me and cheated, as if I were a boy.

ZÁHOS AND CHARON.

PASSING DOUBTLESS.

As Záhos picked along the road in search of Hades
going—

The horse he rode it was of iron and golden was his
saddle

Stair after stair descended he, yet steps still yawned
before him

Earth saw him and she shrank with dread; and
Charon fearing, hid him:

And all the Dead who saw him come assembled around
and questioned:

‘Why, Záhos, hast thou hither come? What, Záhos,
is’t thou seekest?’

‘I’m hither come to see my friends, and then I’ll turn
me homeward.’

‘Thy golden saddle, Záhos, say, hast thou another given,
Who com’st whence there is no return, to regions spider-
woven,

Where children are from mothers torn, and mothers
from their children?’

Then Charon’s courage came again, and by his hair he
seized him.

‘Let go thy hold upon my hair, and take my hand, O
Charon;

And Záhos’ valour thou shalt see, and see if he will
fear thee.’

Then from his hair he loosed his hold, and by his
hand he held him.

He seizes Charon, and three times upon the ground he
throws him;

But Charon once more courage took, and by his hair
he seized him.

‘Let go thy hold upon my hair, and take my hand, O
Charon!

Again will I stand up with thee, do with me what thou
pleasest.’

‘Come, let us go and see my Tent that there thou
may’st recline thee;

Outside I hangings have of red, but black the inside
hangings.

As for the tent-pegs of my Tent, they are the hands of
heroes;

The knots and ropes around it spread, are maiden’s
twisted tresses.’⁹²

THE RESCUE FROM CHARON.

(ARAVANDINOS, 456.)

ACCURSÉD may he be who said: ‘Brotherhood knows
no sorrow.’

By Brotherhood the hills are rent, and torn the
spreading tree-roots;

Out in pursuit goes Brotherhood, and triumphs over
Charon!

Two Brothers had a Sister dear, through all the world
renowned,

The envy of the neighbourhood, the belle of all the village;
And Charon looks with jealous eye, and for himself he’d
take her;

And to the house he runs and cries, as if he were the
master:

‘Ho! open, maiden, let me in, with me to go prepare
thee;

For I'm the son of the black Earth, the spider-woven
Tombstone."

'O leave me, Charon, leave me now. to-day take me
not with thee,

On Saturday betimes I'll bathe, I'll change my clothes
on Sunday,

On Monday morn I'll come to thee, I'll come to thee
unbidden.'

But by her hair he seizes her; in terror shrieks the
maiden.

See where her Brothers follow them, among the moun-
tain passes,

They fast pursue old Charon till they've snatched from
him their Sister:

THE RIVER OF THE DEAD.^a

(PASSOW, CCCLXXXVI.)

LAST night so sorely in my breast my woeful heart was
aching,

That I awoke and asked of it, and once again I asked it:
'O say, my heart, what is thy pain, why heavily art
sighing?

Thou art not keeping the Bairám,^b a hill thou art not
climbing.'

'O it were better far to climb a hill with leaden burden,
Than see the marvel that I saw, that I saw late last even:
The river swept two brothers down, with kisses inter-
twined;

^a In most of the Thessalian Songs about the 'River of the Dead' it is identified with the great river of Thessaly, the Salémbria or Peneiós; and according to Homer, the stream by which the Peneiós is joined near Tempé, and which flows from the gorge of Sarandáporos, has an infernal origin.

^b The ordinary phrase among the Greeks of the Turkish Provinces for any national festivity which, being usually accompanied with over-eating, is naturally followed by indigestion.

And one unto the other said, and one said to the other:
“O tightly, tightly grasp me now, nor, brother, from
me sever,
For, if we once should separate, we’d ne’er be reunited.”

*DIRGE FOR THE HEAD OF A HOUSEHOLD.*¹⁰

(ARAVANDINOS, 428.)

Now sit around me, children mine, and let us see who’s
absent:
The best one in the house we lack, the family’s head is
lacking,
Who to the house a banner was, and in the church a
lantern.
The banner’s staff is broke in twain, the lantern is
extinguished.
Why stand ye, orphan’d children, there, like wayfarers
and strangers?
And from your lips comes forth no wail like nightingale’s
sad singing?
Your eyes, why weep they not amain, and stream like
flowing rivers?
Your tears should spread as mere around, should flow
as cool fresh fountain,
To bathe the dusty traveller, and give the thirsty water.

DIRGE FOR A HOUSE-MISTRESS.

(ARAVANDINOS, 429.)

WHAT is this noise falls on our ears, and what is this
loud tumult?
Say, can it for a Wedding be, or can it be a Feast-day?
The Goodwife now is setting forth, to Hades she’s
departing.

She hangs her keys upon the wall, and sets her house
in order,
A yellow taper in her hand. The mourners chant sad
dirges ;
And all the neighbours gather round, all those whom
Death has stricken.
Whoso would now a message send, a letter let him
give her ;¹¹
She who a son mourns unadorned, now let her send
his fin'ry ;
Whoso a son unarmed mourns, now let her send his
weapons ;
Write, mothers, to your children dear, and ye, wives,
to your husbands,
Your bitter grief, your suffering, and all your weight of
sorrow.

DIRGE FOR A SON.

(ARAVANDINOS, 432.)

O THOU, my son, departest now unto the Lower Regions,
And leav'st thy mother sorrowful, heartbroken, and de-
spairing !
Where shall I hide my pain for thee, how shall I throw
it from me ?
For if I throw it on the road, the passers-by will take it,
And should I hang it on the trees, the little birds would
find it.
Where shall I hide my bitter tears, my tears for thy
departure ?
If on the black earth they should fall, the grass no more
would flourish ;
If they should in the river fall, they would dry up its
sources ;

If they should fall upon the sea, the vessels there would
founder ;
But if I lock them in my heart, I quickly shall rejoin
thee.

DIRGE FOR A DAUGHTER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 435.)

‘ O TELL me, tell me, daughter mine, how long shall I
await thee ;
Say, six months shall I wait for thee, or in a year
expect thee ?
Six months—it is a weary time ; a year—it is unending !’
‘ My mother, were it but six months, or were it but a
twelvemonth,
Then would the evil be but small, the time would fly
full quickly.
Now will I tell thee, mother mine, when to expect my
coming :
When thou shalt see the ocean dry, and in its place a
garden ;¹²
When thou shalt see a dead tree sprout, and put forth
leaves and branches ;
When thou shalt see the raven black, white-feathered
like a pigeon.’

DIRGE FOR A SISTER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 437.)

I KNEW not, little sister mine, that thou to death wert
destined ;
Or to Stamboul for horse I’d sent, and for a hearse to
Venice,

To Corinth I had sent to find, to find and bring me
 masons,
 That they might marble hew for thee, and build a
 mausoleum.
 O masons, build it long and wide, and build it proud
 and lofty,
 That she may stand and gird herself, or she may cross-
 legged rest her ;
 And in the wall at her right hand leave her an open
 window,
 That she may see when comes the spring, may see
 when shines the summer,
 When warble all the birds around, the nightingales of
 springtide.

DIRGE FOR DEMETRIOS VLACHOS.

(LELEKOS, 20.)

O CURSÉD may the sickness be, and cursed with it the
 plague be,
 That takes away such gallant boys, that takes such
 palikária !
 Each youth a mother dear can boast, a mother for his
 comfort ;
 But Metros the unfortunate no mother has to tend
 him,
 To sing his dirge when he is dead, or comfort him in
 sickness :
 Only a sister ; she alone must sing his myriologia.
 ' Arise, arise, O brother mine ! rise from thy couch, O
 Metros,
 And change thy vest, and put thee on the one all gold-
 embroidered ;

And wind thy girdle round thy waist, that which has
golden fringes ;
Put on thine armour once again, look, as wert wont, a
Captain ;
Around thee gird thine own good sword, that sword
so far renownéd ;
And place thy pistols in thy belt, with stocks inlaid
with silver ;
Take, too, thy gun, thy faithful gun, so famously
emblazoned,
And cry upon the mountain cliff, like valiant *pallikári* !

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG HUSBAND.

(ARAVANDINOS, 430.)

‘ O CHARON mine, I beg of thee, and twice I bow
before thee ;
The youth whom thou hast bid to thee, that thou
keep him not alway ;
For he a wife has all too young that she be left a widow.
For if she briskly walk they’ll say : “ She seeks another
husband !”
If she walk slowly then they’ll say : “ It is but affecta-
tion !”
A little son, too, is his care, a baby in the cradle.’
‘ No mother dear of his am I, nor yet am I his sister ;
The son of the black Earth am I, the spider-woven
marble ;
And youths I eat, and maids devour, and young men
are my quarry ;
I eat the bridelings with their coins, the bridegrooms
flower-becrownéd ;

And now I've wasted many days this withered straw to
gather.

And in the future day and last shall all his ties be
gathered.

THE FIVE-FOOT

ANASTASIS 173.

Upon a bridge there sat a girl, a cheerful lay she
chanted.

When saw the bridge in ruin and cursed the stream
to cease its flowing.

The River's Scolden came out and sat upon the
margin:

'O change, my girl, that melody, and sing another
sonnet.'

'How shall I change my melody, and sing another
sonnet.

Who have a pain within my heart for which there is
no healing?

I had my husband lying ill, sore sick upon his mattress;
He bade me go up to the hills, and healing food to
bring him;

He bade me bring him cheese of deer, and milk of wild
goats seek him.

And while I up the mountains went, and to the fields
descended,

To set the pen and sheepfold up, and catch a hind to
milk her,

My husband married him again, another wife he took
him;

The black Earth for his wife he wed, a Tombstone his
wife's mother.'^a

^a Compare *Iph. in Aul.*, 461. 'Hades, as it seems, will speedily attend on her nuptials.'

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMIA.

Kallameriá, Salonica.

(PASSOW, DXXIV.)

FIVE thousand sheep were in the flock, and there were
goats ten thousand,
That tended were by brothers three, and by the world's
three Genii.¹⁴
And one goes out to win a kiss, the second goes
a-wooing,
And Yianni, youngest of them all, alone they leave
behind them,
To watch and tend the flock of sheep, and keep the
goats from straying.
To Yianni then his mother says, and wisely thus she
warns him :
'If you would earn a blessing now from me and from
your father,
Stand never 'neath a lonely tree, nor rest beneath a
poplar,
Nor ever on the water's edge make with thy pipe sweet
music,
Or there will come the Lamia out, the Lamia of the
Ocean.'
But Yianni would not her obey, nor do his mother's
bidding ;
He stood beneath a lonely tree, he rested 'neath a
poplar,
And down upon the water's edge made with his pipe
sweet music.
Then came the Water-Lamia out, the Lamia of the
Ocean.

'O play to me, my Yianni, play, play with thy pipe
 sweet music;
 If I should weary of the dance, thou for thy wife shalt
 take me;
 If thou shouldst weary of thy pipe, I'll take away thy
 sheep-cotes.'
 And all day long three days he piped, three days and
 nights he whistled;
 And Yianni was quite wearied out, and sorely worn
 with piping.
 She took from him his flocks of sheep, of all his goats
 she robbed him;
 And forth he went to work for hire, and labour for a
 master.

THE STOICHEION AND THE WIDOW'S SON.

(ARAVANDINOS, 451.)

There came forth once a Stoicheion devouring all the
 Heroes;
 All were devoured and swept away, there was not one
 remaining;
 The Widow's Son alone remains, alone of all the Heroes.
 His spear and sword he takes in hand, and forth he
 goes a-hunting.
 And hills and mountains o'er he runs, o'er peaks and
 mountain-passes;
 No game has risen on the wing, no game is roused in
 covert.
 But as the Sun begins to dip, and nears his kingly
 splendour,
 He finds a lovely damsel lone, a fair-haired, black-eyed
 maiden.
 He stops and thus addresses the maid, he stands and thus
 he asks her:

‘ My girl, whose daughter may’st thou be? O say, who
was thy mother?’
‘ A mother bore me like to thine, a mother like thine
bore me.’
‘ What ails thee, maiden? thou art sad, what ails thee
that thou sighest?’
‘ Where yonder thou that fig-tree seest, there at its
root a well lies;
Within I’ve dropped my splendid ring, the ring of my
betrothal.
The man who shall go down the well, and find and
bring it to me,
Him will I wed, and him alone, and he shall be my
consort.’
Then quick the youth stripped off his clothes, and down
the well descended.
‘ O pull me up, girl! pull me up, for I can find no ring
here!’
‘ Now thou art in, my Widow’s Son, there shalt thou
stay forever!’¹⁶

*THE DISGUISED LAMIA AND THE
WIDOW’S SON.*

Epeiros.

(CHASIOTES, 137.)

A LAMIA black from out the sea, devourer of the Heroes,
A woman’s garments takes to her and puts on woman’s
clothing;
And to the church, as woman, hies, her prayers says
like a woman;
As woman takes the holy bread,^a from priestly hand
she takes it;

^a ‘*Ἀντίδωρον*, the surplus Communion bread distributed after the Mass, and usually carried home by the women to sick or aged relatives.

And as a woman comes she out, and at the church door
seats her ;

Dishevelled wildly is her hair and bitter tears she's
weeping.

The Widow's Son there passes by, and on her long he
gazes.

'What ails thee, maiden mine, that thou art sobbing
thus and sighing ?'

'Ah, seest thou that willow tree, all blackened by the
lightning ?

My ring has fallen from my hand, ring of my first
betrothal,^a

And who'll go in and bring it me, I'll take him for my
husband.'

He much her beauty did admire, and he his wife would
make her.

'I will go in, and I'll come out, and bring it you, my
lassie.'

They went then, and she let him down, her troth ring
up to bring her,

But speckled snakes he found below, with vipers inter-
twisted.

'My lass, now pull me up again, for nothing have I
found here ;

Here there are only speckled snakes, with vipers inter-
twisted.

One wicked viper of them all, she holds thy ring, this
viper.'

'Now thou art in, my pretty youth, forth shalt thou
come, ah, never !

For I'm the Lamia of the Sea, devourer of the
Heroes !'

^a Three betrothals (ἀρραβῶν) precede a Greek marriage.

‘ And I, I am the Lightning’s Son, I’ll lighten, and will
burn thee !’

She of the Lightning was afraid, and up again she drew
him.

THE VOW TO ST. GEORGE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 443.)

A LITTLE Turkish youth was he, one of the Sultan’s
pages,

Who loved, who loved a Romeot maid, but she did not
desire him.

Before her does she put the hills, the mountains leaves
behind her,

Within the church she gains at last, she kneels and
says three prayers :

‘ Effendi mine, O dear St. George, O save me from the
Muslim !

Of candles *litras* thee I’ll bring, and *litras* bring of
incense,

And oil in hides of buffalo I’ll bring thee by the skinful !’

There opened then a marble slab, within it hid the
maiden.

But see ! see there the Turkish youth is drawing near
on horseback,

And at the church door he dismounts, and there him-
self he crosses.

‘ Effendi mine, O dear St. George, now show to me the
maiden ;

I’ll bring thee candles by the load, and by the load
bring incense,

And by the shipful I’ll bring oil, I’ll bring it by the
boatload !’

Now gapes the marble slab again, and there is seen the
maiden.

Then lifts she up her voice on high, cries loud as she is able :

‘ O list, ye mountains and ye hills, ye *vilayéts* and townships,

The Saint for gain has me betrayed, for treasure he’s betrayed me !’¹⁷

THE DYING YOUTH TO HIS MOTHER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 434.)

ON that great mountain far away, which is both broad and lofty,

Which has upon its bosom mists, and fogs around its bases ;

Wild amaranths bud *there* and bloom, two other herbs beside them ;

The roedeer eat them, and they die ; the brown bears, and they sicken.

There, little mother, thou must mount, those herbs three thou must find thee,

And thou must eat them, mother mine, and so thou may’st forget me.

THE VISIT TO PARADISE AND HELL.

(ARAVANDINOS, 160.)

O PANAGHÍA, thee I pray, and twice before thee bend me,

That thou wouldst give to me the keys, in Paradise to enter ;

To enter as a living man, to walk there strong and healthy,

And see the rich men how they fare, see how the poor are lodged there.

The poor sit in the sun's glad light, they bask them in
the sunbeams,

The rich are wallowing in the pitch, and rolling in the
darkness ;

And lying there is the Exarch, upon the edge supported,
And looks across towards the poor, and thus he them
beseeches :

' O poor, take ye my *aspras*^a now, and give to me a
taper !'

' Here *aspras* are not current coin, and tapers are not
purchased.

Exarch, rememberest thou when we in th' other world
existed,

Thou gav'st no alms unto the poor, nor helpedst those
in sickness ?

Exarch, rememberest thou when near thou unto death
wert drawing,

Thou wentest not to evensong, nor often unto matins,
Nor yet to holy liturgy, which makes the world to
tremble ?

Rememberest how, by usury, to fifteen, ten thou
changedst,

Didst mingle water with the wine, and with the flour
mix ashes ?'

^a The *aspra*, from *ἄσπρος*, white, was the smallest silver coin ;
but the word was formerly used in the plural for money generally,
as *pará* (*παράδες*), the smallest copper coin, now is.

THE SHIP.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 112.)

SEE, a ship is sailing onward—
Kyrie eleison, hear us, Christ !
 Sailing onwards o'er the ocean—
Holy Virgin, hear us, Christ !
And St. George and St. Elias,
And the holy St. Pelagius,
And St. Nikolas, Nikóla,¹⁸
Be to all her people gracious,
To all Christians, and to us !

Now the wild storm sings it loudly—
Kyrie eleison, hear us, Christ !
 O arise and still its raging !—
Holy Virgin, hear us, Christ !
And St. George and St. Elias,
And the holy St. Pelagius,
And St. Nikolas, Nikóla,
Be to all her people gracious,
To all Christians, and to us !

In the ship is a schoolmaster—
Kyrie eleison, hear us, Christ !
 Papa Santorinióté—
Holy Virgin ! hear us, Christ !
And St. George and St. Elias,
And the holy St. Pelagius,
And St. Nikolas, Nikóla,
Be to all her people gracious,
To all Christians, and to us !

*FOR THE FEAST OF THE CHRIST-BIRTHS.*¹⁹

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 151.)

TO-DAY in Bethlehem's famous town is Christ our
Saviour born ;
The heavens rejoice, all earth is glad upon this happy
morn.
In stable lowly He's brought forth, laid in a horse's
stall,
The King and the Creator, and the choir of Angels all
Sing to the Holy Trinity, ' Praise be to Highest God,
That over all the earth shall now be spread the faith
abroad.'
From out of Persia Magi three were coming on their
way,
Led by a shining star that failed them not by night or
day ;
And on to Bethlehem they go, and ask, with anxious
mind,
Where Christ is born ; for Him they seek, and Him
they fain would find.
When of the Christ-child's birth he heard, then troubled
was the King ;
Possessed with rage, he said they must to him the
Magi bring.
The Magi came ; he asked of them where Christ to seek
they'd go ?
' In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, the Scripture saith, we
know.'
Saith he : ' Go ye and find Him me, go ye and find this
Lord ;

And when ye Him have worshipped there, then come
and bring me word.'

For he himself would also go to worship and to pray,
With the most wicked treachery, intending him to
slay.

The Magi went with hastening feet, and when they saw
the star

Descend upon a lowly cave, they hurried from afar,
And, entering in the cave, they saw the Virgin Mother
mild ;

Within her arms and on her breast she held the holy
Child.

They lowly bend and worship Him, to Him their gifts
they bring,

The gold and frankincense and myrrh, and praise to
God they sing.

When they had worshippéd the Christ, they turned
them back again,

To carry to King Herod word their search had not been
vain.

An angel out from heaven came down, he said they
must not go ;

Another road he bade them take, another path did
show.

The Magi came not. Herod saw his orders had been
vain.

He said : ' In Bethlehem's town shall not a single child
remain.'

And fourteen thousand, in one day, they fourteen
thousand killed ;

With lamentation, tears, and woe, was every mother
filled.

THE FEAST OF THE LIGHTS, OR EPIPHANY.

Ioannina (John the Baptist Town).

(ARAVANDINOS, 153).

O COME and learn the wonder great, the wonder great
that happened,

How Christ did condescend for men, and much for
them did suffer.

And then went down to Jordan's brink, and into
Jordan's waters,

With the command to be baptized, baptized by John
the Baptist.

'Come, O My John, come hither now, come and do
thou baptize Me,

For in this awful wonder thou may'st serve Me and
attend Me.'

'My Lord! O no, I cannot look, cannot look on Thy
beauty,

Nor can I gaze upon the Dove that o'er Thy head is
hov'ring.

My Lord! O no, I cannot touch Thee from above
descended,

For the wide earth and all the heavens submit them to
Thy orders.'

'Come, O My John, come unto Me, and linger thou no
longer;

To this great mystery we perform thou shalt become
the sponsor.'

Then John baptized his Lord forthwith, that might be
cleansed and purgéd

The sin that Adam first had sinned, and that it might
be cancelled;

And to confound the Enemy, to foil the Thrice-Accurséd²⁰
Beguiler of mankind, that he in hell may dwell for ever.

VAIA, OR PALM SUNDAY.

(PASSOW, CCCIV.)

GOOD day ! And happy may 't next year come round !
 Your worships in good hour I trust we've found !
 The nightingales are singing in the trees,
 The swallows spread their wings upon the breeze.

O bring me balsams, lemon-trees now bring,
 And plant them in the gardens, for 'tis spring ;
 The gardens of these lordly houses gay,
 Which breathe forth sweetest scents by night and day—

Laz'rus has come, the eve of Passion Week,
 Come, too, has He, the Virgin's Son so meek ;
 And Martha, joyful, Him goes forth to meet,
 She worships, lowly bending at His feet.

' Lord, yesterday from us our Laz'rus fled,
 And lies within the cave among the dead ;
 Grieve Thou with me, O grieving one,
 And pity me, O pitying one !

And raise for me my brother from the grave,
 My brother dead, whom yet my heart doth crave.'

And many other things to you I'd say,
 My lords and ladies, on this day ;
 Long may you live, and happy may you be,
 In coming years !^a

^a Complimentary phrases are usually introduced into **these** festal-songs, which are sung by children for *largesse* at **house-**doors.

ODE TO THE SEVEN^a PASSIONS.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 157.)

O GOOD is He, our holy God, and good it is to say it;
And whoso says it, he shall live, and he who hears is
sainted;
And he who lists and understands, has Paradise for
portion,
Yea, Paradise, and liturgies, and monasteries holy.
Away in far Jerusalem, upon the tomb of Jesus,
No tree was ever seen to grow, but now has one
appeared.
For Christ our Saviour is that tree, its branches the
Apostles;
Its green leaves are the Martyrs meek, its spreading
roots the Prophets,
Who prophesied and said to men what Christ would
come to suffer.
My Christ, and Thou hast borne the pain, and borne
the suffering grievous,
When martyrizd and tortured Thee those curst and
sinful Hebrews,
The unbelieving, wicked men, a thousand times
accurséd!
Unto the Smith they hurried them, for three great nails
they wanted;
And he, that day, not only three, but five nails for them
fashioned.
'O Smith and Master-craftsman, say, what wouldst
thou with these five nails?'

^a Literally, 'sacred.'

'I'll tell you why I made them, sirs, and this request
fulfil me :

The two you through His feet shall drive, two through
His hands you'll fasten ;

The fifth and longest of them all you through His heart
will thrust me,

That out may flow the blood and gall, yea, flow from
out His vitals.'

And when the Panaghía heard, she sank to earth and
fainted.

(O bring ye meat, and bring ye wine, and light cakes
bring ye to her,

That I may show the Comforter to all unhappy mothers,
To all the grieving sisters, and to all the grieving
brothers :

That they go not to hang themselves, nor take a knife
to slay them.

FOR THE GREAT FRIDAY.

(PASSOW, CCCX. a.)

The Panaghia sits alone, alone she sits and lonely ;
She prays, and all her prayers are for her only Son
beloved.

A noise she hears and tumult loud, and very great
confusion :

And forth she comes outside her door, and from her
street she sallies.

She sees the Heavens darkened o'er, and sees the Stars
all fearful :

She sees the bright Moon in the sky, in tears the dear
Moon swimming :

St. John she sees who comes to her, he weeps, his
breast he's beating.

And in one hand he holds the hair torn from his head
in anguish,

The other holds a handkerchief that with his tears is
dripping.

‘Now tell me, tell me, my St. John, O my St. John,
now tell me,

Hast thou not seen mine only Son, hast thou not seen
thy Teacher?’

‘I have no mouth to tell of it, nor lips have I to speak it!
Nor can my breaking heart endure to share with thee
the tidings;

But, as thou askest me of this, so let me even tell thee.
See’st thou that hill, see’st thou that hill, that hill both
broad and lofty?

There have the Hebrews dragged Him forth, dragged
Him all bound and pinioned;

Laid hands on Him as on a thief, and as a murderer
led Him.’

And when our Lady heard these words, she swooned
away and fainted.

They jars of water poured on her, three jars of musk
they emptied,

And afterwards rose-water sweet, until she was recovered.

And when our Lady spake again, these were the words
she uttered:

‘Let Martha come, and Mary come, Elizabeth come
with them,

Let them come where He may be found before they
crucify Him,

Before they thrust the nails in Him, before they yet
have slain Him!’

As they were journeying on the road, and on the road
were passing,

Long time our Lady wept, she wept, long time was
she lamenting.

And by a Gipsy smith they passed, a smith who nails
was making.

‘Thou dog, thou Gipsy dog,’^a said she, ‘what is it thou
art doing?’

‘They’re going to crucify a man, and I the nails am
making.

They only ordered three of me, but five I mean to
make them;

Two for his two knees I design, two for his hands I
fashion,

The fifth, the sharpest of the five, within his heart
shall enter.’

‘Thou dog, thou Gipsy dog,’ said she, ‘henceforth
make thou no ashes.

If thou henceforth shalt ashes make, the wind shall
whirl them from thee.’

And then her way she took again unto the Door of
Robbers.

The doors were fast shut every one, they fastened were
with boulders;

But from their fear they opened wide, all of themselves
they opened,^b

And entered there our Lady in, with tears and lamenta-
tion.

There stood the Hebrews all around, they all around
were standing,

One spat on Him, one water threw, and mocked at
Him another.

^a Gipsies are generally credited in the East with being ready for
any base work.

^b Compare *Il.* v. 749.

‘Self-moving groaned upon their hinges the gates of heaven.’

Also *Paradise Lost*, v. 251.

‘The gate self-opening wide,
On golden hinges turning.’

She saw her Son upon the Cross, upon the Cross
beheld Him :

‘Is there no knife to kill me with, no cord that I may
hang me?’

And from her Son the answer came, and from the
Cross He answered :

‘My Mother, shouldst thou slay thyself, then all the
world would slay them.

Have patience, *Mána* ; then, like thee, will all the world
have patience.’

‘Tell me, my Son, O tell to me, say when may I expect
Thee?’

‘On Easter morn, on Easter morn, the Lord’s Day and
the Sabbath.

Go, *Mána*, go thou to our door, return among our
neighbours,

Spread in the midst a table low, within our dwelling
spread it,

With mothers let the children eat, and children with
their mothers,

And there let all the goodwives eat, they with their
worthy husbands ;

Let all who love us there sit down, all who for us feel
sorrow.’





CLASS II.

SOCIAL FOLK-SONGS.

SONGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF VILLAGE LIFE:

ANTENUPTIAL, FAMILY, AND COMMUNAL.

SECTION (I.)

SONGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANTENUPTIAL LIFE.

- I. YOUTH SONGS. II. MAIDEN-SONGS.
III. YOUTH AND MAIDEN-SONGS.

SUBSECTION I. YOUTH-SONGS.

THE NUNS.

Grévena.

(ARAVANDINOS, 225.)

A SPRIGHTLY, tall, and agile youth, a handsome *pallikari*,
Within his hand an Apple holds, and in his lap a Lemon;
The Apple, bending, kisses he, and thus consults the
Lemon:

‘O Lemon, little Lemon mine, i’ faith I wish to marry.

‘Young man, seek’st thou companionship, a wife art
thou now seeking?

Go to the monastery high, where are the great store-
houses,

There wilt thou find a worthy Nun, with three adopted daughters;^a

Panághio is the eldest called, and Déspo is the second;
The third, the youngest of the three, Thanásio the black-eyed,

Who golden coins and fairest pearls the livelong day is sifting.

The siftings bright, both gold and white, she places on her bosom,

That she may make her bosom smell of Summer and of Winter;

Of Summer with its cooling dew, of Winter with its comfort;

And of fair Spring the beautiful, with all her flowers and sweetness.'

ELENÁKI, THE LITTLE NIGHTINGALE.

Préveza.

(ARAVANDINOS, 224.)

FAIR Elenáki, my wee one, I wished to tame and lead her,

A cage within to prison her, and there with musk to feed her.

From fragrance rank of musk exhaled, and stifling odour shed,

Aweary of the cage was she, my nightingale has fled.

The hours I pass in calling her, o'er hills I questioning rove:

'Have you not seen Elenió, my faithless, faithless love?'

'But yesterday we her beheld, the reedy fields among,

And there the wanderer beloved had perched, and sat, and sung.'

^a Ψυχοκόραις, literally 'soul-daughters.' The monks have Ψυχοπαῖδιά, 'soul-boys,' many of whom afterwards become Bishops and Archbishops, to whom marriage is forbidden.

With fire I all the reeds consume, and all to spoil
endeavour,
But Elenáki, my wee one, has fled from me for ever!

THE LAST REQUEST.

Iodnnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 219.)

WHEN dark Death, my black-eyed maiden,
When dark Death his grasp shall lay,
On my soul, this boon I'll pray :
That they spread, my black-eyed maiden,
That they spread, in heaven's pure air,
My last couch, and wash me there.
Let her come, my black-eyed maiden,
Let her come and bury me ;
Love shall then my sexton be.
Let her see, my black-eyed maiden,
Let her see, and let her know
What it is has laid me low.
Let her say, my black-eyed maiden,
But two words, but two sweet words ;
Love's sad dirge these two sweet words.
After that, my black-eyed maiden,
May she sad tears on me shower,
Fire the black Earth me devour.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 221.)

When a fair maid I have seen ; she washed beside
the river :
Like white marble her marble stone, her slab was whitest
marble.

I gave my gallant steed to her in payment for her kisses;
She hundreds, thousands still can give, and yet again
two thousand;
And I her humble slave would be, a servant in her
courtyard.
Sweep, widow, sweep again and oft, within thy beauteous
courtyard—
Sweep too, thy doorway, that, through it, in passing and
repassing,
Thy lovely daughter I may see, in musk so softly
nurtured;
All hearts she witches; mine, alas! beneath her spell
has fallen.'
'My only one, my daughter dear, is Sun and Moon in
heaven;
The Dawn alone doth she desire, as spouse to lie beside
her.'

THE VLACH SHEPHERDESS.

(ARAVANDINOS, 235.)

THE fields are thirsting for the rains, and for the snows
the mountains;
The falcons for the little birds, for thee, my Vlach, I'm
thirsting.
Thy hand so fair, so soft and white, thy hand so cool
and snowy,
Three long, long days, three long, long nights, I want it
for my pillow;
Sweet kisses then I'd feed thee with, I'd feed thee with
caresses.
But, ah! thou fleest from me, my Vlach, thou fleest,
and hast undone me!
Up to the branches I will fly, and there I'll sit bewailing;

My weeping great a mere shall make, and flow out a
cold fountain.
For water will the fair ones come, and come, too, will
the black-eyed ;
And with them my Vlachoula dear—oft shall I give her
water.

THE NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

Zagórie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 211.)

MINE was the failing, idiocy,
That lost my running's prize, ah me !
I found thee all alone, I wot ;
With kisses sweet I fed thee not ;
I gazed on thee unsatisfied,
And thus I sat, by Love tongue-tied.
Thy mother mild, where then was she ?
Thy father stern, where then was he ?
Thy mother at the church did pray,
Thy sire at Yánnina did stay ;
And by thee sat the idiot meek,
Whose downcast eyes the earth did seek.

THE WOOER.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 212.)

O PARTRIDGE, I entreat of thee, thee I salute, O
maiden,
That thou the keys would'st lend to me to enter in the
garden,
Citron-sweet, and lemons ripe, that I for thee may
gather ;

And I a ring of diamonds bright will send thee for a
token ;
In far Venetia it was wrought, and bought it was at
Stámboul.
And for the finger of my bride 'tis by my mother
destined.
Thy mother dear I love full well, and I do kiss her
hand now ;
I'll make of her a mother-in-law, and thou'lt be my
sweet consort.

*THE LOVER'S DREAM.**Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 213.)

AMID sweet roots of balsam hid, amid green basil's
fragrance,
All wearied I lay down to sleep, to take a little slumber ;
As on the ground I sleeping lay, there came to me a
vision—
My love was being married, and her husband was my
rival.
'Twas not enough that she did wed, and did my rival
marry,
But me they asked to crown them twain, as groomsman
at the wedding.
The golden crowns, too, I prepared, the candlesticks
of silver ;
The wedding veil I brought to her—it was with pearls
inwoven.
My dream, should it be true, and she for husband take
another,

All may unto her wedding go, but I will to her shrouding ;

All may to her take flocks of sheep, I'll lead a black cat^a only.

LOVE SONG.

(PASSOW, DXXXII. b.)

I CANNOT live when absent thou,
Thou present, sickness lays me low ;
 'Tis thou my life art stealing,
 'Tis thou who art my healing.

I look on thee, I madly love—
I gaze, my pulses wildly move ;
 My heart doth faint within me,
 No longer reason's in me.

So many things I'd say to thee,
Yet am I dumb when thee I see ;
 Bound is my tongue before thee,
 And mutely I adore thee !

I look upon thee, and I burn ;
And when I see thee not, I mourn ;
 Though mad when I behold thee,
 I die if thou withhold thee.

DESPO OF LIAKATA.²¹

Epeiros.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

Now would the branches bud and bloom, but
 frosts will not let them ;

^a With the hope of bringing ill-luck to the wedding.

And fain would I abandon thee—Despo, child of
 Liakatá—my heart's pain will not let me.
 Still lower draw thy broidered veil, that it may hide
 thine eyebrows,
 So that the kisses be not seen—Despo, child of
 Liakatá—that I have showered upon them.
 Then hie thee, to thy mother go, and tell her not to
 curse me,
 For her I'll make my mother-in-law—Despo, child
 of Liakatá—I'll make of her my mother.
 Then go and deck thee with thine arms,^a come to the
 cool sweet fountain,
 And o'er Liákoura's high hills—Despo, child of
 Liakatá—and fresh fall'n snows we'll wander.
 And thou wilt be the dew of dawn, of May the pearly
 hoarfrost,
 Within my lone *lemeri*^b thou—Despo, child of Liakatá—
 wilt shine as shine the Pleiads.

THE PROMISE UNFULFILLED.

Roumelia.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 359.)

I AM that pretty little bird, with feathers green and gay,
 Who sought from thee a kiss to win, and thou said'st
 'Saturday !'
 Come has the Saturday, and passed, soon Sunday here
 will be,
 But my poor lips that promised kiss still asking are of
 thee !

^a The heavy silver ornaments worn by the peasants are usually called by this name. See p. 58, note *a*.

^b A brigand's hiding-place.

*THE LITTLE BIRD.**Zagorie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 395.)

ALL this summer, this long summer,
 One small bird have I been hunting ;
 Hunting been, and much desiring,
 It to catch in vain aspiring ;
 Snares I set, and birdlime lay—
 All my pains are thrown away.
 Other method I did choose,
 That my bird I might not lose.
 I began to sing a lay,
 On my violin to play ;
 Then my songs and violin
 Brought my bird my chamber in ;
 I with my devices all,
 Caused her in my arms to fall.

*THE BLUE-EYED BEAUTY.**Zagorie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 385.)

MAY he be curs'd who planted there the vine w
 thy courtyard.
 Thy doorway filling with its leaves that I no more
 see thee.
 Come to thy towered window now, and from it
 thy tresses :
 Let them a ladder be, and steps, that I may place
 feet on,
 And I will kiss thee on thy neck, and on thy pre
 olive.*

* 'Ελβε = ἄλκι = ἄλκι and ἄλκι.

THE ROSE-TREE.

Grevena.

(ARAVANDINOS, 408.)

O LITTLE Rose-tree mine, so red,
O say, where shall I plant thee?
I dare not plant thee in the sea,
For I should fear the sailors;
I dare not plant thee on the hill,
For fear thou shouldst be frozen.
Oh, I will plant thee in a church,
Or in fair monastery,
And just between two apple-trees,
Between two orange-bushes;
That down the oranges may fall,
And in thy lap the apples;
And all their blossoms flutter down
In showers upon thy roses;
And at thy roots I'll lay me down,
Lie there, and sweetly slumber.

THE QUESTION UNASKED.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 172.)

STARS! O little stars of mine!
Stars of eve, and stars of morn!
Stars of morning all love-lorn!
Came the Dawn and still I roved,
There where lived the maid I loved,
In her quarter, all love-lorn.

And the neighbours questioned me :

‘ Say, why rovest thou at morn
In our quarter, all love-lorn ?’

‘ Lives a maiden here I love,
’Tis to see this maid I rove,
And to tell her I’m love-lorn.’

‘ Tell us what she’s like, this belle,
Perhaps we’ve seen her, who can tell,
And perchance we know her well ?’

‘ Black her eyes, her brows are black,
Her neck like crystal is, alack !
And men are maddened for her sake !’

THE RIVER AND THE LOVER.

Ioannina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 398.)

RIVER, as thou sudden gushest,
And in crested wavelets rushest,
Bear me on thy waters dancing,
On thy whirling eddies glancing ;
Let the fair ones come a-washing,
Let the black-eyed come a-bleaching ;
Let me here my old love find,
Who to suff’ring me consigned ;
Then I’ll wash her body small,
Till come from me the poison all.

DISTICHS.

I.

(PASSOW, CIII.)

BEFORE thy doorway as I pass, thy footprint there I
know;
I bend, and fill it with the tears that, as I kiss it, flow.

II.

(ARAVANDINOS, 214.)

LOVE me as I am loving thee—as I desire, desire me;
The time may come for thy desire when I no more
desire thee.

III.

(*Ibid.*, 234.)

BE curst, thou plane-tree, curst be thou and thy wide
branches green,
The pallikars no longer can by Elenió be seen.

IV.

(*Ibid.*, 999.)

I HEAR my heart a-sighing, a-grieving with its smart,
And my *nous* which calls in answer: 'Have patience,
O dear Heart!'

V.

(*Δελτίον* I., p. 357, No. 16.)

THY lips are of the coral red, thy neck is crystal white;
The mole that's on thy rosy cheek is made of diamond
bright.

VI.

(Ibid., p. 359, No. 34.)

OPEN thy lips and tell to me a truth, nor do thou
Dost thou love me with all thy heart, or is't a fairy

VII.

(Ibid., p. 360, No. 35.)

I ALL day in the café sit, and cups of coffee sip ;
But when I chance to think of thee, 'tis slip 'twix
and lip !

VIII.

(Ibid., p. 357, No. 8.)

FIRED are my hopes away from me, like tree of l
bereft,
Which by the wind are borne away, and but
branches left.

IX.

(Ibid., p. 357, No. 14.)

Of all the stars of heaven so bright, but one like
is seen ;
It rises at the midnight hour, and dims the others' s'

SUBSECTION II.—MAIDEN SONGS.

THE FORSAKEN LOVE.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 228.)

COLD is the wintry night, and cold the mountain-wind
is blowing ;
The hills are whitened o'er with snow, and all the
fields are frozen.
But you, my little gardens lone, do not you freeze and
harden,
For I my lover dear have lost, my faithless, faithless
lover,
Who swore when we so sweetly kissed that he would
love me ever ;
And now he has abandoned me, a reed beside the river,
A reed from which the top's been cut, and but the
stalk's left standing.
At what gay table sits he now, where eating, and
where drinking ?
Whose are the hands pour out to him, the while that
mine are trembling ?
Whose are the eyes that gaze on him, the while that
mine are weeping ?

THE DESPAIRFUL ONE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 208.)

SAID I not to thee, ' *Skyla* girl, go not to ocean down ?
The sea tempestuous will become, if thee it takes,
thou'lt drown.'

‘ If I am seized, and I am launched upon the angry sea,
 My body I will make a boat, my arms two oars shall be;
 And swimming still, thus will I gain that opposite fair
 isle,
 And there will I my lover find, there we’ll the time be-
 guile;
 I’d sooner die, in wild waves lost, if such should be my
 fate,
 Than here remain, by day and night, alone and desolate!’

*THE BULGARIAN GIRL AND THE
 PARTRIDGE.*

Grévena.

(ARAVANDINOS, 281.)

THERE reaped a little Bulgar girl amid a field of barley;
 Her sickle was of damascene, her binds were all of
 silver.
 Right briskly did she reap the grain, but soon her heart
 was aching.
 Upon her reaping-hook she leaned, that she might bear—
 her baby,
 And in her apron folding it, to bury it she hastened.
 A Partridge met her on the way, at four cross-road —
 she met her :
 ‘ Where goest, Vourgára, with the child—the child—
 where wouldst thou bury ?
 Say, is it not a cruel sin, thou rock’st it not in cradle
 Twelve birdlings have I in my nest, and I have n—
 killed any ;
 And one, an only one is thine, and him wilt thou n—
 cherish ?’
 ‘ But thou, twelve birdlings if thou hast, thou hast th—
 with thine honour ;

And I, if I have only one, it is without a husband.'
'Alas for her who murder does that she her shame may
bury!'

A FRANK I'LL NOT MARRY.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 404.)

OVER in Roïdo, in Roïdopoula,
A Frank fell in love with a Romeopoula.²²
To love him the Romeot girl could not bring her,
Though still in her ears thus her mother would ding
her:
'Take him, my daughter, now be thou his dear,
And thou narrow trousers henceforward canst wear.'
'Mána, I never will marry a Franko;
I hate his *Per Dio* and his *Ali mango*.'²³
'Take him, my daughter, for he wears a hat.'
'I a Frank husband won't marry for that!'
'Take him, my daughter, he's plenty of cash.'
'I won't have a husband without a moustache!'
'Take him, my daughter, and wed now the swain,
You may, in three months' time, divorce him again!'

DISTICHS.

I.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 356, No. 3.)

WHAT tree is there that fadeth not, whose branches
droop not low?
And what unmarried maid is there whose heart it
knows no woe?

II.

(Ibid., p. 357, No. 15.)

Exile, where bid'st in foreign lands? Thy couch who
spreads for thee?

Who, when thou hunger'st, cooks thy food, and thou
forgettest me?

III.

(Ibid., p. 358, No. 23.)

When blossoms gay the plane-tree wide, and oranges
it bears,

Then shalt thou win a kiss from me without despairful
prayers.

SUBSECTION III.—YOUTH AND MAIDEN SONGS.

*THE FRUIT OF THE APPLE-TREE.**(ARAVANDINOS, 240.)*

With all his greyhounds fleet around, a youth goes out —
a-hunting;

A falcon small upon his wrist he bears as forth he
sallies.

It frees itself, and flies afar, and in a garden enters;

But quick, his falcon to regain, the hunter follows after

A maiden fair within he finds, at marble fountain
washing;

With whitest pearls she is bedecked, and strings
golden sequins.

'Call off thy dogs, Sir Hunter bold, and tie them
the bushes!

I fear they'll bite me, Hunter bold—I fear that they
will chase me.'

' My little dogs are better taught, 'tis only hares they
worry ;

And ne'er to maidens fair as thou do any kind of evil.

O tell me, tell me, maiden mine, what dowry canst
thou bring me ?

No dowry do I ask of coin, nor dowry of adornment.'

' No dowry dost thou ask of coin, nor dowry of adorn-
ment ?

Then will I give this apple-tree, all covered o'er with
blossom ;

All laden, too, with rosy fruit, with fairest, sweetest
apples.'

' Thou, maiden, art the apple-tree, and now let fall the
apples !'

She broke the strings, and far and wide her pearls and
sequins scattered.

' Come, gather, youth ! come, gather them, the apples
of my fruit-tree ;

And gather them again, again, and stoop again and
gather !'

THE VLACH SHEPHERDS.

(ARAVANDINOS, 369.)

' THE time has come that we may go, the hour for our
departure ;

Now let us climb up to the hills, up to the marble
mountain ;

There will we find a hollow tree, in which we two may
enter.'

' My Vlacha, when we thirsty are, say, where shall we
find water ?'

‘ I have my gourd, thou hast thy gourd, and we can
drink together.’

‘ My Vláchá, bread where shall we find to eat when we
are hungry ?’

‘ I have my cake, thou hast thy cake, and bread we’ll
eat together.’

‘ My Vláchá, when we feel the cold, what shall we have
for covering ?’

‘ My shepherd’s cloak, thy shepherd’s cloak, will cover
us together.’^a

DEMOS AND THE TURKISH GIRL.

(ARAVANDINOS, 275.)

O LIST to me, and I will tell, what has this week befallen:
Our Demos fell in love, he loved a charming Turkish
maiden ;

On Friday did he pay his court, on Saturday the whole
day ;

And early on the Sunday morn at last did leave his lady.
They caught him, and they bound his arms, and to be
hanged they led him ;

A thousand went in front of him, five hundred walked
behind him,

And Demos in the midst of them walked bound, with
mournful aspect,

Like rose that from the parent tree two days ago was
severed.

The Turkish maiden hears the news, and to her window
hastens ;

‘ Demos !’ she cries, ‘ be not afraid, be not o’ercome
with terror ;

^a *Compare :*

‘ Come under my plaidie, the nicht’s gaun to fa’ ;
Come under my plaidie, there’s room for us twa.’

For coin I in my lap will take, and sequins in my pocket;
And if the gold will not suffice, the rings from off my
fingers!

If these will not thy ransom buy, I'll sell my every chattel!
O thou, *Kadi*! O thou, *Krite*!^a who knowest human
nature,

Hast ever branchless vineyard seen, or youth without
a sweetheart?

THE LOVERS, OR THE DISCOVERED KISS.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 209.)

'My girl, when we each other kissed, the night had
fall'n; who saw us?'

'The stars of night looked down on us, the moon on
us was gazing;

She, stooping, whispered to the waves, and to the
waves she told it;

The ocean told the oar the tale, the oar then told the
sailor;

And gay and loud the sailor sang, and all the neigh-
bours heard it;

So the confessor heard of it, and told it to my mother;
From her my father learnt it soon, and sorely he
reproached me;

Hard were the angry words he said, and strictly he
forbade me,

Nor yet without the door to go, nor yet unto the window.
But I will to the window go, to gather my sweet basil,
And I the youth whom I love best will take for my
companion.'

^a The judge is here addressed by his Turkish and Greek titles.

THE PARTRIDGE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 222.)

I STEALTHILY and silent tread, as soft as wounded snake,
So that the partridge hear me not, for then to flight
she'd take.

I come, approach the partridge hid among the thickest
green ;

She flutt'ring shakes her wings and plumes her feathers'
silver sheen.

' Tell me what mother gave thee birth, O thou enslaver
bright ?'

' For mother I a partridge had, for sire a thrush so gay ;
In pigeon's plumage me they dressed and decked in
bright array.'

*THE DARLING.**Nisýros.*

('Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλογος, XIX., p. 205.)

A DARLING on her death-bed lay, and she was near
a-dying,

For the embraces of a youth, and for his love she
languished.

Three maidens of the neighbourhood went to her house
and found her ;

The one did bring her basil sweet, the one a pear did
bring her ;

And one, the kindest of them all, took her a golden
kerchief,

' Good-day to thee, O darling one ; and may'st thou
soon recover !

Smell now this basil fresh and sweet, and let this pear
refresh thee,

And wipe the moisture from thy brow with this gold-broidered kerchief!

‘I want no basil sweet to smell, no pear can now refresh me;

Nor with the kerchief from my brow care I to wipe the moisture!’

‘My girl, we too have been in love, and we have now forgot them;

And thou, my girl, because thou lov’st, art going to die, we wonder?’

‘But when you three in love did fall, it was with *pallikária*;

The youth whom I so dearly love, the world has none more noble!

Hé has a Frankish air with him, the grace of a Venetian, Moustaches drawn out to a point like braid of Salonika!’

Among the three fair neighbour maids one for her case felt pity.

‘Tell me, my girl, now, where he lives, and I will go and bring him.’

‘Across the fields which there thou seest, and ’mong the verdant meadows,

Where all the trees are bright as gold, and have their roots of silver,

Among them lives and dwells my love, my most forgetful lover,

Who now has quite forgotten me, and ne’er a thought doth give me.’

She sets off on the long, long road; and goes and there she finds him.

The golden tree there broke she down, and made a way to enter.

And there within found Yiannaké, at marble table seated;
The maiden who poured out to him was decked in gauds of silver.

And he, when he [the stranger] saw, rose up and stood
before her.

‘ Now welcome art thou, neighbour mine, my neighbour
well-belovéd !

Sit down and eat, sit down and drink, sit down and
take thy pleasure !

And eat thou of the heaven’s wild birds, and eat of the
wild partridge !’

‘ I came not for thy viands here, nor came I for thy
wine-cups,

I only for my neighbour came, she who is much belovéd.
Come let us go and seek her now, for she is just a-dying.’

‘ The heavens are built upon the earth, the West on a
foundation,

And her last wish shall be fulfilled, to her last words I’ll
hearken ;

The last request she makes of me I cannot choose but
grant her.’

They set out on the long, long road, to find her are
they wending,

The darling one beholds him come and greets him from
the window :

‘ Welcome to him I wished to see, whose coming I
have longed for.

O welcome to the basil sweet, with flowers of golden
yellow.’

‘ Thou greet’st me fairly, O my Love, ere thee I fair
have greeted !

A galley-covered sea art thou, thou art a flowering
garden ;

Thou art my fount of water cool, whose channels are
of silver !’

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 242.)

FULL two years have I journey'd upon the sea, the sea,
Two more the hills thrice round I've travelled wearily;
I've left the distant lands, and now my home is near;
But ere my friends I seek, I haste to find my dear.
Within a garden, lo! among the rosy bowers,
She from a crystal vase the coolest water pours.
An apple then I throw, of it she takes no heed;
I gold and silver throw, and now she's roused indeed.
She raises her dark eyes, and angry is her gaze;
She opes her rosy lips, and then to me she says:
'Where hast thou, *poustë*^a vile, and base deceiver, been?
Nor last year, nor 'fore that, nor yet this winter seen?'
'In foreign lands I've toiled, with foreigners have
wrought;
All I, poor fellow, earned, to thee I've fondly brought.
I've brought a mirror, comb, and knife of silver white:
The mirror in its depths to see thy beauties bright;
The comb, with it to smooth thy golden tresses twined;
The silver knife to pare the apple's ruddy rind.'

'A TURK I'LL NOT MARRY.'

(ARAVANDINOS, 403.)

OVER in Sálona, in Saloníki,
Come forth the fair ones all mincingly walking.
One brunette maiden has had the good fortune
Loved by a Turk to be, asked, too, in marriage.

^a A word originally Persian, but borrowed by Greek and Albanian from Turkish. See DOZON, *Langue Chkype*, pp. 9, 88-93.

-
- *Maiden* I'll kill myself & *Turk* I'll marry!
 - *Maiden* & *in* kill myself *Turk* thou wilt marry!
 - *Partridge* shall I become, in *hillside* wander!
 - *Hunter* will I become, and I will snare thee!
 - *Maid* I'll kill myself & *Turk* I'll marry!
 - *Cassiope* will I become, from *earth* upspringing!
 - *Lambkin* I'll then become, and I will eat thee!
 - *Tree & tree* I'll change, from *vine-tranch* hanging
 - *Harvester* I'll become, and there will find thee!
 - *Maid* I'll kill myself & *Turk* I'll marry!

THE HORSE'S WARNING.

[EPIGRAM. 134]

How bravely dressed is *Kistantes*, when he on horse-
back rideth!

Bright as the sun his saddle shines, and like the stars
his clothing,

And not a maiden that he meets can e'er refuse to
kiss him.

One maiden only, *Eleniò*, a kiss she will not give him.

'I fear me thou a rover art, and hast another mistress!'

'Now, by the good sword that I wield, and by my
ardent passion,

I swear that none but thy sweet self is now by me
beloved!'

Then his black steed, though voiceless he, found voice,
and warned the maiden:

'See that thou, *skýla* *Eleniò*, no kiss give to this rover,

In every village he has nine, and ten in every city,

And in *Constantinópoli* he has both wife and children!

THE OATH.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, 137.)

I OF a maiden asked a kiss ;
 ' Give me thine oath,' said she.
 And by the heavens I swore to her ;
 Said she, ' Too high for me !'
 So by the ocean I did swear ;
 She answered, ' Deep's the sea !'
 Then by the church I swore to her ;
 Said she, ' But lime and stone !'
 When I had by the *eikons* sworn—
 ' They're painted wood alone !'
 I swore by my fair youth ; she said,
 ' But thou'rt a false one known !'

YANNEOTOPOULA.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 392.)

' O THOU Frank, thou Frankopoúla,^a
 Beautiful Yianneotopoúla !^b
 Who has said I do not love thee,
 That in worn-out clothes thou'st dressed thee,
 And in soiled dress remainest ?
 Busk thee, busk thee, in thy gayest ;
 Come with me when evening cometh.'
 ' Why with thee to come dost bid me,
 Who art faithless and deceiving ?
 With thy kisses, and embraces,
 One step more and thou wouldst blight me,
 Like the dewdrop on the herbage ;

^a Daughter of the Frank.

^b ' Daughter of Ioánnina.'

Like the wheatear on the meadow,
Wither'd, left alone, and lonely.'

THE CYPRESS.

Iodinnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 397.)

I ONE day a cypress planted
Close beside a marble fountain,
That to wash might come the fair ones,
And the black-eyed with their bleaching.
Came there one, and came another,
Poor, but she with charms was wealthy :
She illumed the sea and fountain.
' Maiden, where did'st find such radiance ?'
' Chief of Klephtës was my father,
War-chief's daughter was my mother :
From the Sun his charms they'd stolen,
From the Moon they stole her radiance,
They in two shares these divided ;
I, from them, received my portion.'

THE RAKE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 233.)

' LOOK at this cunning fellow here, so roguish he ~~is~~
sly ;
See how he strokes his long moustache, and leers wit-
tipsy eye !'
' I am no cunning fellow, nor a tipsy rogue am I,
My love she has forsaken me, and left me here to sigh.
Bright yellow sequins forty, see, strung on a single
thread -
They're thine, Marousio, if thou'lt make with me one
night thy bed.'

‘ With fire be all thy coins consumed, and burnt thy
sequins all ;
My charms they were not given me within thine arms
to fall ;
Nor are these eyes of mine so sweet, this neck as white
as snow,
That they with thee and such as thee should ever
trysting go !’

THE WOMAN-HUNTER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 226.)

DOWN on the beach of an islet lone,
An eagle in search of his prey has flown ;
No stag does he stalk, neither hunts he hare,
He hunts but the black-eyed, the maidens fair.
‘ Lips red as rosebuds, and sloe-black eyes,
Look from the window and hear my sighs !
Wandering eyes, that are dark as sloes,
How, without me, can ye sleeping close ?’
‘ Braid I am weaving, nor may I stay ;
When my task’s finished, I’ll not say nay.’
Cursed be the braid, and the braider too,
Cursed, who have aught with the braid to do !
I’ll send a letter,—when in thy hand,
This be assured of, and understand,
That when thou readest it, shouldst thou tear,
Thou, my Light, doom’st me to dark despair !’

*THE BLACK-EYED MAID.^a**Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 389.)

- ‘ TO-NIGHT, to-night, my black-eyed one, ’tis here that
I’d be biding.’
 ‘ And if thou bidest here, my guest, thou’lt pass the
night outside there.’
 ‘ Outside it rains, I shall be drenched ; it snows, I shall
be frozen.’
 ‘ Within, my guest, there is no room ; my house it is
too narrow.’
 ‘ A knife I’ll take, and slay myself ; thou’lt of the crime
be guilty !’
 ‘ If thou shouldst wound and slay thyself, ’tis little I’d
be caring.’

*THE SISTER SLAYERS.**Peloponnesus.*

(Δελτίον, I., p. 554.)

- As deep as is the ocean blue, as high as are the
heavens,
 The length of cloth a maiden wove, had woven in her
courtyard.
 There passed the son of Kontë by, and sweetly thus
he asked her :
 ‘ How long wilt thou be weaving, lass ? how long wilt
thou be winding ?’
 ‘ I, *poústë*^b, if I weaving am, I, *poústë*, if I’m winding,
 I’ve woven thee into my cloth, on my wood-comb
 thou’rt written ;

^a Compare BURNS, ‘ O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet ?’ and her answer.

^b See p. 141, note a.

And on my shuttle's tassel, too, I see thy image graven.'

'And thou hast been beguiled by me, beguiled with golden sequins!'

Her mother all these words did list, and heard them from her window.

'What say'st thou, *skýla*, shameless one? what art thou, Jewess,* saying?

When back thy brothers come at eve, against thee I'll bear witness.'

'What hast thou seen, O mother dear, to what wilt thou bear witness?'

'All that mine eyes have seen I'll say; to that will I bear witness.'

At even came her brothers back; away they'd been a-hunting.

'Good even to our mother dear; to thee good even, sister!'

'Good even can there be for me, good even that you wish me?

You but one sister only have, and kissed she's been, this sister!'

'Dear mother, who has kissed her, then? by whom was kissed our sister?'

'The son of Kontë her has kissed, and he it is who's kissed her.'

One by the hair then seizes her, and by her arm another;

The third, the youngest of them all, his knife within her plunges.

Then lifted up her voice the girl, as loud as she was able:

'O open ye my coffer now, my coffer, mine no longer,

* 'Οβριὰ = 'Εβραῖα, used as an opprobrious epithet.

My mourning garments put me on, put on my shoes of mourning.'

And Kontë's son her cry did hear, that came up to his window.

'I pray you now, O carpenters! I pray you, master-workmen,

Her coffin that you fashion not to fit her body merely;
Nor wide, nor narrow, fashion it, leave room for two within it;

And at the coffin's right hand side I pray you leave a window,

That in at dawn may shine the sun, the breezes blow at noontide;

And that the birds may come and go, their messages to bring her.'

A reed did Kontë's son become, the girl became a cypress.^a

The reed to kiss doth bend his head, he bends to kiss the cypress.^a

The maiden's mother watching sits, sits watching at her window.

'Ah! see them now, those short-lived ones!—see how they laugh and frolic!

When living they each other loved, now, dead, they still are lovers!'

FROM BRIDESMAID TO BRIDE.

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 215.)

For two-and-twenty Sundays, and for two-and-twenty Mondays,

Not once into the market-place saw I come my beloved

^a This may be explained by the rapid growth and height of reed as compared with the slow growth of the cypress.

But when the twenty-second came at length I saw him
passing,

He like a garden sweetly smelt, like orange-tree in
blossom,

And roses held he in his hand, and carried them in
bunches.

‘Where wert thou, swift and handsome youth, and
youth so well belovéd?

Where wert thou while I sought for thee, where wert
thou while I sought thee?’

‘Good-morrow to thee, partridge mine, thou golden
dove of day-dawn;

A good awakening mayst thou have to-morrow, golden
pigeon!’

‘Where goest, thou, of eyebrows fine? Tarry, for
much I’d tell thee!’

‘My father and my mother now have ready made my
wedding;

Come, if thou wilt, and bridesmaid be; come, so that
thou may’s’t crown me.’

She turns and to her mother goes, just like a faded apple.

‘O Mother! they’ve invited me to go and crown in
marriage

The youth whom thou awaitedst still that I should
take for husband.’

‘What sayest thou, my daughter dear—that thou wilt
go and crown them?

Hast thou the feet to stand upon, and hast thou eyes
to see with?’

‘Dear mother, my resolve is made, and I will go and
crown them;

Myself in patience I’ll possess, a whole heart will I
show them.’

‘Dress thee, and busk thee, daughter mine, and go
thou with my blessing;

A bridesmaid do I send thee forth, a bride return thou
hither.'

She dressed herself, she busked herself, she donned her
bravest raiment ;

She put the sun upon her brow, she wore the moon for
circlet.

Sees her the sun and is amazed, the church, and is
bewildered ;

The *papas*, and they hold their peace, the deacons all
are silent ;

They all forget the psalms to sing, the singers and
precentors.

'*Papas* and deacons, sing your psalms, and take again
your prayer-books,

For I am of a mother born, like any other mother.'

'*Papa* mine, I beseech of thee, now, as thou giv'st the
blessing,

To turn the crowns the other way, and place one on
the bridesmaid ;

And let the bridesmaid wife become, the bride become
the bridesmaid.'¹³



SECTION (II.)

SONGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF FAMILY LIFE:

*I. EARLY MARRIED LIFE. II. LULLABIES,
AND NURSERY RHYMES. III. LATER
MARRIED LIFE.*

SUBSECTION I.—SONGS OF EARLY MARRIED
LIFE.

WEDDING-SONGS.²⁵

(1) *FOR THE THRONING^a OF THE BRIDE.*

Parga and Préveza.

(ARAVANDINOS, 286.)

THOU didst but sit upon the throne, when lo! its wood
all lifeless,

Thy beauty quickened into leaf, and flushed all o'er
with blossom.

The very deer made holiday the day thy mother bore
thee.

For dowry the Apostles Twelve bestowed on thee thy
beauty.

Of all the Stars of heaven so bright one only thee
resembles—

The Star that shines at early dawn, when sweet the
morn is breaking.

^a Literally, however, *θρανίον* is but a 'stool,' and a 'throne' is *θρόνος*.

From out the heavens Angels came, the Saviour's
 orders bearing :
 The brightest radiance of the Sun they brought thee
 on descending.
 Thou hast the hair of Absalom, the comeliness of
 Joseph ;²⁶
 He'll fortunate and lucky be, the youth who thee shall
 marry.
 The Bridegroom's mother should rejoice, gay be the
 Bride's new mother,
 Who such a noble son has borne, a mate for such a
 maiden.
 What *proxenétés* made the match, who cinnamon has
 eaten,^a
 When such a Partridge was betrothed, and wed to
 such an Eagle !

(2) *FOR THE BRIDE'S TOILET.*

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 283.)

DRESS thee, and busk thee, winsome one,
 Dress thee, and busk thee, maiden,
 So to the bridegroom thou appear
 As flowery field and garden !
 The nightingales all envy thee,
 They fly in troops before thee,
 Singing, and saying in their song,
 ' Joy we all in thy beauty !

^a The eating of cinnamon by the *προξενητής*, or matchmaker, and the mothers of the couple, is one of the ceremonies of betrothal.

So brightly shine the golden locks
That ripple on thy shoulders ;
Angels have surely combed them out,
With combs of silver combed them !'

(3) *FOR THE BRIDEGROOM'S TOILET.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 291.)

Down upon the shore,
Down upon the sea-coast,
Now they arm^a a bride,
And adorn a bridegroom.
Handsome is the bridegroom,
Handsome he and youthful ;
Fair as gold his hair,
Broad and dark his eyebrows ;
Like an eagle he,
He is like a redbreast.

(4) *WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM SETS OUT
FOR THE BRIDE'S HOME.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 294.)

SET out, my tree, start gaily,
Set out, set out, my cypress ; (*bis*)
Set out to seek the poplar, (*bis*)
With long and slender branches ; (*bis*)
Beside thee thou shalt plant it, (*bis*)
And tenderly bedew it, (*bis*)
And when the breezes bend thee, (*bis*)
Thou'lt stoop, and kiss it sweetly.

^a *Ἀρμάτωναν*=put on her 'arms,' or ornaments. See p. 58,
note *a*.

(5) *Ibid.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 292.)

My own beloved has bidden me to come to the
 betrothal,
 Before the Danube shall come down, and water fill the
 torrents ;
 But I would at her bidding go through heavy rain and
 snowfall ;
 Or, if the Danube should come down, and overflow
 the rivers ;
 Upon my ring I then would stand, and steer me safely
 over.

(6) *FOR THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE FROM
 HER FATHER'S HOUSE.**Ioánnina.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 296.)

FAREWELL, my father dear, farewell ;
 Good-bye, my sweet, kind mother ;
 Farewell, my loving brothers all,
 And you, my friends and kinsfolk ;
 For to my mother-in-law's I go,
 To my new home I'm going,
 And letters there I'm going to learn,
 To write down all my treasures.
 Farewell, *addio* ! neighbours all,
 And you, my neighbours' daughters,
 For to my mother-in-law's I go, etc.

(7) *FOR THE SAME.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 299.)

DOWN among the meadows,
'Mong the little meadows,
Come the mules a-grazing,
Cool, and quiet gazing;
One is not a-grazing,
Cool, and quiet gazing.
' Mule, why art not grazing,
Cool, and quiet gazing ?'
' What enjoyment can I have ?
Or what grazing can I crave ?
I am going from my father,
And am wan and withered ;
I am going from my mother,
And am wan and withered ;
I am going from my brother,
And am wan and withered.'

(8) *FOR THE WEDDING DANCE.*

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 315.)

TO-DAY the heavens are decked in white,
This is a day right gladsome ;
To-day there have together come
An eagle and a partridge ;
A little spotted partridge here
Has come to us a stranger ;
Her little claws are coloured red,^a
And finely marked her plumage ;

^a Alluding to the henna with which her nails are stained.

She in her claws has water ta'en,
 And oil upon her feathers,
 That she may wash her ladyship,
 That she may preen her beauty.
 To-day it is a worthy day,
 With sequins in its pocket,
 For we two birds have wedded now,
 And we a pair have made them.

(9) *FOR THE PROCESSION TO THE BRIDE-
GROOM'S HOUSE.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 307.)

RED and white cherry on a branch, in newly-planted
 orchard,
 She hangs like tassel on the horse, like saddle rayed
 with sunshine.
 Happy he'll be whose 'tis to kiss the summer and the
 winter,
 To kiss the summer rosy-red, to kiss the winter snow-
 white.

(10) *FOR THE ARRIVAL AT THE BRIDE-
GROOM'S HOUSE.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 311.)

DAME and mother-in-law forth come,
 Welcome now the partridge home!
 Take the bird to your abode,
 Lightly trips she o'er the road.
 Receive her now,
 Receive her now,
 The sun and moon command you now!
 O see her as she walks along,

She's like an angel 'mid the throng!
O rise, go forth, and thou shalt see
Both sun and moon appear to thee!
Dame and mother-in-law, forth come,
Welcome now the partridge home!
Within the cage thou her must bring,
Like little bird she'll sweetly sing.

THE WICKED STEPMOTHER.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

ONCE a Bulgarian's daughter loved the son of a [Greek]
parson,
And well he loved the maiden too, though thus his
mother scorned her:
'Lofty our houses are, my son, not fitting for Bulgarians!'
'Ah, hold thy peace, my mother dear, they fitting are,
most fitting.'
A thousand bridesmaids and best-men he asked, a
thousand kinsmen.
The bride in robe of silk was dressed, in velvet robe
the bridegroom.
As they were going on the road, and near the house
approaching,
There came the bridegroom's mother forth, and she
advanced to meet them.
'O welcome, welcome is my son, a fair bride is he
bringing,
More comely far is she than thou, and fairer than thy sister.'
'Dear mother, give to her the keys, the keys all do thou
give her!'
'To-morrow her I'll give the keys, to-morrow she'll be
mistress!

Cook, who hast many dishes made, meats many for
the wedding,
Make for our bride another dish, of three snakes' heads
prepare it,
The viper's, and the adder's black, the writhing, darting
serpent's,
And put thou in the broth of them of salt, of salt a
measure,
One measureful put thou of salt, of pepper put a *litra*—
Take, take, and eat; my daughter-in-law, eat thou
these little fishes.'
And once she eats, and twice partakes, the third time
is she poisoned.
Her arms she crosses on her breast, her mother-in-law
thus prays she :
'O give me now, sweet mother-in-law, give me a drop
of water !
For see my lips are parched and dry, parched by the
burning poison.'
'No water with thee, bride, thou'st brought, where
shall the pitcher find it ?
The clouds have drunk the water up, the sun the well
has emptied.
Go to thy lord and father-in-law, and he perhaps may
give thee,
He will not grudge thee, if he has, but, what he has,
will give thee.'
With arms upon her bosom crossed, she makes to her
her reverence,
Then goes she to her father-in-law, the same words
says she to him :
'O give me, lord and father-in-law, give me a little water,
For see, my lips are burnt and dry, burnt by the burning
poison.'

‘No water with thee, bride, thou’st brought, where
shall the pitcher find it?

The clouds have drunk the water up, the sun the well
has emptied.

To thy kinswoman hie thee now, if she should have,
she’ll give thee;

She will not grudge thee, if she has, but, what she has,
will give thee.’

With arms upon her bosom crossed, she made to him
her reverence.

Then she to her kinswoman goes, to her the same
words says she:

‘O give me, lady kinswoman, one single drop of
water,

My lips are parched, my lips are dry, parched with the
burning poison.’

‘No water with thee, bride, hast brought, where shall
the pitcher find it?

The clouds have drunk the water up, the sun the well
has emptied.

But go thou to thy husband dear, if he should have,
he’ll give thee,

He will not grudge thee, if he has, he’ll water not refuse
thee.’

With arms upon her bosom crossed, to her she makes
her reverence,

And goes she to her husband dear, to him the same
words says she:

‘O give to me, my husband sweet, one little drop of
water,

For dry and parched is my poor heart, parched with
the burning poison.’

Then takes he up the silver jug, and takes the golden
pitcher.

But while he up three mountains climbed, and valleys
three descended,

The Dhrakos had the stream cut off, drawn from the
well the water.

‘O Dhrako, let the water run, and fill the well, O Dhrako!
For I’ve a sick one left at home, a sick one who is dying!’
The Dhrakos let the water down, he let the well be filled.
But as he went along the road, along the road was going,
He in the courtyard saw the priests, and at the tomb
the deacons.

A funeral he saw approach, the bier with crimson
coverings.

Then forth he drew a golden knife from out a sheath
of silver,

He raised it to the heavens, and then within his breast
he plunged it.

‘Mother, bear thou another son, then bride he’ll have
another ;

Daughter and lady thou hast lost, and precious marriage
blessings ;

Now both together bury us, and in a blooming garden.’
And there, where buried they the youth, grew up a tall
green cypress ;²⁴

And there where buried they the maid, a reed grew,
tall and slender.

The pliant reed doth bend its head, and kisses it the
cypress.

Then when the *skýla* mother saw, whose jealousy had
slain them—

‘Ah see! [said she] the unhappy ones, see those who
loved so fondly!

If they, when living, never kissed, dead, they may kiss
each other!’

TO THE YOUNG COUPLE.^a*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 331.)

WITHIN these halls, with cushions spread, and spread
with handsome carpets,^b
Within this lordly, princely house, this palace built of
marble,
A youthful bridegroom lies asleep, he like a lamb is
sleeping;
He has a brideling well beloved, and fain would she
awake him.
Should she upon him water throw, she fears that it
might chill him;
And should she sprinkle him with wine, she fears
'twould make him tipsy.
Sweet sprigs of basil now she takes, and marjoram she
gathers;
Therewith she hits him on the face, and on the lips
she strikes him:
'Awake, O golden comrade mine, and sleep thou not
so soundly;
The sun is high within the sky, the nightingales are
silent.'

^a This song is sung by the women who come on the morrow of the wedding to awaken the young couple, and lead the bride to the well. (See *The Women and Folklore of Turkey*, vol. i., pp. 88, 89.)

^b The furniture of Oriental houses, especially in the remoter districts, consists chiefly of carpets, rugs, and cushions.

THE WIFE'S DREAM.²⁷*Epeiros.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 337.)

O SOUNDLY my belovéd sleeps, and how shall I awake
her?

I take of sugared almonds now, and throw them on
her body.

‘My Partridge, thou dost soundly sleep!’ ‘I have
slept sound, *Affendi*;^a

And in my sleep I’ve dreamed a dream—I pray thee
now expound it:

All saddleless I saw thy bay, and broken saw the saddle;
Thy gold-embroidered kerchief, too, all in the mud was
trodden.’

‘My bay—it means the road I take; my saddle—
foreign countries;

My broidered kerchief all besoiled—it is our separation.’

‘Where thou art going, my hero, now, O let me ride
beside thee!

That thou may’st have me ever near, before thine eyes
for ever!’

‘Where I must go, my dearest girl, there beauty may
not venture;

For I’d be murdered for thy sake, and thou’dst be
taken captive.’

THE EXILE.

(PASSOW, CCCXXX.)

Now’s the hour of my departure, yearns and fails my
heart o’erflowing;

Shall I e’er return—who knoweth? To a stranger
land I’m going.

^a ‘Αφέντη (softened by the Turks into *Effendi*) = αὐθέντης, from αὐθεντία = authority, lordship.

Hill and valley must I traverse, rocky wilds and deserts dreary,
Where the timid game his haunt has, where the wild
bird builds his eyrie.
Now has come the hour despairful, hour which tears
me from my home ;
Now has come the sentence fateful, which abroad doth
bid me roam.
Lassie, like the gladsome dawning, gentle lassie, kind
and true,
Burns my heart with bodeful anguish now I'm bidding
thee ' Adieu !'

*THE HUSBAND'S DEPARTURE.**Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 336.)

' My hero, wilt to foreign lands, and wilt thou leave
me lonely ?
Oh, take me too, and, on thy horse, hang me, as hangs
a tassel !'
' What can I do with thee, beloved—what can I do,
dear lassie ?
For thou hast gold upon thine hands, and on thy
bosom silver.
If thou wert but an apple red, thee in my breast I'd
carry ;
But thou'rt a full-grown mortal now, nor canst hang
like a tassel !
And should we pass the hills across, the klephts I would
be fearing ;
And should we travel through the towns, the Turks
I'd aye be fearing.

At monastery, or at church, the very prior would scare
me !

At morn will I a goldsmith bring, and he shall twice
refine thee ;

A silver cup he'll make of thee, a ring and cross he'll
fashion.

The ring I'll on my finger wear ; the cup I'll ever drink
from ;

And on my breast the cross I'll wear, by day and night
suspended.'

THE EXILED BIRD.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 35.)

My bird in exile far away,
And lonely and sad-hearted,
The foreign lands rejoice in thee,
And I'm consumed with longing.
What shall I send thee, exile mine,
And what shall I prepare thee ?
Should I an apple send, 'twould rot ;
A quince, 'twould dry and shrivel.
Oh, I will send my tears to thee,
Upon a costly kerchief ;
My tears are such hot, burning drops
That they will burn the kerchief.
Arise, O exile, and return !
Thy family awaits thee ;
Thy sister longs to see thee come ;
Thy wife awaits thy coming,
Her eyes all wet with weeping.



THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

Malakassi.

(ARAVANDINOS, 343.)

‘O HE would go, my comrade dear, away to foreign
countries.

O be ye cursed, ye foreign lands, you and your wealth
be curséd,

Which take from us our blooming boys, and send them
back when married;

Ye take the husbands when they’re young, and send
them back when agéd!

O exile mine, thy kerchief fine, why soiled dost thou
keep it?

O send it me, my wanderer, O send me thy white
kerchief;

I’ll wash it thee in water warm, with soap I’ll wash it
for thee.’

‘The water warm where wilt thou find, and where the
soap, my lassie?’

‘For water warm I have my tears, for soap I have my
spittle;

My slab shall be the marble black—send, let me wash
it for thee!’



SUBSECTION (II.) CHILD-LIFE.
LULLABIES AND NURSERY RHYMES.

LULLABIES.¹

I.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 163.)

SLEEP! my little darling one;
Sleep! my sweet musk-nurtured one—
Náni-nani, náni-nani—
On his eyes, Sleep, softly lie—
Náni-nani, náni-nani,
Or be skilpt^a by mammy dear,
Or scolded by his daddy dear.

II.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 164.)

O SLUMBER, washed on Saturday,
On Sunday dressed in clean array,
On Monday morn to school away,
As sweet as apple, bright and gay.
Sleep! the nightingale has flown,
To Alexandria she has gone.
Náni! thou canary bright,
Who my brain bewilders quite.

^a Whipt as one would whip a child.

III.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 170.)

O ROCK the sweet carnation red,
And rock the silver shining,
And rock my boy all softly too,
With skein of silk entwining.
Come, O Sleep! from Chio's isle,
Take my little one awhile;
Náni, though no nightingale
Sweeter is in any vale;
White as curd, or winter snows,
Delicate as any rose.

IV.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 165.)

Go to sleep, my darling one!
Something would I give to thee;
Yea, a gift I'd make to thee:
Arta fair and Yannina,
Arta fair and Yannina.
Give thee Chio with its vessels,
And Stambóli with its jewels.
Náni-nani! shut that eye!
Or with rocking I shall die.
Náni-nani, son of Ralli,
Who a General's child shall marry.

V.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 171.)

My dear child, my darling boy,
Is silver and gold without alloy ;
The other children of the street
Are money false and counterfeit.
My good child fain would I see,
When a bridegroom he shall be ;
I'll rejoice when by his side,
I shall see his own dear bride.

VI.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 169.)

O SLEEP, who takest little ones,
Take to thee my darling one !
A tiny one I give him thee,
A big boy bring him back to me ;
As tall as any mountain grown,
And straight as lofty cypress ;
His branches let him spread about ;
From the West to Anatolia.

VII.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 166.)

O SLUMBER now, and she'll thee bless,
The mother dear who bore thee ;
He too, thy sire, who hopes to see
Thy children grow before thee.

O Slumber, come ; come softly now,
And lie upon my wee one's brow ;
O come, and in thine arms now take him,
And in the morning sweetly wake him.

VIII.

(KIND, *Anth.*, p. 80, Ed. 1844.)

SAINT MARINA, lull to sleep,
Saint Sophià bring slumber deep,
Give him of the world a peep.
Let him plants in blossom see,
Hear birds twitt'ring on the tree,
Home then bring him back to me ;
Lest his father call in vain,
And to beat his nurse be fain,
Should his babe come not again.
Lest his mother seek her son,
Wandering, weeping, all alone,
Soured her milk from making moan.

IX.

(PASSOW, CCLXXIX.)

COME, O Sleep, and take my boy !
Hushaby ! sing to my joy,
To the noble's vineyard lead him,
Bear him to the gardens shady ;
There the Bey with grapes will feed him,
And with pomegranates the lady.
And the slave a cake will bake him.
Hushaby ! Sleep, softly take him !

X.

(KIND, *Anth.*, p. 78, Ed. 1844.)

NÁNI! Mother's on her way
From the stream where laurels grow,
Where the fresh sweet waters flow;
She will a rose-blossom bring,
Thirty petals in a ring,
And a clove-carnation gay.

XI.

Chios.

(PASSOW, CCIV.)

IF thou wilt take him, gentle Sleep, three sentinels I'll
station;
Three sentinels, and watchmen three, and all the three
brave heroes.
I'll post the Sun upon the hill, the Eagle in the
valley,
And Mister North Wind, fresh and cool, I'll place
amid the islands.
The Sun, when evening came, did set; and then the
Eagle slumbered;
And Mister North Wind, fresh and cool, home to his
mother wended.
'My Son, where wert thou yesterday, the day before,
the night too?
Hast thou been fighting with the Stars, or with the
Moon disputing,
Or fighting with the Morning Star, the Star that is my
sweetheart?'

‘ I have not quarrelled with the Stars, nor with the
Moon disputed ;
Nor quarrelled with the Morning Star, the Star that is
thy sweetheart—
But I a golden boy have watched within a silver
cradle !’

XII.

Iodinnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 174.)

My dear boy, so white, so white,
The Kadi’s daughters fair invite :
They ask him to the Castle, where
They honey-cakes for him prepare,
Honey-cakes with almonds spread,
Sweetmeats, too, with sugar red.
Going, going ; he’s going, he’s going !
May the Panaghía guard him !
Going, going ; he’s going, he’s going !
May the Christ watch o’er and ward him !

XIII.

Ibid.

COME, O Sleep ! and take my boy, bear him to the
garden bowers ;
Fill his lap with violets, with the rosetree’s sweetest
flowers.
Dear Sleep, if my boy thou lovest,
Take him with thee where thou rovest !

XIV.

Syra.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

SLEEP, for I am rocking thee, and *Hushaby*! I sing to thee ;

And still thy cradle must I rock, till slumber sweet I bring to thee ;

And when to sleep thou'rt lulled at last,

I'll leave thee to Our Lady's care,

With Christ, and with the Holy Three,

And with the Holy Virgin near.

O Holy Three ! watch over Him ! Do Thou, Christ make him grow !

Give him, dear Lady, in the morn, a wakening sweet to know !

Come, O Sleep ! Come here, come here !

Come, Christ, and Our Lady dear !

XV.

Ibid.

THE Wind is sleeping on the plain, the Sun upon the height,

My nursling dear is slumbering amid the daisies white ;

The lemon-blossoms slumber too, the balsams on their stem ;

They, when thy clothes to wash I took, with musk sweet-scented them.

XVI.

Ibid.

O SLUMBER now, my darling one, thy Fate works hard
for thee ;
And thy good Luck is coming here, and laden cometh
she.

XVII.

Ibid.

TAKE him, O Sleep, from me awhile, take him a-walking
now with thee ;
And lead him here, and lead him there, then bring him
back again to me.
When home thou bringest him, dear Sleep, leave not
his health behind him ;
But fat and rosy bring him me, and bonny let me find
him.
! Bring him with the morning hours,
With the roses and the flowers.

XVIII.

Ibid.

O SLUMBER, precious diamond, key of England [far
away],
And star that shines at sweetest dawn, and sun that
shines by day.
Sleep, rosy Dawn ! sleep, shining Star ! and, new
Moon, fall asleep !
Carnation bud, and daisy white, be wrapped in slumber
deep !²⁹
By-by, baby ! *hushaby* !
In thy silver cradle lie.

XIX.

Ibid.

Now may he sleep and quiet lie, in silver cradle fine ;
 Of silver 'tis, and 'tis of gold, and brightly doth it
 shine ;
 For gilded was it by the Sun, the Sun at noontide
 bright,
 And by the Stars that shine at eve, and Moon that
 shines by night.

XX.

Ibid.

O HUSHABY ! thy mother sings, yet liest awake, my
 dearie !
 And wide thine eyes are open still, though mother's
 arms are weary !
 Come, dear Sleep ! and take my boy, take him with
 thee where thou farest ;
 Take him to Dolmá Baktché,^a fill his hands with flowers
 the rarest !

NURSERY-RHYMES.

I.

(PASSOW, CCLXXIV.)

THERE was an old man,
 And he had a cock,
 That crowed in the morn,
 And awoke the old man.

But there came a cat
 And ate the cock, etc.

^a One of the Imperial Palaces.

And there came a fox
That ate the cat, etc.

And there came a wolf
And ate the fox, etc.

And there came a lion
And ate the wolf, etc.

And there came a river
And drowned the lion, etc.

II.

Salónica.

(PASSOW, CCLXXVI.)

ONE old dame, a bad old dame,
Quarrelled with her cocks and hens,
Quarrelled with her little cat.

Tsit ! and Xoo !

I say, old woman, where is your spouse ?

One old dame, a bad old dame,
Quarrelled with her cocks and hens,
Quarrelled with her little cat,
Quarrelled with her little dog.

Oust ! and Tsit ! and Xoo !

I say, old woman, where is your spouse ?

One old dame, a bad old dame,
Quarrelled with her cocks and hens,
Quarrelled with her little cat,
Quarrelled with her little dog,
Quarrelled with her little pig,
Quarrelled with her little ass,

Quarrelled with her little cow,
 Quarrelled with her little hut.

Phoo! Oo! Aa! Youtz! Oust! Tsit! Xoo!^a
 I say, old woman, where is your spouse?

III.

Salonica.

(PASSOW, CCLXXV.)

WE will have—what shall we have?
 We will have a wee old man,
 Who shall keep our little garden,
 Where the roses gaily grow.

We will have—what shall we have?
 We will have a fine big donkey,
 For our wee old man to ride on, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?
 We will have a little wasp,
 That shall sting the fine big donkey,
 That shall throw the wee old man, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?
 We will have a little cock,
 That shall eat the little wasp, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?
 We will have a little fox,
 That shall eat the little cock, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?
 We will have a clever dog,
 That shall kill the little fox, etc.

^a In the Levant there is a special exclamation for driving out each of the domestic animals. *Tsit!* for a cat; *Xoo!* for poultry; *Oust!* for a dog; *Youtz!* for a pig; *Aa!* (with nasal sound) for a donkey; *Oo!* for a cow; *Phoo!* for things in general.

We will have—what shall we have?
We will have a little stick,
That shall beat the little dog, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?
We will have an oven wide,
That shall burn the little stick, etc.

We will have—what shall we have?
We will have a river swift,
That shall quench the oven's fire, etc.

IV.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 188.)

It rains, it rains, and soon 'twill freeze,
And the parson smells the cheese;
Where shall we put our lady bride?
Beneath the chickpea-stalk she'll hide.
Where shall we put our bridegroom gay?
Beneath the Cross he'll sit all day.

V.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 197.)

'STORK, O father pilgrim,³⁰ say!
Did you chance to see my sheep?'
'Yes, I saw them yesterday,
Grazing by the lakeside steep.
A wolf came up and on them fell,
A fox stood by in great delight;
The dogs did bark and bay right well,
The shepherd cried with all his might.'

VI.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 195.)

I WENT to a good nun's dwelling,
 Which has upstairs and has downstairs,
 Oped the door and in I entered.
 There I found a wolf a-dancing,
 And a fox who food was cooking,
 A hare who on the lyre was playing,
 A weasel on a pipe was whistling,
 And a giant of a hedgehog
 At a tortoise eyes was making.
 And the tortoise was quite shamefaced,
 And within her hole she hid her.
 Then upon her bed I mounted,
 Found a cake and a round biscuit ;
 Milk beside them in a pitcher.

VII.

Smyrna.

(ORAL VERSION.)

‘ TIRIRÌ, where go'st, Siree ?’
 ‘ To the shepherd's, cheese to eat.’
 But no cheese at all found we,
 So the shepherd well we beat.

VIII.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 198.)

I A PINE-TORCH lighted me,
 To my pocket I set fire,
 Which has echoes, which has wheels,

Which has fields and mountains high.
Trees upon the mountains grow,
Branches on the trees, I trow,
In the branches nests abound,
In the nests the eggs are found ;
From the eggs young birds come out,
On the birds will feathers sprout.

IX.

Iodinnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 191.)

‘COME down, O apple,
For I’d ask you,
What does the maiden
That I love, do?’
‘Braid she is plaiting,
By night and by day.’
‘For whom does she plait it?’
‘For Yanni, they say.’

X.

(PASSOW, CCLXXVII.)

OUR good parson [so I’m told],
Who has heaps and heaps of gold,
Went one day and bought a cock.
Kikikík! thus sings the cock!

Our good parson, I am told,
Who has heaps and heaps of gold,
Went one day and bought a hen.
Kakakák! thus sings the hen!
Kikikík! thus sings the cock!

Our good parson, I am told,
 Who has heaps and heaps of gold,
 Went one day and bought an ass.
Ga-ga-ga!^a thus sings the ass!
Kikikík! thus sings the cock!
Kakakák! thus sings the hen!

XI.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 179.)

TAKE you him, and keep you him,
 All sing gaily songs to him;
 He'll fly light as any bird,
 Leap like lambkin, 'pon my word;
 Stare like any peacock proud,
 Laugh as any angel loud,
 Take him, dance him on your knee,
 Softly dandle him for me;
 Bid him live, grow strong and tall,
 So to win the maidens all.

XII.

SWING SONG.

Smyrna.

(Oral Version.)

Row, row, Manóli,
 We'll go to Stambóli
 To fetch a little oil O!
 A little Samos oil O!
 To make our pussy shine O!
 And all her kittens nine O!

^a The Greek equivalent for our *Heehaw*.

XIII.

SUNG ON PALM SUNDAY.

Smyrna.

(Oral Version.)

PALM, Palm, Palm Sunday,
Kolio fish we eat to-day ;
But when comes next Sunday round,
We'll eat red-dyed eggs so gay !

SUBSECTION III.—SONGS OF LATER MARRIED
LIFE.

THE WICKED MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

O IT was little Konstantine, it was young Konstantino ;
A vineyard planted he in May, in May a wife he wedded ;
In May, too, did a summons come for him to join the
army ;
Far were his wanderings to be, yet meagre were his wages.
' Ah, must thou go, my Konstantine, and I, where wilt
thou leave me ?'
' First I will leave thee to the Church ; then, to the
Saints I leave thee ;
And, thirdly, to my mother dear, and to my two sweet
sisters,
That thou may'st hares for dinner have and partridges
for supper,
That they may bring thee little fawns that thou may'st
keep as playthings.'³¹
But scarce a mile the youth had gone, scarce two or
three miles journeyed,

When her they seated on a stool, and shaved her silken
tresses ;
They cut off all her flaxen hair, her long thick plaits so
golden ;
And three sheep did they give to her, and all the three
were scabbéd ;
Three goats, too, did they give to her, and all the three
were sickly ;
Three sheep-dogs did they give to her, and all the three
were savage ;
Three loaves of bread they gave to her, and all of them
were mouldy ;
And by the hand they led her forth and pointed to the
mountain :
' Seest thou, seest thou that mountain there, which is
both broad and lofty ?—
There must thou go to pass the night, awaken in the
morning ;
And till thou hast a thousand sheep, and hast of goats
ten thousand,
See to the plain thou come not down to bring thy
flocks to pasture ;
And where the foaming river flows do thou not come
for water ;
And into the great olive-yard see thou come not to fold
them.'
But as her Fate had ordered it, as her Good Luck
would have it,
In one year she'd a hundred sheep, and soon above a
thousand ;
For each ewe bore for her a lamb, twice in the year
each mother.
A thousand soon became the sheep, the goats became
ten thousand.



For bells around their woolly necks she hung her
golden earrings,
For collars round the sheep-dogs' necks her golden
rings [and bracelets].
And to the plains she led them down and grazed them
in the pastures ;
And where the foaming river ran she brought her
flocks to water ;
And into the great olive-yard she led them, and did
fold them.
See ! there is coming Konstantine, across the plains
a-riding ;
He's mounted on a horse of iron and golden is his
saddle ;
And he is holding in his hand a switch, a switch of
silver ;
His bonnet, too, is gay with flowers, his armour it
shines brightly.
' A good day to thee, Shepherd-lad !' ' Good may thy
day be, Soldier !'
' Tell me, so may'st thou, Shepherd, live, to whom
belong these sheepfolds ?
Whose are these flocks thou feedest here that golden
bells are wearing ?
Whose are these sheep-dogs thou hast here that collars
wear of silver ?
And whose, too, is the Shepherd-lad who has the
braid-fine eyebrows ?'
' The sheep with golden bells bedecked belong to the
Deserted ;
The dogs that silver collars wear belong to the
Deserted ;
The Shepherd with the braid-fine brows is hers, too,
the Deserted.'

Then lashes his good horse the youth, and to his home
he cometh.

‘ My mother! Health and joy to thee!’ ‘ Welcome,
my Konstantino!’

Welcome, my little Konstantine, my son, to me thou’rt
welcome!’

‘ Say, mother, where is now my wife, tell me where is
my fair one?’

‘ Ah, she, my son, is dead and gone, ’tis now a many
summers.’

‘ And where, then, is my fair one’s grave, that I may
there burn incense?’

‘ My son, the grass o’er it has grown, I know it now no
longer.’

‘ And if I, mother, find my wife, what may I then do
to thee?’

‘ If her thou findest, good my son, thou mayest then
behead me.

Yea, thou mayest then cut off my head as on thy
knees ’tis lying,

That with my blood thy clothes be dyed, and stained
thy silken raiment.’

Then lashes his good horse the youth, and comes he to
the Shepherd.

‘ Tell me, so may’st thou, Shepherd, live, whose are
these flocks, I pray thee?’

Whose are the sheep thou feedest here that golden
bells are wearing?

Whose are the sheep-dogs thou hast here that collars
wear of silver?

And whose, too, is the Shepherd-lad who has the braid-
fine eyebrows?’

‘ My parents on me laid a curse if ever I should
tell it;

But twice hast thou asked this of me, and now will I
declare it :³²

These flocks with golden bells bedecked belong to
Konstantíno ;

The dogs that silver collars wear belong to Konstantíno ;
And Konstantine's the Shepherd is who has the braid-
fine eyebrows.'

The horse sank down upon his knees, she leaped upon
the saddle ;

Again the youth did lash his steed, and to his home
return they.

' Here, mother, is my dearest wife ! here, mother, is
my lady !'

' Since thou hast found her, Konstantine, take thou
me, and behead me !'

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

Peloponnesus.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 549.)

O HAVE you heard what's happened now, away in
Missolonghí ?—

How Kourt Alí did fall in love, and how a priest's wife
loved he ?

And yet to tell her was ashamed, to talk with her
ashamed.

He an old woman takes and sends, a wizened little
skýla,

Who hails and greets her from afar, when near her
thus addresses :

' Kourt Alí salutations sends, and he your sweet eyes
kisses ;

A thousand sequins here are wrapped, piastres full five
hundred ;

All, all are thine, if only thou one single night pass
with him.'

' Sooner would I the black earth here see with my
heart's blood reddened,

Than I'd the priest, my husband, leave, leave for a
Turk's embraces !'

When Kourt Alí her answer heard, then sorely did it
grieve him ;

And hies he forth to seek a witch, a little, young one
finds he :

' Bewitch for me the parson's wife, that I to wife may
take her !'

THE UNFORTUNATE COUPLE.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THERE come to Helen matchmakers, a bride they
make of Helen ;

Three Princes fain would marry her, three Kings as
wife would take her.

And forty days the go-betweens are climbing up the
staircase,

And other four-and-forty spend before they find the
fair one ;

At last they to the chamber come where hidden is the
maiden.

Upon a golden throne she sits, with golden apple playing.

' Health, joy to thee, O maiden fair ! Health, joy to
thee, fair maiden !'

' And welcome is the King to me, he with his scribes is
welcome !'

Three years did they the dowry write, six years the
maiden's portion,

And seventeen months the secret hoard the maiden's
mother gave her.

But leap years evil-fated came, and months of maledic-
tion,

And debts the dowry went to pay, and sickness took
the riches.

As swineherd hires himself the youth, as flax-beater
the fair one,

And all day long the flax she beat to make the King's
fine linen.

At evening they weighed the flax, if but one hank were
lacking,

The King would scold and angry be, her lord do
nought but grumble.

She gives to him her golden rings, each worth three
thousand piástres.

But still the King finds fault with her, her lord does
naught but grumble.

She gives to him her earrings fine, each worth six
thousand piástres,

And still the King finds fault with her, her lord doth
naught but grumble ;

To him she gives her bracelets too, each worth eight
thousand piástres ;

And yet the King finds fault with her, her lord doth
only grumble ;

Her flaxen hair they cut to make the hank they said
was lacking.

One Sunday, 'twas an Easter Day, it was a feast-day
solemn,

With grief and longing she was seized, as she her folk
remembered,

Her arms upon her bosom crossed, she hastened to
her husband.

‘O take me to my mother dear, and take me to my
kindred !’

‘How take thee can I, cursed by Fate, and thou so
low as thou art ?’

Thou who wert white and beautiful, but now art cob-
web-covered ?’

‘Ah, take me to my mother dear, ah, take me to my
kindred !’

If thou art shamed to come with me, the road show
thou me only.’

‘That mountain seest thou yonder, which has nearer
slope and further,

Which clouds upon its summit has, and fogs around
its bases ?—

Thou there thy sire wilt ploughing find with forty yoke
of oxen,

Full two-and-forty yoke has he, and five-and-thirty
ploughmen.’

Then sets she out, poor luckless one, drowned in the
tears she’s weeping,

With tears and sobbing sore went she, with mournful
lamentation.

And as she went along the road, to God she prayed
this prayer :

‘O let the servants of my home be found all in the
garden !’

And God has listened to her prayer, the *Panaghía* has
heard her.

She found the servants of her home all in the house’s
garden.

And signs she makes them from afar, when nearer thus
she hails them :

‘ Call in your dogs, call in your dogs, or they’ll devour
the stranger !

A bit of bread, a cup of wine, unhappy I am fainting !’

‘ So may our Helen live for us, who far away is
wedded !—

We bread hot from the oven bring, we’ve brought it
for the ploughmen ;

But go thou to our lordly house, and what they have
they’ll give thee.’

Then forward went the unhappy girl, still sobbing she
and weeping ;

Weeping and sobbing went she on, with mournful
lamentation ;

And from a distance them salutes, and says when
comes she near them :

‘ Call off your dogs ! call off your dogs ! or they’ll
devour the stranger !

A bit of bread, a cup of wine, unhappy I am fainting !’

A slice of bread they gave to her, and olives in her apron ;

A drink of light and acid wine they gave her in a basin ;

Upon a stool they seated her, and thus they closely
questioned :

‘ My girl, art thou a washer-girl, or art thou a flax-
beater ?’

‘ O neither washer-girl was I, nor yet was I flax-
beater !—

The daughter of a king was I, and lived within a
palace ;

And me had taught my mother dear to weave fine
silken damask.’

Then at the loom they seated her, to test her skill at
weaving.

She threw the shuttle, and began to sing this lamentation :

‘ O lonely loom, abandoned loom, O loom left solitary !
While I the warp did stretch on thee, there came to
me matchmakers ;

And when I turned the roller round I did but my good
pleasure ;

When from the loom we cut the cloth, they came as
bride to take me.

Three years they wrote my dowry down, six years they
wrote my portion,

And seventeen months the secret hoard that my dear
mother gave me.

But leap years evil-fated came, and months of maledic-
tion,

And debts my dowry went to pay, and sickness took
my riches ;

As swineherd hired himself the youth, as flax-beater
the fair one ;

And she—for so her Fate has willed—has come to you
a weaver.’

Her sister heard the words she spake, and said she to
her mother :

‘ This, mother dear, our Helen is, in distant land who
married.’

‘ Now may a viper sting thy tongue, and strike thy
heart the lightning !—

For that same word thou speakest now, thou say’st it
without knowledge.

My Helen’s coming I await, the first ’mong noble
ladies.’

Again those words repeated she, the self-same words
repeated :

‘ O lonely loom, abandoned loom, O loom left solitary !

As queen I first did work at thee, now as a slave
I'm weaving.'
And when these words her mother heard, when heard
them too her sister,
All three did lovingly embrace, they died all three
together.

*THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.**Parga.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 348.)

DAY sweet in Anatolia dawns, and sweet the West is
shining;
The birds unto the meadows go, the women to their
washing;
And I go with my good black steed, I go to give him
water;
And there, close by a deep well's side, I find a darling
woman.
'My girl, for my black steed and me, I prithee draw
some water.'
Twelve pailfuls from the well she drew, and yet her
eyes I saw not;
But as the thirteenth pail she drew, her head at length
she lifted;
Then loudly neighed my good black steed, and sadly
sighed the woman.
'Tell me, my girl, why art thou sad, why sorrowfully
sighest?'
'My husband's gone to foreign lands, and ten long
years he's absent;
But two years more I'll wait for him, three more will
I expect him;

And comes he not on the thirteenth, I'll hide me in a
nunn'ry.'

'Now tell me what your husband's like, it may be that
I know him.'

'Oh, he was tall, and he was slim; himself he proudly
carried.

A travelling merchant, too, was he, in all the country
famous!'

'My girl, your husband he is dead, five years ago was
buried.

I lent to him some linen then—he said thou wouldst
return it;

And tapers, too, I lent to him—he said thou wouldst
repay me;

A kiss I lent to him besides—he said thou wouldst
return it.'

'If thou hast linen, tapers lent, be sure I will repay thee;
But if a kiss thou'st lent to him, that he himself must
pay thee!'

'O lassie, I am thy goodman; see, am not I thy husband?'

'If thou art he, my husband dear, himself, and not
another,

Tell me the fashion of the house, and then I may believe
thee.'

'An apple-tree grows at thy gate, another in thy court-
yard;

Thou hast a golden candlestick that stands within thy
chamber.'

'That's known of all the neighbourhood, and all the
world may know it;

Tell me the signs my body bears, and then I may
believe thee.'

'Thou hast a mole upon thy chest, another in thine
armpit;

There lies between thy two soft breasts a grain, 'tis
white and pearl-like.'

'Thou, thou my husband art, I know—oh, come to my
embraces!'³³

THE GARDEN.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 382.)

PICTURELIKE, dear garden ground,
Hedged with marguerites around,
Zoned about with beds ablow,
Marjoram is the outmost row,
In the midst an Apple-tree,^a
Soon to earth 'twill falling be.
To the fruit a youth approaches,
Him the Apple-tree reproaches:
'Come not, youth, the apples gath'ring;
See, the leaves are sere and with'ring;
Counts the master every one,
And for thee, youth, there are none.'

THE FORSAKEN WIFE.

Zagórie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 340.)

WHY didst thou, *mána*, marry me, and give me a Vlach
husband?^b

Twelve long years in Wallachia, and at his home three
evenings.

^a By the apple-tree and its master an elderly husband is probably meant; and by the desirable fruit, his wife.

^b The population of the secluded mountain valleys of Zagórie is, in considerable part, Vlach, and the men are famous for their energetic enterprise in commerce during their customary years of exile, often wandering as far westwards as Spain, and northwards as Holland.

On Tuesday night, a bitter night, two hours before the
dawning,
My hand I did outstretch to him, but did not find my
husband.
Then to the stable-door I ran; no horse fed at the
manger.
I sped me to the chamber^a back, I could not find his
weapons.
I threw me on my lonely couch, to make my sad
lamenting:
‘O pillow, lone and desolate! O mattress mine, forsaken!
Where is your lord who yesternight did lay him down
upon you?’
‘Our lord has left us here behind, and gone upon a
journey—
Gone back to wild Wallachia, to famous Bucharesti.’

MAROULA, THE DIVORCED.

(ARAVANDINOS, 241.)

‘ARISE, Maroúla, from the earth, and shake the dust
from off thee;
Arise, and on the balcony now spread for us thy bower.
Go hasten, make us coffee, too, bring wine and fill the
beakers;
And take and bathe thyself, and change, and don thy
brightest raiment;
Then hie thee to the dance away, then hie thee to the
village,
That all the belles may gaze on thee, and all the
palikária;
There will thy husband see thee, who another wife has
taken.’

^a *Όντα*, Turkish *Oda*. Rooms are made into bedrooms by simply bringing the mattress, etc., out of the cupboard.

‘ And if I am divorced, what then ? ’Twas he who had
the worst o’t !
At two o’clock I’ll to the bath, at four I’ll change my
raiment ;
And out of fourteen *pallikars* I’ll choose another husband.
And then I will my house set up right opposite his
dwelling ;
And there beside his garden gay will I plant me my
garden ;
I’ll come, and go, that he may see, and boil with rage,
and burst him !’^a

DIMOS.

North Eubæa.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 136.)

ΑΗ ! those splendid eyes of thine, O Dimos mine !
Thine eyebrows finely painted,
They on a sick-bed me have laid, O Dimos mine !
For them it is I’m dying.
Take in thine hand thy little gun, O Dimos mine !
And to the chase now wend thee ;
Kill, an thou findest, partridges, O Dimos mine !
If turtle-doves, then shoot them ;
And if my husband thou shouldst meet, O Dimos mine !
Then do thou shoot, and kill him.

THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

IN one of Yiánni’s palaces is seated lovely Máro ;
A mirror in her hands she holds, and on her charms
she gazes.

^a *Him* thus used for *himself* is common in English *patois*, and may be allowable in translating this Greek *patois*.

‘O charms! O beauteous charms of mine! and O, my
snow-white bosom!
To Yiánnakos do they belong, but Kosta ’tis who’ll kiss
them!’
And soon there passed by Kostantës, upon his black
horse riding.
‘Good-morrow to thee, Máro mine!’ ‘Thou’rt welcome,
Kostantë mine!
Be pleased to enter, Kostantë, that we may kiss together!’
‘I fear and tremble, Máro mine, there might return
Yiannáki.’
‘Yiannáki to the hills has gone, he’s gone the wild deer
hunting,
He’ll with him bring alive the deer, and dead he’ll bring
the bear-meat;
The smaller game he’ll bring with him, suspended from
his saddle.’
And Máro, pacing up and down, thus made to God her
prayer:
‘Send down, dear Christ, the rain and snow, and make
a bitter winter,
That on the hill may Yianni stay, so that the beasts
devour him!’
Upon a high rock Yianni stood, and looked toward his
dwelling,
Fires burning in his houses saw, lights gleaming in his
courtyards.
He stood and pondered on these things, within himself
thus said he:
‘Can now my mother dear be dead, or now have died
my sister?
Or my Maria given birth, and she a son has borne me?’
His black horse saddles he, and mounts, and to his
home descends he.

‘Come down, O Máro! ope the door, and take the game I’ve brought thee!’

‘It frights me, Yianni! I’m afraid! to it I’m not accustomed!’

Go, rather call thy mother down, for her ’tis not unusual.
He takes and to his mother goes, and to his mother calls he:

‘Come, mother, down, and ope the door, unload the game I’ve brought thee.’

The words he’d hardly uttered when to him thus spoke his mother:

‘My boy, thou ruigest thyself with this same game and hunting!’

Thy Máro is with Kostantë, and thou the chase wilt follow?’

Then smartly he whips up his horse, and to his house he gallops.

One kick gives he the doors unto, with one bound upstairs comes he;

Máro he seizes by the hair, and by the hand takes Kosta.

‘Which, Máro, is the handsomer, which, Máro, the more manly?’

‘For beauty, and to wield the sword, *your* lordship ’tis surpasses;

But as for dalliance sweet and kiss, *his* lordship you surpasses.’

‘Thine, Kostantë, is not the blame; go thou about thy business!’

A golden knife did Yianni draw from out a sheath of silver,

And as upon his knees it lay, cut off the head of Máro.
In pieces small he chopped her up, and in the sun he spread them;

And from the sun into a sack, and to the mill he bore it.

‘Grind now, my mill, grind now for me the pieces that were Máro,

And make of them a crimson flour, to powder black, too, grind them,

That hither there may come the scribes, the scribes to fill their inkhorns,

And milk-white maidens, too, may come, the rosy rouge to gather.’

THE OLD MAN’S WIFE (I.).

(ARAVANDINOS, 206.)

O WE were once three sisters dear, and all we three did marry ;

A King one to herself did take, and his Viziér the other,

And I, the fairest of them all, I took a rich old fellow.

They roasted at the Palace sheep, at the Vizieri’s, poultry ;

But rams and calves they roasted whole to grace the Ancient’s^a wedding.

Uncounted flocks I found were his, and his were herds of oxen,

Unmeasured vineyards, countless casks, and grain in great storehouses.

But what, unhappy orphaned one, care I for all these riches,

Who on my mattress by my side such company must suffer ?

Thou oldest man,^b thou stinking-mouth’d, thou skeleton, thou blear-eyed !

^a Παληόγερος.

^b Πρωτόγερος.

Curst may my mother be ; and Earth, dissolve not in
thy bosom
The Go-between^a whom she employed to bring about
my wedding !

THE OLD MAN'S WIFE (II.).

Zagórie.

(Ibid, 207.)

I WEARY not of foreign lands, of journeys long ;
I'm wearied only by the message of the girl,
Who sends me word by birds, and by the eagles swift :
' Where'er thou art, my Exile, quickly, quickly come !
Because they have betrothed and married me, alas !
A husband me they've given, slothful, oh ! and old.
About the mattresses I'm scolded every night ;
At morn he drives me forth the water cold to draw ;
A heavy pail he gives to me, too short a rope ;
No water can I reach, though low I stoop and strain ;
Of wool nine fathoms I have cut, a cord to make :
Where'er thou art, my Exile, quickly, quickly come !'

THE CHILD SLAYER.

(ARAVANDINOS, 455.)

O SAD is Tuesday, Wednesday too, and bitter, bitter
Thursday ;
And Friday now is dawning, would that it had dawnéd
never !
Forth Kostas wends at morning light, and for to go
a-hunting ;

^a The consequence of which would be that, after death, the *προξενήτρα* would become a Vampire. Compare Aristophanes, 'Alas ! would that the matchmaker had perished miserably who induced me to marry your mother.'—*The Clouds*.

And to his teacher Johnny goes, that he may learn his letters.

A paper he at home forgets, and turns again to fetch it.

And in the house a youth he sees, who's with his mother playing.

' Unfaithful mother, who is this? And what wants here this stranger?

At even when the *Affendi** comes, all this will I relate him.'

His mother laughed, and mocked at him, and dragged him to the cellar,

And like a lamb she slew him there, the *skýla*, like a butcher.

And now is Kostas coming home, home from a hard day's hunting,

A living deer he brings with him, he brings a stag he's wounded;

And in a leash a tiny fawn, for little Jack to play with.

' My darling, health and joy to thee! where is our son, now tell me?'

' He went at morning to the school, and has not yet returned.'

He mounts his mare and rides away, and hies him to the teacher.

' Ho, teacher, where's my little Jack? are not yet done his lessons?'

' To school to-day no Johnny came; I have not seen your Johnny.'

Back to his house he then returns, but there he finds no Johnny.

He runs and seizes on the keys, and hies him to the cellar,

* See note, p. 162.

And there he finds his little son, like lambkin finds
him slaughtered.

In pieces small he chops her up, chops up that *skýla*
mother,^a

And gathers up the pieces all, and puts them in a
wallet.

Away he bears them to the mill, like any madman
running:

'Grind now, my mill, O grind for me the bones of this
adult'ress!'

DISTICHS.

I.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 358, No. 24.)

A FLOWER I took thee to my heart, and there a thorn
art thou;

And marvels all the world to see that lost our love is
now.

II.

(*Ibid.*, No. 25.)

So goes the world, for 'tis a sphere, and round and
round it rides;

Some God one to another leads, and others He divides.

^a Compare : *I wish I were where Helen lies.*

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me.



SECTION (III.)

COMMUNAL SONGS.

I. DANCING. II. FESTIVAL. III. HUMOUROUS.

SUBSECTION I.—DANCING SONGS.³⁴*THE DREAM.**Zagórie.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 405.)

DOWN in St. Paraskeví
 Sleeps a maid, and fair is she.
 Sleeps she soft, and dreams a dream—
 Sees her wedding, it would seem.
 This has turned the maiden's head ;
 She decks her when she leaves her bed,
 Bathes herself, and combs her hair,
 Gazes in the mirror fair ;
 Throws her eyes about and plays,
 Casts them down, and to them says :
 ' Little eyes, I'll bless you so,
 To the dance as now we go,
 If you there yourselves will use,
 Husband for me well to choose.
 Age and gold I don't desire ;
 Youth and beauty I require.
 An old man's hard to satisfy ;
 One may not laugh when he is by ;
 Soft on his mattress must he lie ;
 His pillows one must pile up high,
 And all the night he's snoring lying,
 While by his side the maid is sighing.'

FAIR ONES AND DARK ONES (I.).

(ARAVANDINOS, 378.)

To the dance the fair ones go,
Little boats to sea that row ;
Out come troops of maids brown-eyed,
Oranges in clusters tied ;
Out comes many a black-eyed maiden,
Who's with moles like olives laden ;^a
Out comes one with eyes of blue,
Waist so slim and fair to view.
Out comes, too, a partridge small,
But with widest skirts of all ;
As she danced and skipped around,
One poor youth cast eyes to ground.

FAIR ONES AND DARK ONES (II.).

Zagórie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 379.)

To the dance the fair ones go,
Sorely lovesick I'm laid low ;
Dark ones come, too, in my sight,
Girls whose waists are slim and slight.
Out, too, come the maids black-eyed—
Curse them ! I for them have died.
Still come those with eyes of blue,
Wearing aprons green of hue ;
Out, too, come the partridge-eyed,
Flower bedecked, and rosy dyed.

^a Literally 'covered with olives.' See *above*, p. 126, note ^a.

THE DANCER.

Grevena.

(ARAVANDINOS, 426.)

Now it is Easter Sunday gay,
Now 'tis a gladsome feast day,
Now all the maidens busk themselves
To go and dance the *hóra*.

Go ! bring to me my ornaments,
And bring to me my mirror,
That I may deck and see myself,
And trip forth like a partridge,
To set the merry dance on foot,
Down on the village common.

And dancing there I'll raise my eyes,
And they shall dart forth lightnings ;
The Turks for me will slay themselves,
Apostatize to Romeots.

And I will cause Mehmét Aghá
To lose his wits entirely :
And I will make the Primate priest
To miss his Easter masses.

THE DANCE OF THE MAIDENS.

(ARAVANDINOS, 410.)

' OUT, now, maidens, to the dance !
Out while you have still the chance ;
For very soon you'll wedded be,
From household troubles never free ;
When children round you 'gin to grow,
How to neighbours' can you go ?'

‘ We shall beat them well, I trow ;
 Leave them all at home, I vow !’
 ‘ Time to dance how can you take,
 When you have to cook and bake ?’
 ‘ We will leave the bread to burn,
 All the meat to smoke may turn !’
 ‘ You must sit at home and spin ;
 Weaving, too, will keep you in.’
 ‘ Both we mock at gaily, pooh !
 At the loom and distaff too !’
 ‘ Your husband you indoors will close,
 And with his stick he’ll give you blows.’
 ‘ The stick should have two ends, he’d see !
 And we would have a second key !’

THE GREEN TREE.

(ARAVANDINOS, 406.)

(*Strophe.*) WHOEVER did green tree behold—
 (*Antistrophe.*) *Thine eyes are black, thy hair is gold !*
 (*Str.*) That with silver leaves was set ?—
 (*Ant.*) *Jet black eyes, and brows of jet !*
 (*Str.*) And on whose bosom there was gold—
 (*Ant.*) *O eyes that so much weeping hold !*
 (*Str.*) At its root a fountain flowing—
 (*Ant.*) *Who can right from wrong be knowing ?*
 (*Str.*) There I bent, the fount above,—
 (*Ant.*) *To quench the burning flame of love !*
 (*Str.*) There I drank that I might fill me,—
 (*Ant.*) *That my heart I thus might cool me.*

(Str.) But my kerchief I let slip—

(Ant.) *O what burning has my lip !*

(Str.) Gold-embroidered for my pleasure—

(Ant.) *'Twas a gift to me, the treasure !*

(Str.) That one it was they broidered me,—

(Ant.) *While sweetly they did sing for me !*

(Str.) Little maids so young and gay,—

(Ant.) *Cherries of the month of May !*

(Str.) One in Yannina was born,—

(Ant.) *Robe of silk did her adorn !*

(Str.) T'other from Zagórie strayed,—

(Ant.) *Rosy-cheeked this little maid !*

(Str.) An eagle one embroidered me—

(Ant.) *Come forth, my love, thee would I see !*

(Str.) T'other a robin-redbreast tidy,—

(Ant.) *Thursday—yes, and also Friday !^a*

(Str.) Should a youth my kerchief find,—

(Ant.) *Black-eyed with gold tresses twined !*

(Str.) And a maiden from him bear it,—

(Ant.) *Round her slim waist let her wear it !*

THE WOOER'S GIFT.

Parga.

(ARAVANDINOS, 384.)

(Strophe.) A YOUNGSTER me an apple sent, he sent a
braid of scarlet—

(Antistrophe). *He sent a braid of scarlet.*

^a Literally 'Monday and Tuesday ;' but as these words are merely brought in for the rhyme, I have taken a similar liberty.

(Str.) The apple I did eat anon, and kept the braid of scarlet—

(Ant.) *And kept the braid of scarlet.*

(Str.) I wove it in my tresses fair, and in my hair so golden—

(Ant.) *And in my hair so golden.*

(Str.) And to the sea-beach I went down, and to the shore of ocean—

(Ant.) *And to the shore of ocean ;*

(Str.) And there the women dancing were, and drew me in among them—

(Ant.) *And drew me in among them.*

(Str.) The youngster's mother there I found, and there, too, was his sister—

(Ant.) *There was his eldest sister.*

(Str.) And as I leapt and danced amain, and as I skipped and strutted—

(Ant.) *And as I skipped and strutted,*

(Str.) My cap fell off, and ev'ryone could see my braid of scarlet—

(Ant.) *Could see my braid of scarlet.*

(Str.) 'I say, the braid you're wearing there was to my son belonging—

(Ant.) *My dearest son belonging.'*

(Str.) 'And if the braid that now I wear was to your son belonging—

(Ant.) *Your dearest son belonging,*

(Str.) He sent an apple, it I ate, my hair the braid I wound through ;

(Ant.) *And I will soon be crowned, too.'*^a

^a *I. e.*, married.

THE LITTLE ROSE.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 18.)

- (*Strophe.*) By three wide oceans girt about,—
 (*Antistrophe.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*
 (*Str.*) Stands secure a lofty castle—
 (*Ant.*) *Far famed golden orange !*
 (*Str.*) Up within it one there sits—
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*
 (*Str.*) And she golden coins is stringing—
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon !*
 (*Str.*) Stringing and unstringing yet—
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*
 (*Str.*) Strings a dozen she has finished—
 (*Ant.*) *And, alas ! my wits diminished !*
 (*Str.*) Six around her neck she's twisting—
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*
 (*Str.*) Six around her head she's twining—
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon !*
 (*Str.*) 'Come forth, my Sun, that I go forth—
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*
 (*Str.*) Shine Thou out that I may shine too—
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon !*
 (*Str.*) That many hearts I may consume—
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*
 (*Str.*) And if thou shinest out, my Sun—
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon !*
 (*Str.*) Thou all the herbs wilt wither—
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*
 (*Str.*) And I, if I shine out, my Sun—
 (*Ant.*) *Orange sweet and lemon !*
 (*Str.*) I all the youths shall wither—
 (*Ant.*) *Red and thirty-petalled rose !*

THE CHIOTE MAIDEN.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 16.)

Down upon the shore, down upon the sea-
beach,

he.) On the shore a maiden, see !

Blossom covered orange-tree !

ashing are the Chiote girls, the parson's
daughters—

nt.) And a Chiote maiden wee,

Blossoming like lemon-tree !

ere one Chiote maid, parson's little daughter—

nt.) One small Chiote maiden, see !

Blossoming like orange-tree !

ashing, hanging out, and with the sand still
playing—

nt.) Washing, hanging out, is she,

Blossoming like lemon-tree !

her sails a boat caulked with gold its timbers—

nt.) By her sails a boatie, see !

Blossoming like orange-tree !

ight the boatie shines, bright her oars are
glancing—

nt.) Bright, too, shines the maiden, see !

Blossoming like lemon-tree !

reas blows, the West Wind, and the Tra-
montána—

nt.) Boreas blows upon her, see !

Blossoming like orange-tree !

id uncovers he her pretty foot and ankle—

nt.) Shows her pretty ankle he,

Blossoming like lemon-tree !

(Str.) Brightly shone the sea, all the world was shining—

(Ant.) *Lighted all the ocean she,
Blossoming like orange-tree !*

THE EARLY WEDDED LASSIE.

Corinth.

(ARAVANDINOS, 417.)

(Strophe.) Now would I set a dance a-foot,—

(Antistrophe.) *My early-wedded lassie !*

(Str.) That all the world may learn it,—

(Ant.) *Betrothed so young, my lassie !*

(Str.) May learn it, and take heed to them,—

(Ant.) *My early-wedded lassie !*

(Str.) How Love doth seize upon us ;—

(Ant.) *Betrothed so young, my lassie !*

(Str.) It through the eyes takes hold on us^a,—

(Ant.) *My early-wedded lassie !*

(Str.) And roots itself within the heart,—

(Ant.) *Betrothed so young, my lassie !*

(Str.) Puts forth its roots and lifts its crest,—

(Ant.) *My early-wedded lassie !*

(Str.) Its green and leafy branches,—

(Ant.) *Betrothed so young, my lassie !*

(Str.) Bursts out in blossoms red and gay,—

(Ant.) *My early-wedded lassie !*

(Str.) The flowers of Love these blossoms,—

(Ant.) *Betrothed so young, my lassie !*

(Str.) And in the bosoms of these flowers,—

^a Compare Theokritos, 'φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ, ὅθεν ἵκετο,' and 'ἐκ τοῦ ὅραν τὸ ἔραν.' Also Shakespeare's,

'Tell me where is Fancy bred,' etc.

- (*Ant.*) *My early-wedded lassie !*
 (*Str.*) The bees are ever sipping ;—
 (*Ant.*) *Betrothed so young, my lassie !*
 (*Str.*) The honey *archontes* do eat,—
 (*Ant.*) *My early-wedded lassie !*
 (*Str.*) The wax the saints do feed on,—
 (*Ant.*) *Betrothed so young, my lassie !*

THE LOVESICK LASS.

Zagórie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 416.)

- (*Strophe.*) ‘O LASSIE mine, with dusky brow,
 Wilt thou no pity for me show ?
 (*Antistrophe.*) *Why still stand with scornful air,
 While I am dying of despair ?*
 (*Str.*) Lean from thy lattice, lassie mine,
 They steal from thee thy roses fine !’
 (*Ant.*) ‘*If forth I lean, what think’st to gain ?
 Thou wilt get naught to ease thy pain.*
 (*Str.*) ‘Come, lassie, to thy doorway then,
 An eagle’s carrying off thy hen !’
 (*Ant.*) ‘*And if I do, what gain have you ?—
 Rake, with your fez cocked all askew !*
 (*Str.*) ‘Come to thy porch, and be not coy,
 Long may’st thou live thy mother’s joy !’
 (*Ant.*) ‘*And if I come, what wilt thou gain ?—
 That will not rid thee of thy pain !*
 (*Str.*) ‘O lassie mine, with dusky brow,
 Why art so cruel to me now ?
 (*Ant.*) *Who has kissed thy lips, my dear ?—
 Lips extolled both far and near !*
 (*Str.*) ‘One who so sweetly sang to me,
 But now has journey’d o’er the sea.

- (*Ant.*) *Say, what can I find to send
To my love, my faithful friend?*
- (*Str.*) *Should I an apple send, 'twould dry,
A thirty-petalled rose, 'twould die,*
- (*Ant.*) *A quince, it soon would shrivelled lie,
And he would gaze on it, and sigh.*
- (*Str.*) *My tears unto my love I'll send,
Which from my eyes stream without end,*
- (*Ant.*) *Upon this rosy kerchief, see!
And let him send it back to me!*

THE CONFESSOR.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 6.)

- (*Strophe.*) *FULL forty days— (Antistrophe.) And Amán!
Amán!^a*
- (*Str.*) *Full forty days I meditate,
Full forty days I meditate,
Ere to the priest my way I take.
And once I'd gone, and twice I'd gone,
And once I'd gone, and twice I'd gone,
But him could never find alone.*
- (*Str.*) *I went once more— (Ant.) And Amán! Amán!*
- (*Str.*) *I went one Sunday morn as well,
I went one Sunday morn as well,
And then I found him in his cell.*
- (*Str.*) *I knelt and kissed— (Ant.) And Amán!
Amán!*
- (*Str.*) *I knelt and kissed the parson's hand,
I knelt and kissed the parson's hand,
And sat me down at his command.*

^a This ejaculation has in Greek, as in Turkish, many shades of meaning, and might be here translated 'O dear!'

(Str.) 'Papá, let me—' (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) 'Papá, let me my sins confess,
Papá, let me my sins confess,
And then do thou me shrive and bless!'

(Str.) 'Thy sins are—' (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) 'Thy sins are very many, O,
Thy sins are very many, O,
No more love-making must thou go!'

(Str.) 'When thou relin—' (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) 'When thou relinquishest, Papá,
When thou relinquishest, Papá,
Thy bread baskets and *litourgía*.'

(Str.) 'Then will I—' (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) 'Then will I, too, cease to rove,
Then will I, too, cease to rove,
In search of the black eyes I love!'

(Str.) Goes the par— (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) Goes the parson to his prayer,
Goes the parson to his prayer,
Go I to his daughter fair.

(Str.) Goes the priest— (Ant.) *And Amán! Amán!*

(Str.) Goes the priest to church to pray,
Goes the priest to church to pray,
Steal I to his wife away!

THE LEMON-TREE.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 418.)

OF the Lemon-tree ask I one lemon alone.

She answers—' *They've counted them every one!*'

Of the Lemon-tree ask I for lemons but two.
 She answers—‘*Not one even is there for you !*’
 Of the Lemon-tree ask I, I ask lemons three.
 She answers me—‘*Rascal ! I owe none to thee.*’
 Of the Lemon-tree ask I, four lemons I claim.
 She answers—‘*Who art thou ? I know not thy name.*’
 Of the Lemon-tree ask I, five lemons so bright.
 She says—‘*Hold the candle and show me a light !*’
 Of the Lemon-tree ask I, six lemons I pray !
 She says—‘*Hold it still till it’s all burnt away !*’^a

HOW THEY GRIND PEPPER.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 407.)

Now, my lasses, I will show you, how they pound and
 grind the pepper—

For the Devil, the *kaloyers*—
 With your noses grind it, so !^b
 Backwards, forwards, grind it, so !

Now, my lasses, etc.,
 With your elbows grind it, so !
 Backwards, forwards, grind it, so !

Now, my lasses, etc.,
 With your knees now grind it, so !
 Backwards, forwards, grind it, so !

^a Compare the game of ‘*Oranges and Lemons*’—
 ‘Oranges and lemons, says the bells of St. Clements,’ etc., etc. ;
 which suddenly ends with

‘Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
 Here comes a chopper to chop off the last one’s head.’

^b The dancers make corresponding movements to each verse.

Now, my lasses, etc.,

With your feet then grind it, so!

Backwards, forwards, grind it, so!

Now, my lasses, etc.,

With your nails now grind it, so!

Backwards, forwards, grind it, so!

SUBSECTION (II.) FESTIVAL SONGS.^a

*NEW YEAR'S DAY.*³⁵

Amorgos.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 643.)

THE month's first day, the year's first day, the first of
January!

Saint Basil now is coming forth, from Cesaræa coming,
Tapers and incense in his hand, with paper, too, and
ink horn.

Three Saints there meet him on the way, and all the
three thus question:

'Say, Basil, whence art coming now, and whence art
thou descending?'

'I from my mother coming am, and to the school I'm
going.'

'Sit down and eat, sit down and drink, sit down and
sing thou to us!'

^a This and the following song are sung at house doors for *largesse*. As the subjects of other Festival Songs are the events of the Christian Year, they will be found in CLASS I., Section iii., and their titles only are given here.

1. For the Feast of the Christ-births.
2. The Feast of the Lights, or Epiphany.
3. Vaia, or Palm Sunday.
4. Ode to the Sacred Passions.
5. For the Great Friday.

‘ I letters only learning am, of singing I know
nothing.’

‘ Well, if thou now a scholar art, say us thine *Alpha*,
Beta !’

And then the staff on which he leaned to say his
Alpha, *Beta*,

The staff that was all dry and dead put forth fresh
buds and branches ;

And on the topmost branches perched a gaily plumaged
partridge ;

And stood below, with water filled, a finely sculptured
basin.

And down to it the partridge flew, and drank, and
fluttered upwards,

She with her dripping feathers fine, did the *Affendi*
sprinkle.^a

Affendi, and all-worthy sir, and five times o’er *Affendi* !
For thee, *Affendi*, fitting ’twere to be on black horse
mounted,

With three to hold thy saddle on, and six to hold thy
stirrup,

And three men more to beg of thee—‘ *Affendi*, be thou
mounted !’

And seemly, too, it were for thee to seat thee on a
carpet,

And with thy right hand counting out, and with thy
left hand lending ;

And meet for thee were, too, the shops within Con-
stantinople,

To gather in the coins of gold, and sift the silver
aspras.

For our *Affendi* we have said, we’ll now speak for our
Lady :

^a See *above*, p. 112, note ².

O Lady of the marble neck! O Lady of the moon-
cheeks!

Who hast the Sun for countenance, and hast the Moon
for bosom;

The jetty wing of raven, too, thou hast for archéd
eyebrow;

Thy courtyards all of marble are, of bright steel are
thy portals,

And golden doorposts to thy doors, archways with
pearls bestudded.

Thou hast a son, a gentle boy, a sweet musk-scented
darling;

Thou bathest him, and combest him, and to the school
thou send'st him.

The schoolmaster set him to work, his lessons to be
learning,

When flew a spark the candle out, and set on fire his
papers;

And set on fire his garments, too, so beautifully
broidered;

His garments which had broidered been so fine by
three Princesses.

One with her love had broidered them; one them with
silk had broidered;

The third, the fairest of them all, heaven with its stars
had broidered.

We've for our Lady said our say, now speak we for her
Daughter:

O Lady dear, thy Daughter fair, the crown is of the
kingdom!

From far off Venice have they sent a ring for her
betrothal;

Loved is she by a ruler's³⁶ son, and her he fain would
marry.

But as he is a ruler's son, he asks a lordly dowry ;
 Vineyards he asks unvintaged all, and fields asks with
 their harvests ;
 And for the sea he likewise asks—the sea with all its
 vessels.
 But if he should with her be blessed,^a he'd slay a
 thousand oxen,
 Nine thousand sheep besides he'd slay, three thousand
 goats he'd slaughter,
 So that his friends might eat and drink, his foes might
 burst with envy.
 We've for our Lady said our say, and now the Nurse
 address we :³⁷
 Light for us now the candles, Nurse ! go upstairs and
 come downstairs ;
 Take in thy hand thy little keys, thy keys with pearls
 encrusted,
 And open now for us thy chest, thy chest of many
 colours ;
 And take thou a good handful out, and throw them to
 our fiddle,
 And we will love thee, all of us, and our good Fate
 shalt thou be.
 And should it please thee so to do, our dear white-
 plumaged partridge,
 Open to us the lordly doors that we wish all ' Good-
 even !'

THE FIRST OF MAY.

(ARAVANDINOS, 440.)

O MAY has come, the month of May, the month of
 May is with us,

^a *I. e.*, blessed by the priest in marriage.

May, with her thirty-petalled flowers, and April with
his roses.

Thou, April, art in roses drest ; and May, thou month
most cherished,

Thou floodest all the gladsome world again with bloom
and blossom ;

And me thou twinest tenderly in the embrace of
beauty.

Go, tell the maiden that I love, go, give the maiden
warning,

That I am coming with a kiss before the rain or snow
falls ;

Before the Danube shall come down, and draw the
rivers to him.

When it is raining I go forth, and when the shower
ceases,

And when the still small rain falls down, then springs
the sweet carnation.

O open us your little purse, your purse with pearls
embroidered !

If it has groats in, give them us ; and if but pence, yet
give them,

And if sweet wine within you find, give us that we may
drink it.



SUBSECTION (III). HUMOUROUS SONGS.³⁸*THE PARSON'S WIFE.*

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 7.)

O MAIDENS, to the dance come out, and learn our lays
and ballads,

And see the broidered aprons gay, green aprons and
blue aprons ;

And see, too, how the Parson's Wife comes out among
the gallants.

The Parson follows close at hand, and at her side goes
begging :

' O most shortwaiting *papadia*,^a two words I want to
ask thee :

How canst thou leave our house unkept, and all alone
the children ?'

' Go, parson, go, do thou go home—go stay thou with
thy children,

And I with the young men will go, and with the
pallikaria.'

' I say, where are the *Hierá*,^b that I may chant the
service ?'

' The fire may burn the *Hierá*, the house, and thee
within it !'

^a Παπαδιά, the title given to the wife of a Παπάς, or parish priest.

^b The ' holy things '—the church books, vestments, etc.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.^a

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 354.)

A SHEPHERD once a wife had he,
To curdle milk she'd ne'er agree ;
His cheese to him she'd never bear,
To leave him was her only care,
And to the town she fain would go,
And she would be a lady O !
' O leave me not, my partridge dear ;
Still with me bide—live with me here.
I'll sell the pig that's in the sty,
A fur-lined cloak for thee to buy ;
I'll sell the goats, and have a ring,
Made with the money that they bring ;
And all the kids for thee I'll sell,
To buy thee earrings fine, as well ;
I'll sell the sheepfold for thy sake,
So I a dress for thee can make ;
I'll sell the farm, and land I'll lack,
So thou mayst have a mantle black.'^b

^a This song recalls the English nursery rhyme :

' Johnny Scott, a man of law,
Sold his bed, and lay on the straw ;
Sold the straw, and lay on the grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.'

^b The ordinary outer garment of shepherds' wives is of unbleached and undyed wool.

*THE STUMBLE.**Préveza.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 396.)

ALL the maidens here I see,
All but her who's dear to me.
Water she has gone to bring,
I'll go seek her at the spring.
There will I her pitcher crack,
Empty handed she'll go back.
Her mother asks when she gets home,
What of her pitcher has become ?
' I tripped, my mother, near the well,
And broke my pitcher as I fell.'
' It was no tripping broke your jug,
But likelier far some gallant's hug !'

THE SYMPOSIUM.

(ARAVANDINOS, 411.)

DRINK we beakers filled to brim,
With us black-eyed maidens trim ;
Black eyes with us at our wine ;
Black eyes from the windows shine
If I were a klepht I'd steal 'em,
Or were cunning, I'd beguile 'em !
To the market they should go,
While the crier went to and fro ;
I would sell 'em, I'll be bound,
Sell 'em for five hundred pound !

‘ But these eyes cannot be sold,
Nor can trafficked be for gold ;
Freely given they ever are,
To a worthy pallikar !’

THE WINESELLER.

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 421.)

IN Anatolia [so they tell],
In Adrianople town as well,
Sweet wine, red wine, there they sell.
There the Turks come every day ;
Drink, and then their reck’ning pay.
One old Koniár^a who’s drunk his wine,
To pay his score refuses.
‘ O give me, Turk, my *aspra*,^b now,
And I’ll to thee a lady bring,
Who has sequins by the string.’
‘ Thou no lady need’st me bring,
Who has sequins by the string ;
But a Vlacha, mountain-bred,
One who wears an apron red.’

THE GALLANTS.

Zagorie.

(ARAVANDINOS, 390.)

ALONG are passing gallants gay,
And on their lutes they sweetly play.
‘ O play, my little lute, an air !
Who knows ? we may entice some fair,

^a An Asiatic Turk, settled in Europe, and so called from the ancient Turkish capital, Konieh (Qonya), *Iconium*, in Asia Minor.

^b See *Trans.*, p. 107, note ^a.

As through the quarter down below,
 Or lordlier *mahallá*,^a we go !
 A high-born maid awakes from sleep,
 And from her mattress off doth leap ;
 Her casement gains with hurrying feet,
 And glances down into the street.
 ' O lordly little window high,
 What song wouldst hear as I pass by ?
 It is a sin, if e'er was one,
 So fair a maid should sleep alone !'

THE JANISSARY.

Salónica.

(ARAVANDINOS, 424.)

AT Salónica's gate [of yore],
 There sat a Janissary ;
 A Janissary youth was he,
 And in his hand a lute he bore.—

A lute of gold. He strikes its strings.
 ' Play, little lute,' to it he sings :
 ' And tell me, for thou know'st, I wis,
 What is the value of a kiss ?'

' A matron's, sequins twelve will cost ;
 For widow's, just fourteen you'd pay ;
 To kiss a sweet unmarried maid,
 Venetian sequins five were lost.'

^a Quarter, or street.

THE HEGOUMENOS AND THE VLACH GIRL.

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 383.)

To the upper quarter go,
Or the neighbourhood below ;
Vlach girls sit, and wash them there—
Sit and wash, and comb their hair.
This a 'goúmenos^a was told,
Breathless ran he to behold.
' Vlachopoúla, thee I love ;
This I've come to tell my dove.'
' Goúmenè, if thou lov'st true ;
Go and fetch a boat, now do ;
' Handsome let its boatmen be,
To pull the oars for thee and me.'

THE BULGARIAN GIRL..

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 425.)

LONG years a doz'n I toiled and moiled,
Within Stambouli's workshops ;
Sequins a thousand there I earned,
Piastres earned five hundred ;
All of them in one night I spent,
With one Bulgarian damsel.
Give me, O Bulgar, back my coins,
And give me back my sequins !^b

^a 'Ηγούμενος, Hegumenos, or Abbot.

^b This Song recalls the story of that famous satire of Sappho's, in which she ridiculed her brother Charaxas for having spent all

THE KLEPHTS.

(ZAMBELIOS, II., 45.)

To the hills the klephtēs came,
 Stealing horses was their game ;
 But no horses did they find,
 So my little lambs they took,
 Flocks of kids from 'neath my crook.
 There they go, they go, they're gone !
 O poor things, poor things, poor things !
 Little lambkins mine,
 Little goats of mine,
Vaï !^a

They took from me my milk-pail new,
 In which my flocks' sweet milk I drew ;
 They took from me my reed-pipe true—
 From out my hand they took it, too.
 There they go, they go, they're gone !
 O poor things, poor things, poor things !
 Little pipe of mine,
 Little pail of mine,
Vaï !

My wether's gone, too, from the fold ;
 He had a fleece as bright as gold,
 And horns of silver on his head.
 There they go, they go, they're gone ;

his profit on a cargo of wine with the beautiful Thracian hetaira, Doricha, usually called 'Rosycheeks' ('Ροδῶπις), once the fellow-slave of 'Æsop, the fable-writer,' and brought to Navkratis, at the eastern mouth of the Nile, by the Samian merchant, Zantes.—See ATHENÆUS, *Deipn.*, xiii. c. 69.

^a *Báï!* an exclamation either of mere surprise, or of distress and dismay.

O poor things, poor things, poor things !
 Little flocks of mine,
 Little wether mine,
Vaï !

Panaghia, I pray of thee,
 Punish all these klephts for me !
 Ay, and on them sudden fall ;
 Take away their weapons all.
 In their strongholds punish them,
 Yea, and all the like of them.
 O poor things, poor things, poor things !
 Little flocks of mine,
 Little wether mine,
Vaï !

Panaghia, if heard by thee,
 And thou smite the klephts for me ;
 And again within the fold
 Comes my ram, with fleece of gold,
 I'll roast when comes next Easter round,
 The fattest lamb that can be found,
 Till from the spit it falls to ground !
 O poor things, poor things, poor things !
 Little flocks of mine,
 Little wether mine,
Vaï !

Another version (KIND, *Anthologie*, I., 16) concludes as follows :

PANAGHIA, if heard by thee,
 And thou smite these klephts for me,
 A lamb I'll roast thee, I'll be bound,
 Till from spit it falls to ground.


And mid April's flowers so gay,
On St. George's holy day,
I will feast and eat my fill,
And rejoice with right goodwill.

THE KLEPHT TURNED FARMER.

Epeiros.

(ARAVANDINOS, 352.)

THE Klephtë's trade had Yianni left, and now would be
a farmer ;
His plough he made of figtree-wood, the yoke he made
of laurel ;
He made of bulrushes his team, an old spade was his
ploughshare ;
As for his goad, it was a stick, cut from a branch of
olive.
He sowed, and when the autumn came, he reaped his
corn nine measures.
The five he owed, and paid them back, three by the
Turks were taken,
The one, poor one, that's left to him, he to the mill
will carry.
He finds the clapper on the mill, and cut off is the
water ;
And while he makes the water run, and sets the mill
agoing,
The rats come out on every side, and gnaw his sack to
tatters.
' I say, boo, boo, my little sack ! Ah me ! I am un-
lucky !'



And while he's twisting him his thread^a to mend his
torn sack's tatters,

A wolf comes out from t' other side, and kills and eats
his donkey.

' I say, boo, boo, my donkey dear! Ah me! I am un-
lucky!'

Away he goes and climbs a hill, and sits him in the
sunshine;

And takes him off his breeches wide, to rid them of the
vermin.

From high above an eagle swoops, and carries off his
breeches.

' I say, boo, boo, O breeches mine! Ah me! I am un-
lucky!'

He sets out down the hill again, and soon his children
spy him.

' O *mána*, here *Affendi*^b comes, and from the mill he's
coming,

Without the sack, without the ass, and oh! without
his breeches!'

Yannóna to the door came out—she for the flour was
waiting—

And called to him: ' Come, hurry now! the cakes I
must be kneading;

For hungry all the children are, and for their food
they're screaming.'

' Now hold thy tongue, thou featherbrain!^c I'm
deafened with thy chatter;

For unbreeched home thou seest I've come, and come
without the donkey!'

^a Unspun yarn, which is dexterously twisted with the hands as required for use.

^b See *above*, p. 162, n. ^a.

^c Ζαλιάρικα, from Ζάλη, giddiness.



CLASS III.

HISTORICAL FOLK-BALLADS :
BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HISTORICAL
MEMORIES;
BYZANTINE, OTTOMAN, AND HELLENIC.

SECTION (I.)

BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF BYZANTINE
MEMORIES.

*ANDRÓNIKOS AND HIS TWO SONS.*²⁰

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THE Saracens are pillaging, the Arabs, too, are
harrying ;
They're harrying Andrónikos, his wife, too, they take
with them.
Nine months within her bosom then had she her baby
carried ;
And in the prison brings it forth, and nurses it in
fetters.
Crumbs soaked in milk the mother takes, and these
she gives her baby ;

The Emir's wife her baby feeds on crumbs of bread
and honey ;

And thus to him his mother says : ' My son ! Andrónikos' son !'

Thus says to him the Emir's wife : ' My son ! and my Emir's son !'

When one year old he grasped a sword ; when two, a lance he wielded :

And ere his third year he had passed was held to be a hero.

Forth goes he, and his fame is great, and no one him can daunt,

Not even Peter Phocas ; no, nor even Nikephóras ;

Nor Petrotráchilos, who makes the earth and kosmos tremble ;

Nor Konstantínos does he fear, should he in fair fight meet him.

They lead to him his charger black ; at once he leaps and mounts him ;

His flank he touches with the spur, the hill they have ascended ;

And there the Saracens they find, their skill at leaping trying.

' Such leaps as those you're leaping, you, are only fit for women,

Not women who are barren yet, but women who are pregnant !

You nine black steeds among you have, with mine you ten may number.

Bind now my hands behind my back, with three-fold chains, too, bind them ;

And sew you up my little eyes with thread of three strands twisted ;

Upon my shoulders place a mass of lead that weighs
three quintals ;

And circle, too, my ankles round with heavy iron
fettters.'

They bind his hands behind his back, with triple
chains they bind them ;

His eyelids they together sew with thread of three
strands twisted ;

And they upon his shoulders place a weight of lead,
three quintals ;

And circle, too, his ankles round with heavy gyves of
iron.

When all this had they done to him, the Saracens thus
hailed him :

' Ah ! baby boy, and younker bold, recover now thy
freedom !'

To ope his eyes he then essays, the threefold threads
are broken ;

His infant hands he does but move, the iron chains fall
from them ;

His baby shoulders then he shrugs, the leaden weight
has fallen ;

Twice only does he upwards bound, when from him
fall the fettters ;

O'er the nine horses' backs he leaps, and on his own
alights he ;

One touch he gives him of the spur, and on the plain
they find them.

There calls to him his mother dear, and hails him from
the window :

' My son, if to thy sire thou'dst go, tarry, that I may
charge thee :

The tents of other men are red, a black tent is thy father's ;

Unless thou art adjured three times, do thou not quit thy saddle.'

And as she bade him, so he did, and just as she had charged him.

The tents of all the rest were red, the black tent was his father's.

Three times around it did he hie, but could no door discover ;

He gave its side a hearty kick, from outside inside came he.

Andrónikos beholds him then, and, coming forth, salutes him,

Invites him to dismount, and asks him many, many questions :

' Ah ! baby boy, and youngster bold, now say who are thy kindred ?

Tell me of what stock thou art come, and say what is thy birthplace ?'

' If three times thou adjure me not, I will not leave my saddle.'

' If, youngster bold, I draw my sword, then well will I adjure thee !'

' And if thou shouldest draw thy sword, my sword can I not draw too ?'

' If, youngster bold, I seize my spear, then well will I adjure thee !'

' And if thou shouldest seize thy spear, my spear can I not seize too ?'

' Now may the sword I girded wear, which cuts both for- and backwards,

Be plunged within my heart if I should do thee any evil !'

The Emir he approaches, and vaults lightly from his
saddle,
And then the Emir questions him, and asks him of his
kindred ;
Asks him of what stock he is come, and asks him of
his birthplace.
' The Saracens were pillaging,' etc. [here follows the
story as above].

In tears is bathed Andrónikos as he on him now gazes.
His folded hands he lifts to Heaven and thus his God
he praises :

' To Thee I praises give, sweet God, twice and three
times I praise Thee,
I was a lonely sparrow-hawk, two sparrow-hawks have
I now !'

' O God, if I Thy creature am, Christ, grant me now
this prayer :

Cause to appear before me now only a little army ;
Let there but sixty standards be, and men a hundred
thousand !'

As if the youth had been a Saint, his prayer got heard
and granted,

And there before him soon appeared the army he had
asked for ;

Nor very small was it, nor yet was it a very large one,
But sixty standards numbered it, and men a hundred
thousand.

The many leaves upon the trees, the many stars of
heaven,

The many wavelets of the sea, can only them out-
number.

He first attacked them in the rear, the centre soon was
routed ;

And as he turned and followed them he met with
Konstantino :

‘ Give heed, give heed, O Konstantine, or I may do
thee damage !

My sword hilt burns within my hand, my sword, it
flashes lightnings ;

My good right arm has not yet found that which may
satisfy it !’

Then answers Konstantine the boy, and thus to him
replies he :

‘ There are wild dogs in plenty here, do thou hie forth
and slay them !’

Both to the onset spur their steeds, the bridles touch
each other,

And meet the points of their two spears. They go to
seek their father ;

They bend before him, kiss his hand, and take from
him his blessing.

KOSTANTES.

Amorgos.

(*Δελτίον*, I., 646.)

THE King set forth to hunt one day, the King would go
a-hunting,

With five-and-sixty noble lords, with eighty *pallikária*,

And with the sons of Papanos, and with him Kostantino.

All day they scour the country round, but yet they find
no quarry ;

And as the sun began to dip, two hours before the
darkness,

A lion they approaching see, a lion see descending,

And shining was his noble head, like full moon shining
brightly ;

His tail behind him he did lash, and twist in knots full
sixty,

By every knot there written was—‘Of you I fear not
sixty!’

Towards where Kostantë did stand, there went the lion
roaring,

And Kostantë avoided it, and rode away behind it.

‘Turn, turn thy horse, O Kosta, now, and to the lion
ride thee!’

‘I am afraid, my lord and King, I fear that he’ll
destroy me!’

‘Now by the Holy Wood I hold, and by my charm I
charge thee,

And by Constantinople too, my Kosta, be not fearful!’

With four strides has he reached the lion, with five has
crushed and slain him.

As many nobles as were there with jealous eye beheld
him.

‘O seest thou, our lord and King?—that Kostantino
seest thou?—

Seize thou upon him stealthily, and stealthily, too,
bind him;

And secretly imprison him within a tower of iron,

In tower all of iron built, and with a lead roof
covered.’

And so one Easter Sunday gay, a glorious day of
springtide,


They secretly laid hold of him, and secretly they bound
him,

And secretly they shut him up within a tower of iron,

A tower all of iron built, and with a lead roof covered.

And as his father sat at meat, away in Babylonia,

The wine, as he was drinking it, turned turbid in the
winecup.⁴⁰



‘ Now know I that this day my son within a trap is
taken ;
Ensnared is he, and fettered too, and fast is held in
prison !’
Soon in the stirrup was his foot, he mounts and swiftly
rides he ;
His good black horse soon sets him down outside the
tower of iron.
One kick he gives the iron tower, and in and out goes
freely ;
His son he seizes by the hand, and to the King he
leads him.
‘ O seest thou, my lord the King, seest thou this Kos-
tantino ?—
If thou shouldst do him any harm, or if thou shouldst
destroy him,
Then will I slay thee, O my King, yea, with thy queen
I’ll slay thee,
Constantinople town, that’s thine, with herds of swine
I’ll fill it !’

*SIGRÓPOULOS.*⁴¹

Kappadocia.

(*Δελτίον*, I., 718.)

ALL day long does Andrónikos his sons thus warn and
counsel:

‘ My boys, if you a-hunting go, mind you go not down
yonder ;

Sigrópoulos has planted him, and there he men doth
swallow.’

But when the youths did hear of this, then had they
great rejoicings.

They hunted and they hunted, and they went down
over yonder,

And went to see Sigrópoulos, and found him stitching
harness.

‘ Well doest thou, Sigrópoulë !’ ‘ My lambs, you too
are welcome !

Fine china youths are you [I wot], with little hands of
china !’

‘ Andrónikos’ [nine] sons are we, his little hands are we
too !’

‘ And I with good Andrónikos a bond of brotherhood
made ;

A bond of brotherhood have we, and there’s an oath
betwixt us !’

‘ Andrónikos is dead and gone, the brotherhood is
severed ;

Andrónikos is lost to us, lost is the oath betwixt ye !’

Andrónikos at table sat, there came to him a presage :
The bread which in his hand he held grew hard as
’twere a pebble ;

The wine which in his hand he held became like blood
and troubled.⁴⁰

‘ Now somewhere in the world the Turks do sore
oppress my children !

Bring here to me my little staff, which weighs full forty
litras ;

And bring to me my little sword, which forward cuts
and backwards ;

And bring me here my good black horse, my young
foal bring me hither !

But if I by the dry land go, too late shall I o’ertake
them,

If by the marshy lands I go, I fear to sink beneath
them.’



The sea he for his girdle donned, the heavens for his
turban,
The raven's wing for eyelashes, the upper and the
under ;
A thousand hours of ocean's length he in one hour had
travelled.
He went and found Sigrópoulos, laid down was he, and
sleeping.
' Oho ! Oho ! Sigrópoulë ! who liest down and sleepest !'
' The crime was none of mine [I say], the crime it was
thy children's.
For thus they came and said to me—" Andrónikos has
perished,
The bond of brotherhood is broke, lost is the oath
betwixt ye !"
But let me to the bath to wash, and then come out and
sun me !'
He went into the bath and washed, and he came out
and sunned him,
Then vomited the nine youths he, all with their leathern
trappings,
Nine youths with all their armour girt, nine youths
with leathern trappings ;
There only lacked of Konstantine one of his little
fingers.

*YIANNAKOS, OR THE ASSASSINATED
HUSBAND.*

(ARAVANDINOS, 481.)

THE fame that Yiannakós enjoyed—a lovely wife he'd
married,
Who slender was, and who was tall, and who had thick
dark eyebrows,

And white as swan's was her fair neck, her eyes like
eyes of partridge—

To set forth caused Syrópoulos from Yiánnakos to
take her.

As on the road alone he went, to God he said a prayer,
That he might Yiánnakos surprise upon his mattress
lying,

Barefooted and ungirded too, clad only in his singlet.
And as he prayed, so it fell out; for Yiánnakos was
sleeping.

‘Health, joy to thee, O Yiánnikë, I wish thee health,
good-morrow.’

‘Syrópoulë, thou welcome art, now eat and drink thou
with me.’

‘I came not here to eat and drink, I came here for thy
fair one;

Give her to me of thy free will, thy life if thou dost
love it.’

‘To keep my head in safety, I five fair ones good would
give thee;

I’d give to thee my mother first, I’d give thee my two
sisters:

For fourth one I’d my cousin give, my much bepraiséd
cousin;

I’d last of all my crowned one give, she who of all is
envied.’

But, as he spoke, ran Yiánnakos, he ran his sword to
fetch him;

Ill-fated man! he reached it not, before his head went
rolling.



KONSTANTSÍNO AND BLACK YIANNI.

Kappadocia.

(*Δελτίον*, I., 722.)

WHAT mother, say, what mother now is like to this
good mother,
Who has for sons nine gallant youths, who has, too,
their nine bridelings,
Who cradles, too, within her house, nine babies of her
kindred ?¹⁰
And who has round her shoulders hung nine poor and
childless widows.
' O mother mine, now bake us bread, O mother mine,
and biscuits,
For I and my eight brothers here have to the wars
been summoned.'
' With sorrow have I kneaded them, and with my tears
have rolled them ;
And with my sad and heavy sighs I've in the oven
placed them.'
Eight of the brothers mounted then, but Konstantsíno
waited.
' Mount thou, my son Konstántsinë, for gone are thy
eight brothers.'
' My mother, ridden much have I, and far have gone
for freedom ;
And should I ride as much again, again when will you
see me ?
Mother, thy daughter-in-law go bring, the little
Margarita,
And let us kiss but once or twice, the third kiss us
shall sever.'

Five kisses gives he to his horse, and ten gives to his
 dear one,
And ere she said, 'My blessing take!' nine hills had he
 passed over.
But there was yet one little hill which one stride would
 not cover.
A fair-haired maiden there he asked, who all in tears
 was drownéd,
'Now may I, maiden, ask of thee—do travellers pass
 by here?'
'Eight travellers have just passed by, as if there were
 another,
For backwards did they ever look—there still should
 be another.'
'Now may I, maiden, ask of thee how I may overtake
 them?'
'If thy black horse become a bird, if thou become a
 swallow,
Then mayst thou reach Black Yianni's, on his threshing-
 floor o'ertake them.'
'Black Yianni! bring forth wine to us, pour out that
 we may drink it!'
'I for thy brothers eight have yet one single jar not
 opened,
But I for little Konstantsine nine jars will gladly
 open.'
One jar is broached and empty found, but full is found
 the second;
He opens, too, the middle one, it holds a foul snake's
 poison.
He fills, and drinks Black Yianni, and he gives, too, to
 the others.
So died Black Yianni there and then, gave up the ghost
 the others,

And Konstantsíno's wife beloved saw in her sleep a vision.

‘ Mother, last night in dream I saw, and in a vision,
mother,

I saw that here within our house, and outside in the
courtyard,

Through every chamber of the house a golden tree did
wander.

Thou, mother, wert thyself its roots, thy nine sons
were its branches,

Its leaves, they thy descendants were, and men would
fain them scatter.’

THE VAMPIRE.⁴²

(PASSOW, LXVIII.)

THERE came to the good mother's child, and to the
widow's daughter,

From Babylon a go-between in marriage to demand
her.

Her seven brothers all say nay, but Konstantine is
willing.

‘ Why should we not wed Areté, my mother, with the
stranger ?’

‘ But who will bring her back to me, that I may see my
daughter ?’

‘ I, I will bring her back again, and thou shalt see thy
daughter ;

Twice in the winter shall she come, and three times in
the summer.’

When Areté was wedded thence, within a foreign
country,

Then died her seven brothers all, and Konstantine was
murdered.

The mother sat all sad and lone, a reed upon the
meadow ;

By night and day she grieved and wept, she wept upon
the tombstone,

And tore her hair for Konstantine, for her beloved
Kosta.

‘ Arise, arise, O Konstantine, arise, and bring her to me,
And keep the promise thou hast made that thou to me
wouldst bring her—

Twice in the winter she should come, and three times
in the summer !’

And God has heard her weeping sore, and listened to
her sorrow :

The tombstone cold a horse becomes, and the black
earth a saddle ;

The worms are changed to Konstantine, who goes to
fetch his sister.

‘ A happy meeting, Areté !’ ‘ My Konstantine, thou’rt
welcome.’

‘ Come, Areté, let us depart—and let us go back home-
wards.’

‘ Tell me if ’tis for joy I go, and in my best I’ll dress
me ;

Or if for evil ’tis I go, I’ll go as thou hast found me.’

‘ Come, Areté, let us depart—come just as I have found
thee.’

As they were riding on the road, they heard a birdie
warbling :

‘ O God, who art all-powerful, a wonder great Thou
workest ;

That those who are alive should walk with those who
have been buried.’

‘ O listen, listen, Konstantine, to what the bird is
saying !’

‘ ’Tis but a bird, so let him sing ; a songster, let him twitter.’

And by the path, as on they rode, again the bird was singing :

‘ O God, who art all-powerful, a wonder great Thou workest ;

That those who are alive should walk with those who have been buried !’

And Areté, who’d heard his song, which rent her heart in twain, cried :

‘ O listen, listen, Konstantine, to what the bird is saying !’

‘ ’Tis but a bird, so let him sing ; a songster, let him twitter.’

And as they went along the road, and near the town were drawing :

‘ Go on before, my Areté—go enter in our dwelling ; And I will go and sleep awhile, for I’m o’ercome with slumber,

And sorely wearied am I too, and tired with my long journey.’

‘ Come, Konstantine, within the house now let us go together.’

‘ I smell of incense, sister dear ; with you I cannot enter.’

Once more within her home arrived, she joyful hails her mother :

‘ I’m glad to see thee, *mana* mine !’ ‘ My Areté, thou’rt welcome.

But whom hast thou come home to see ? Wouldst see thy eight tall brothers ?

Ah ! they are dead, the seven are dead, and Konstantine is murdered.’

‘ Why, mother, now, our Konstantine to my old home
 has brought me !’
 Then tightly they embraced and kissed, the mother and
 the daughter ;
 And they were left, those two forlorn, all sad those two
 and lifeless :
 And they, too, hid beneath the earth, the soil all spider-
 woven.

*SIR PORPHÝRO.*⁴³*Kappadocia.**(Δελτίον, I., 723.)*

A WIDOW-WOMAN bore a child, the widow decked her
 baby,
 The widow-woman suckled him, and called him Sir
 Porphýro.
 A girdle when indoors he wore, without a chain he
 girded ;
 And when he met with three or four he in the street
 thus boasted :
 ‘ Should they provoke me very much, I’ll seize upon the
 kingdom !’
 And when the King did hear him call, and heard his
 angry boasting,
 He soldiers sent, and quick they came, and standard-
 bearers hastened.
 And when Porphýro heard of it, he made himself a
 shepherd.
 He took a thousand sheep with him, and took of lambs
 five hundred,
 And led them forth to graze and feed in lone and desert
 places.

‘ Now let me ask thee, shepherd lad, hast thou seen here Porphýro ?’

‘ Porphýros many here there are, now which Porphýro seek ye ?’

‘ The one who is the Widow’s Son, Armenian are his kindred.’

‘ Then I that same Porphýro am, what business with me seek ye ?’

While thus they spoke him face to face a crowd behind him gathered.

‘ Now let them seize this Porphýro, and let them bind his elbows !’

Then on Porphýro did they seize, and bound his arms together ;

With twofold irons they fastened him, with threefold chains they bound him ;

And threw they on his body too the snake, the snake three-headed.

‘ Through all the towns now let me pass, through Nicea do not lead me,

A fair-haired maiden there I love, she’ll see me, and ’twill grieve her.’

But passed they by the towns each one, and through Nicea led him.

And when the maiden heard of it, then hastened she to meet him.

‘ Porphýro, where are now thy words, and where is now thy boasting,

Thou who didst say thus vauntingly—“ I all the world can conquer !” ’

‘ The world is all unconquered yet, and no one yet has won it.

They win the mountains, and the hills, and all the fearsome sea-coast ;

And win they, too, the black, black graves, the white
shroud is their booty.'

'And if these men should now be Turks, then woe's
for me and thee too ;

And if again they Romeots be, then may we both be
joyful.'

They took him and went on their way; they took him
and passed onward.

At going out he slaughtered them, at coming in he slew
them;

And of the thousands that had come he left not one
remaining.

'Let me not see thee, Porphýro, may not the world
delight thee !

Do thou one blind man only leave, an only son, or
cripple,

That he may to our mothers go to tell the chilling
tidings !'

DÍGENËS AND HIS MOTHER.

Crete.

(JEANNARAKI, p. 276.)

ON every third November, and each twenty-third of
April,

A festival they celebrate in great St. George's honour.

The maiden whose this feast-day is, and who the mass
has paid for,

Must neither eat, nor must she drink, nor must she yet
be joyful,

And sheep three hundred there they slay, of goats kill
full five hundred.

Nine villages do they invite, and *pallikárs* in thousands.

'O eat and drink, my brave boys all, but yet be ever
watchful,

Lest Charon come and find us here, and fall on, and
disperse us ;

And take the men with him for sword, and take the
youths for poniard !'

The words had hardly left his mouth, when Charon
came towards them.

' Who here an arm of iron has, and legs and feet of
steel has,

To wrestle let him come with me, on a threshing-floor
of iron !'

And none to him an answer gives, or says that he'll go
with him ;

But Dígenēs, the Widow's Son, comes forward at the
challenge.

' I have an arm of iron then, and legs and feet of steel,
too,

With thee to wrestle I will go on a threshing-floor of
iron !'

They go and fight, and struggle sore, from morning
until evening,

And Dígenēs' dear mother there is by his side still
standing ;

Three kinds of wine are in her hand, she holds three
kinds of poison ;

And if her Dígenēs should win, the wine she'll pour out
for him ;

And if he should not win the day, the poison she will
swallow.

Each grasps the other in his arms, they fiercely pant
and wrestle,

And where they tread and where they turn the pave-
ment creaks beneath them.

Long time they wrestle, but as yet not one has thrown
the other,

And Charon thinks within himself, by treachery he'll
conquer.

Then trips he up [young] Dígenës, and on the ground
he throws him,

And his poor mother, left forlorn, the draught of poison
swallowed !

THE DISCARDED WIFE.⁴⁴

Kappadocia.

(*Δελτίον*, I., 719.)

FOR one whole year and five full months sick lay he,
my Akrítsis ;

And for the flesh of lambs he longed, the milk of black
sheep fancied.

‘ If I for it the servant send — slow-footed is the
servant.

I who am fleet will go myself, bide, and return to-
morrow.’

And when unto the hill I came, and to the ruined castle,
And when I had the lamb’s flesh got, and milked the
black sheeps’ udders,

And when I’d found a deer-hide strap to sling them
o’er my shoulder,

Then came there one who said to me ; ‘ They’ve ta’en
away thy husband.’

And then another came and said : ‘ They’re blessing
thy beloved.’

‘ If him they’ve ta’en, what shall I wear ? if blessed,
how shall I dress me ?

His bridesmaid now let me become, and let me hold
the garlands.’

‘ And hast thou feet to stand upon, and hast thou
hands to hold them ?

Hast thou the firmness and the heart to utter the responses?’

‘Yea, I have feet to stand upon, and I have hands to hold them,

And I’ve the firmness and the heart to utter the responses.’

She mingled with the company from morning until evening ;

Then sat her down, and cut up there full two and forty pieces ;

And fastened to her fingers fine full two-and-forty tapers.

The servants walk in front of her, and servants walk behind her,

And servants walk on either side ; she joins the wedding party.

The *Papás* saw, and silent stood, amazed stood the deacons ;

The Prior, when he her did see, then lost he his Evangel.

‘Chant, *Papá*, chant as thou art wont, be not amazed, O Deacons !

And do thou, too, O Prior, chant, nor lose thou thy Evangel.’

‘See, Dummy, see ! See, Dummy, see ! Thy fingers ten are burning !’

‘Dumb woman none am I for you, nor “Dummy” need you call me ;

It was but yesterday you came, to-day we hear you speaking !’

‘*Papá*, do thou remove the crowns, and place them on my first one.’

‘Mother, I saw in dream last night, and with my faults, my mother,

That I a golden cross did kiss, again a bride became I.'
 ' Let May but come, let May but come, when comes
 again the Darling,
 I'll sprigs of honeysuckle take, and twine them in my
 tresses,
 Then will I wed, then will I wed, with fire will I thy
 heart burn !'

*THE ENCHANTED DEER.*⁴⁵

Eubæa.

(PANDORA, 15.)

ON Tuesday Dígenēs was born, and he must die on
 Tuesday.
 He to invite his friends begins, and bids, too, all the
 Heroes ;
 Minas^a will come and Mavralís, the Dráko's son is
 coming,
 And Tremantáheilos^b will come, who shakes the earth
 and kosmos.^c
 They go together and they find him lying on the meadow.
 ' Where hast thou been, O Dígenēs, that thou art now
 a-dying ?'
 ' O eat, my friends, eat, eat and drink, for I am going
 to leave you ;
 On Alamána's^d mountains high, o'er Arapía's meadows,
 Where once not e'en ten men came out, nor even five
 were passing,

^a The Armenians have a saint of this name, who, like the Moslem Khidhr, comes to the assistance of those who invoke him, whether on land or sea.

^b Literally, ' Trembling lips.'

^c Compare *Il.* xiii. 18. ' And the high hills trembled, and the woodland, beneath the immortal footsteps of Pôseidon.'

^d A fortified bridge near the town of Zitúnos, where Diacus was captured.

They come by fifties—hundreds now, and pass by with
their weapons.

And I, unhappy man, came out, came out on foot and
arméd.

Three hundred bears my hand has slain, and sixty lions
conquered ;

But I th' Enchanted Deer pursued, pursued and sorely
wounded,

That wears upon his horns a cross, a star upon his fore-
head ;

And bears between his antlers proud, between his
tynes the Virgin.

That crime has filled my measure full, and now I am
a-dying.

Here in this upper world I've lived, I've lived years full
three hundred,

And none of all the heroes bold e'er daunted or dis-
mayed me.

But now I have a Hero seen, unshod, on foot, and
arméd,

One who in broidered robe was drest, and in whose
eyes were lightnings.

I with my eyes did him behold, and sore my heart was
wounded ;

That stricken Deer's my fatal crime, and now I am
a-dying.'

TSAMATHÒS AND HIS SON.

(ARAVANDINOS, 460.)

AMONG the plane-trees of St. George,^a a merry feast
they're keeping,

Dances on this side and on that, and songs, and music
playing.

^a St. George's Church or Monastery.

A thousand sheep from first to last they for the feast
are roasting.

‘ O eat and drink, I say, my boys, and dance and sing
full gaily,

And let not Tsamathòs come here, let him not come
and fright us !’

But hardly had the words been said, when Tsamathòs
approached them,

As he came out from ’mid the hills and to the feast
descended.

He strode, the hills with fear did quake, he called, rent
were the forests.

And on his shoulder as he came, he bore a tree up-
rooted ;

And from the branches of the tree were many wild
beasts hanging.

Then suddenly the dancing stopped, upset were all the
tables,

And to one side withdrew the folk, and stood in fear
and trembling.

‘ Who here a breast of marble has ? and who has hands
of iron ?

Let him to wrestle with me come on the threshing-
floor of marble !’

But not a man of them was found, not one himself who
offered,

Saving the Widow’s Son alone, the Widow’s nimble
youngster,

Forward to come and wrestle there on the threshing-
floor of marble.

Beneath the tread of Tsamathòs the marble floor sank
lower ;

And where the youngster placed his feet, it sank, and
disappeared.



Where fell the blows of Tsamathòs the red blood
flowed a river ;
And where the youngster's blows did fall, the bones
were cracked and broken.
' Stay then, I say, lithe youngster, stay, I'd ask of thee
a question—
What *skýla* mother did thee bear, and who was then
thy father ?'
' My mother, when a widow left, birth to me had not
given ;
But to my father like am I, and I will yet surpass him !'
Then Tsamathòs did seize his hand, away with him did
hasten
To seek the mother of the youth, to learn where was
her dwelling.
The Widow watched them as they came, and set a
table ready.
And as they ate, and as they drank, the Widow filled
their wine-cups.
She filled her son's with rosy wine, but Tsamathòs' with
poison.

THE WIDOW'S CASTLE.

Kappadocia.

(*Δελτίον*, I., 727.)

Down by the Theologian's kirk, Aghio Yiánni,
There is many a castle, and both small and great,
Like the Widow's Castle, castle ne'er I've seen ;
Double built, and treble, it is built of gold,
Nailed with nails of silver, like to Paradise.
Turks to seize upon it for twelve years have sought,
But they could not take it, all abandoned it.
'Mong themselves the soldiers thus did then dispute :
' If I take the castle, what shall be my boon ?'

‘ Fifty young men thou shalt as thy servants have,
Many beauteous maidens thou shalt have for slaves.’

‘ Ope to me, my Márrou, let the stranger in !’
Opened to him Márrou, let the stranger in.
In the stranger’s footsteps trod a thousand more.
Seized they upon Márrou, held her by her hair.
Up the towers she mounted, this lamentation made :
‘ Woe, woe for me the stranger, and the desolate !’

*THE BEAUTY’S CASTLE.*⁴⁶

(KIND, *Avθ.*, 30.)

OF all the Castles I have seen, or dreamt that there
could be,

A Castle like the Beauty’s was ne’er seen nor dreamt
by me.

It forty towers has round about, that all of silver are,
And other forty-five there are from which to fight in
war.

The Turks a dozen years or more war ’gainst the Castle
make,

But they the Beauty’s Castle high have ever failed to
take.

A Turk then, young and full of guile, who was of
Konieh breed,

Hies him unto the Sultan, and before him thus doth
plead :

‘ O say, my lord the Sultan, say, what then would be
my fee ?’

‘ A thousand sequins and a horse then will I give to
thee,

Two swords of silver, good in war, thy guerdon too
shall be.’

‘ Thy silver do I not desire, nor do I want thy gold,

Nor do I want thy war-horse fleet, nor want I sword to hold ;

I only want the maiden fair, whom walls of glass enfold.'

' If thou the Castle shouldest take, I'll give her too to thee.'

A little monk becomes he, then, a cassock black dons he,

Then sobbing, trembling, tottering, he goes unto the door,

And on his knees a-weeping, he the Beauty doth implore :

' O open, open Beauty's door, now do thou open wide !
Door of the Queen, now open, and door of the Black-eyed !'

' You, you a little Moslem are, a Turk of Konieh you !
Go, or my men will kill thee ; go, or they will hang thee, too !'

' Now, by the Cross, my lady fair, and by the Virgin dear,

No man am I of Konieh, nor Turk that thou shouldst fear ;

I'm but a little Christian monk, come from my hermitage,

O give me of your pity now, my hunger to assuage.'

' Give you to him a loaf of bread, and speed him on his way !'

' O lady fair, thy church within, fain would I kneel to pray !

O open, open, Beauty's door, now do thou open wide,
Door of the Queen, now open thou, and door of the Black-eyed !'

' Well, throw ye down to him the hooks, and draw ye him up here.'

' O see you not my cassock old and rotten is ?—'twould tear !'

‘The net^a then lower ye down to him, that in it mount
may he.’
‘Ah, not the net, my lady fair, for I should giddy be!’
The gate is half-way openéd—filled is the courtyard,
see!
Some fall upon the silver white, some with the gold
make free;
Into the glass tower, where the maid is sitting, rushes
he;
The maiden, when she sees him, flings herself into the
sea.

*THE WAGER.**Peloponnesus.**(Δελτίον, I., p. 551.)*

THE King and Yiánnno made a bet, they laid a heavy
wager;
The King his goods and treasure staked, but e’en his
life staked Yiánnno.
And all the nobles said to him, the nobles all advised
him:
‘Yianno, beware! stake not thy life, for fear that thou
shouldst lose it!’
‘Yea, but I fain my life would stake, for of my life I’m
weary.
Máro no longer smiles on me, no smile for me has
Máro;
And Máro is an orphan now, and she is under wardship.’
A dish of pearls he^b sent to her, he sent a dish of sequins.
‘The King his greetings sends to thee, and thy sweet
eyes he kisses.’

^a This mode of ingress and egress is still in use at the Metéora monasteries, and I was myself, on visiting them, thus drawn up, an exceedingly feeble old monk working the windlass.—ED.

^b The King.

‘If as a loan he sends them me, I will return them twofold ;

But if he sends them as a gift, I for his grace do thank him.’

‘He does not send them as a loan, that twofold you return them ;

Nor does he send them as a gift, that for his grace you thank him ;

But them he sends that you and he sleep for one night together.’

‘My golden slave, my silver slave, my silver slave and golden,

Put thou, my slave, my garments on, and give to me thy garments ;

At even there will come the King, and ye will sleep together ;

E’en should he cut thy finger off, beware thou speak not, *skýla* !

Nor should he all thy hair cut off, see, *skýla*, that thou speak not !’

When in the morn they rose again, and with their fill of slumber,

There came a messenger with news, Maróudia’s doorway sought he.

‘Máro, thy Yiánno they have seized, and they are going to hang him !’

‘If ’tis for theft they’re hanging him, him let not God deliver ;

But if they hang him wrongfully, then him may God deliver.’

Her little shoes did she put on, through bye-ways did she hasten,

Then paused, and pondered what to do, and set her wits in order.

' Where I am bound, what shall I say ? and how shall
 I salute them ?—
 Now may your years be many, Turks ! *Papas*, I bend
 before you !
 Give you good day, O *Archontës* ! the same to you,
 O Merchants !
 Look if my hand a finger lacks, if one long tress is
 lacking.
 He dallied with my slave alone, and now as slave
 I hold him !
 Come down from off thy throne, O King, that on it
 may sit *Yiánno* !
Yiánno's the equal of a King, the equal of a Sultan !'

KOSTANTAS.^a

Kourenton.

(ARAVANDINOS, 479.)

O HAVE you heard what yesterday did late at evening
 happen ?
 A robber did they capture, and a klepht was he in
 secret,
 Who to the maidens fair gave chase, and to the noble
 maidens.
 O seize ye him, the robber seize ! O seize ye him, the
 brigand,
 And with an untamed buffalo to the yoke do ye now
 bind him,
 To carry down the marble white from out the marble
 mountain,
 To build the church of *Haghià Sofià*, the spacious
 Monastery ;
 Which two and sixty bells will have, and cells two and
 four hundred ;

^a This is evidently not the Konstantine of the Andronikos cycle above mentioned.

And every cell its *sýmandro*^a and every cell its deacon.⁵⁴
There looked a noble maiden forth from out a splendid
window,
And gazed she upon Kóstanta, as he the cart was
drawing.
'Now softly, softly, Kóstanta, and don't distress the
cattle.
A buffalo's worth golden coin, and thou no coin art
earning.
The buffalo must take his way where there is mud and
water,
And Konstantino by his side upon the stony pavement.'
'What dost thou, beauteous lady, say? what say'st
thou, noble maiden?
Am I not he who brought to thee carnations red and
apples?
Am I not he who oft has kissed thee on thy lips so
ruddy?
Art thou not she who gave to me her kisses without
number?'

*THE CAPTURE OF THE PRIEST'S
DAUGHTER.*

Crete.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THE Saracens have sallied forth, and all the Isles they
pillage;
And Crete's fair Island did they seize when made they
their first foray,
They captive made and led away the Primate's eldest
daughter;
And five Pashas are guarding her, six company still
bear her,

^a The suspended plank which, struck with a mallet, is often used
in lieu of a bell in Greek churches.

And eighteen Janissaries who will lead her to the Sultan :

‘ Accept, O noble Padishah, the gift that Crete hath sent thee !’

Swift flies the news, and crosses soon the threshold of the Primate :

‘ Keep up thine heart, O Bishop mine, be patient, O my Primate !—

The Saracens have carried off thy daughter, thy María !’

When heard this news the Primate priest, his heart did sink within him ;

At once he doth his raiment sell, he selleth, too, his horses,

His houses of two stories, too, with courtyards paved with marble.

Three mules are laden with the gold, and laden with the silver ;

And down to the sea-coast he comes, and thus unto them calls he :

‘ O vessels mine, towards the shore now wear a little nearer ;

I’ll give a thousand her to see, to speak to her, a thousand ;

And fourteen thousand will I give to take with me my daughter !’

‘ The maid for ten we will not give, nor yet for your two thousand ;

She’s destined for a youth to kiss, for a pasha’s embraces.’

The streets he with his tears doth fill, the quays with lamentations.

‘ O go, dear Father, go thou home, return thou to thy courtyard.

If thou hast silver, take thine ease, if sequins, do thou
hoard them.'

'Thou'rt leaving us, my daughter dear, and giv'st thou
me no message?'

'What shall I, father, say to thee, what message shall
I give thee?—

My greetings to my mother dear, and to my two dear
sisters,

But to the youngest of them all do thou not give my
greeting,

Because she laid a curse on me at all the year's three
feast-days—

One at the Annunciation was, the second on Palm
Sunday,

The third it was on Easter Day, the day of Christ's
Arising—

That I be to a Turk betrothed, and that a Turk should
kiss me,

That I be wedded to a Turk, and by a Turk embracéd.
And true it is he was a Turk, a Turk, too, did they call
him.

And I on golden carpets tread, on golden stool I seat
me,

And wipe the tears that fill mine eyes with gold em-
broidered kerchief.'

THE HUSBAND'S SALE OF HIS WIFE.⁴⁷

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

A MANNIE, a wee man there was who had for wife a
beauty;

Unjustly he was called upon to pay nine thousand
aspras,

Three thousand gold and silver coins, of fine white
pearls three thousand,

Three thousand, too, of rubies red, such as are worn by
nobles.

He sells his vineyards with their yield, and those that
have been vintaged ;

He sells his fields unharvested, those, too, that have
been garnered ;

His mills three stories high he sells, together with their
millers ;

And yet all these do not suffice, so to his good-wife
goes he :

‘ O comb thee with thy golden comb, my love, for I
must sell thee !’

‘ O sell me not, *Affendi* mine, make not of me a
bargain ;

I’ll sell my velvet dresses now, they’ll fetch nine hundred
aspras.’

But yet these did not him suffice, and to his dear one
went he :

‘ O comb thee with thy golden comb, my love, come, I
must sell thee !’

He leads her by the hand away, to the bazaar he brings
her :

‘ O I’ve a lovely one for sale, and she’s a fair-haired
lassie !’

But no one made a bid for her, a word did no one utter,
Only the little Konstantine, the little Konstantino,
And he thus answer made to him, and unto him thus
spake he :

‘ Tell me—so mayst thou, Stumpy, live—for how much
wilt thou sell her ?’

‘ Two hundred for her little eyes, and for her lips five
hundred :

But of her body angel-like the price cannot be reckoned.
He leads her by the hand away, and takes her to his
chamber,

And toys with and caresses her, and many kisses gives
her.

A little bird had perched close by, and sat upon the
window ;

He sang not as a bird doth sing, and like the other
birdies,

But with a human voice he spake, with human voice he
warbled :

‘ O see this wonder that befalls in the house of Kon-
stantino !—

A brother doth a sister kiss upon her eyes and eye-
brows !’

‘ O dost thou hear, Sir Konstantine, what sings that
little birdie ?’

‘ ’Tis but a bird, so let him sing, a birdie, let him
warble !’

Again the birdie warbled forth, again the same song
sang he :

‘ O see the wonder that befalls in the house of Kon-
stantino !—

A brother doth a sister kiss upon her eyes and eye-
brows !’

‘ O dost thou hear, Sir Konstantine, what sings that
little birdie ?’

He took her hand within his own, and to the dwarf he
brought her :

‘ Take now thy wife again to thee, take, Stumpy, back
thy dear one ;

The *aspras* that I’ve given thee, they are my sister’s
dowry !’

THE SLAVE.

(PASSOW, CCCCLXCI. A.)

My Master bade me pour the wine and fill for him the
winecup ;
And once again and oft I filled, and many songs I sang
him,
Till, weary grown, my trembling hand the cup could
hold no longer.
It fell not on the marbled floor, nor on the pebbled
pavement,
It fell on my *Affendi*'s lap, and in my Lady's apron.
Sore wrathful waxed my Master then, and he would go
and sell me ;
And criers he sent round about in all the neighb'ring
country :
' Who wants to buy a handsome slave, to pour wine for
his drinking ?'
' O sell me not, *Affendi* mine, make not of me a bargain ;
For am I not thy handsome slave, and thy experienced
servant ?'
' But I shall sell thee now, my slave, and make of thee
a bargain.'
' It is not just, *Affendi* mine, to such a *pallikari* ;
For I am known of all the world, and everybody knows
me !'
' Go, go, my slave, good luck to thee ; but come thou
never nigh me !'

*HELIOYENNETI AND KHANTSERI.*⁴⁸

Aï-Donáto (Souli).

(ARAVANDINOS, 446.)

YOUNG Hántseri faired gaily forth, for he was going
hunting,

But homeward he returned again, without his heart and
witless.

‘ My mother, at my heart’s a pain ; and in my head, my
mother ;

And cruel pangs have seized on me ; I’ll die before the
evening !’

‘ My son, hast at thy heart no pain, nor in thy head,
my Hànts’ri ;

Hast only seen Helióyenni, and so thou art distracted.
I’ll send the scribes to her for thee, and I will send the
bishops,

That they may write the dowry down, and gentlemen
I’ll send her.’

They went, and there they stood and knocked, knocked
at her lordly portal.

Helióyenni sat in her hall, five hundred slaves around her,
Some dressed in garments of the blue, and others of
the yellow ;

In blue, in azure blue they sat, you’d call them noble
maidens.

She asked the envoys who they were, and what it was
they wanted.

‘ We’re come from Hántseri, to say, he for his wife
would take you.’

‘ His body I’d not even have for horseblock in my
courtyard,

For men to mount their horses from, and mules around
 it tether;
 Nor would I have his little eyes as loop-holes for my
 castle.'
 When word is brought to Hántseri, it sorely, sorely
 grieves him.
 He loads a mule with golden coin, and to a Witch he
 hies him.
 And when she on his countenance sees grief and sick-
 ness written,
 Thus searchingly she questions him, she questions him
 and asks him:
 ' Say, have the brigands set on fire thy cornfields and
 thy castle?
 Or have they slain thy brother now, thy brother best
 beloved?
 ' They've neither burnt my castle, dame; nor have I
 yet a brother;
 But I have see Helióyenni, and I am faint and dying.'
 ' Now go, and take thee Frankish clothes, and dress in
 woman's garments,
 And hie thee, hie thee then to her, and knock thou at
 her portal.'
 ' Who art thou who art knocking with my portal's rings
 of iron?
 ' 'Tis I. I am thy cousin, come to thee from Aï-Donáto.^a
 My mother dear has sent me here to learn the gold to
 broider.'
 ' O welcome art thou, cousin mine, who com'st from
 Aï-Donáto.'
 And lovingly she kissed her then, and locked in tight
 embraces,

^a This phrase has become proverbial in Ioannina, where a distant
 relation is called 'Your cousin from Aï-Donato'—'ἡ ἐξαδερφή σου
 ἀπὸ τὸν Αἰ-Δονάτο.'

And tenderly she took her hand, and led her to the daïs,
And sat her down to teach her guest how she the gold
should broider;

Only a kindling flame she felt, she felt a flame un-
wonted.

And when the broidering was done she gave to her the
spindle.

‘O what horrid customs you have here, you people in
this village;

The day long at the broidery, the evening at the
spindle!’

The day was done, and evening fell, fast coming was
the darkness,

And Hántseri still was not seen, with musk so sweetly
scented,

With hounds around him in the fields, and filling all
the meadows.

‘The night has come, Helióyenni, and fast the shades
are falling;

The cuckoos wend them to their nests, and to their
beds the reapers;

And I, poor homeless nestling, where shall I go for my
slumber?’

‘O hush thee, hush thee, cousin mine, and sleep thou
with my servants.’

‘The daughter of a king am I, I am of royal lineage;
So low am I descended now that I must sleep with
servants?’

‘O hush thee, hush thee, cousin mine, and sleep thou
in my chamber.’

When they had slept, those two had slept, and when
the Sun had risen

Two bowshots high above the hills, and glittered on the
hoar-frost,

Then Hántseri his bed forsook, and hastened to his mother.

‘ O mother, deck the windows now, throw all the doors wide open ;

Helióyenni is coming here, and she will be your daughter.’

‘ Go, go, my son, have thou no care, I will make all things ready ;

All that is needed I’ll prepare, and will await her coming.’

And when the maiden understood and knew that her heart’s burning

Was what none else but Hántseri, he only could extinguish,

Then wildly she began to rave, and madly she discourséd :

‘ O friends and servants all of mine, and damsels of my mother,

O light for me the tapers red, and light for me green candles,

For Hántseri is coming soon, and for his wife he’ll take me.’

Forth fareth Helióyenni, to Hántseri she’s going,
She’s going to his famous tower within Aīdona’s castle;
Bareheaded, naked, too, is she—a sad sight ’tis, right surely !

Upon the road, as on she goes, to enter in the castle,
She meets a woman who’s a Witch, a thousand-year-old woman,

Who thus accosts and asks of her, and in these words she asks her :

‘ Who has at even seen the Sun, who has seen Stars at noontide ?

Who has seen Helióyenni, a traveller on the highway,

Bareheaded, go, and naked, too?—a sad sight 'tis, right surely!

Go, maiden, go, and do thou knock at Hántseri's high portal.'

'Where hast thou seen young Hántseri, O Witch, that thou shouldst know him?'

'Who knoweth not the Sun in heaven, nor knows the Moon at even,

He only knows not Hántseri that is of Aĩ-Donáto.

Go, go, my girl, knock at his door, at that same door stand knocking.'

Then went up Helioyénneti, and at his door knocked loudly,

And all the windows saw she closed, and she began to call there:

'O ope to me, thou Witch's son, O thou of Witch's lineage,

Who with thy spells has causéd me to wander on the highways!

If this is of thy spells the work, then let me die this moment;

But if this be the work of God, then I will go back homewards.'

Then wakes from slumber Hántseri; he cries, then forth he hurries.

He finds the windows all are shut, and fastened all the portals,

He finds, too, Helióyenni; dead at his gate she's lying.

He draws then out a golden knife, which in his breast he buries;

And by fair Helióyenni he lays him down expiring.

The youth a slender reed becomes, a cypress-tree the maiden;

And when soft blows the southern wind, they bend and kiss each other;

And as the wayfarers pass by the fields of Ai-Donáto,
They cross themselves full piously, and sing this
lamentation :

‘ See them, the two, so few of days, who passed away
so quickly,
When living they had never kissed, but, dead, they kiss
each other !’

THE DECEIVED MAIDEN.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

WITH favouring gales astern of her, her sails filled by
the breezes,

The King’s brave ship rides proudly on, and swiftly on
is sailing ;

And all the city is agog, all Venice swarms with gazers;
And hurry all the palace dames, and gaze from out the
windows ;

Young maids, and matrons, ancient dames, lean from
the windows gazing.

One pretty maid leaned out so far, that seen could be
her bosom.

The King’s son caught a glimpse of it, the Prince’s son
perceived it,

The noble youth had seen it well, he who had many
thousands.

He turns him, and he homeward hies, just like a
withered apple,

An apple, or a damson plum, or like a shrivelled raisin.
No fever had he, yet he burned ; no ague, yet he
shivered ;

Nor yet a headache e’en had he, but on his bed he laid
him.

His mother came and questioned him, and asked of him his sister :

‘ Ah now, what ails our dearest boy, and why is he so mournful ?’

‘ Mother, my soul ! Mother, my heart ! and oh ! my head, dear mother !

Ah mother, that dear maid I saw, let not another wed her !’

‘ My son, is she a washer-girl, or is she a flax-beater ? The daughter of a king is she, or is she a queen’s daughter ?’

‘ She, mother, is no washer-girl, and she is no flax-beater,

But, mother, a king’s child is she, a queen doth call her daughter.

And, mother, boots of gold has she worn ever since her christening,

Yea, boots of gold she’s ever worn, and slippers worn of silver ;

The border of her apron, too, is worth a city’s ransom. Nor city’s ransom only worth, but ransom of its people.’

‘ And if ’tis as thou say’st, my son, if ’tis as thou hast told me,

Send thou a dozen notaries, ten ’prentices send with them ;

Send eighteen learned scribes with them to write down all her dowry.’

Full forty days it took these men to mount her lordly staircase ;

And two and forty days besides, before they found the maiden.

On golden throne had she her seat, with golden apple played she,

And watched the messengers approach from out her
lofty window.

‘What are you seeking, scribes, and you, ye notaries
so many?’

‘Health, joy to thee, O lovely one! Health to thee,
mayst thou well be!

The King has sent us here to thee, to ask of thee a
favour.

The King has sent us here to say that he for wife would
take thee!’

‘If me the King desires to wed, of him I’d ask one
favour,

That he for me the sea would drain, and sow with
wheat the bottom,

Not only wheat that he sow there, but wheat and with
it barley;

And in the middle of the field a threshing-floor he
build me;

And in the middle of the floor that he a spear set
upright,

And on the spear’s point let the youth a needle finely
balance,

And on the needle seat himself, yea, seat himself cross-
legged,

And then I may, or I may not, consent your lord to
marry.’

The King was waiting their return, his hands clasped
on his bosom.

‘Now welcome are you back, my scribes! my notaries,
you’re welcome!

What kind of news have you me brought, what message
from my fair one?’

‘But sorry news we’ve brought, my King, how tell it
you, we know not:

If thou wouldst wed this maiden, King, this favour thou
must do her—

To go and dry the ocean up, and sow with wheat the
bottom,

Nor wheat alone must thou sow there, but thou must
sow, too, barley ;

And in the middle of the field set up a floor for
threshing ;

And in the middle of the floor thy spear, O King, plant
upright ;

And on the spear's point thou must poise a needle
nicely balanced,

And on the needle take thy seat, yea, on its point,
crosslegged.

And then she may, or she may not, consent, King, you
to marry.'

The King sent to the maiden word, that he would do
her pleasure, .

And if his gold should not suffice he'd sell both horse
and saddle.

As on his horse he rode along, and to his lady's fared
he,

His steed that voiceless yet had been, found voice, and
thus addressed him :

' Let me, let me, my lord the King, let me give thee a
counsel—

Go, dress thee now in women's clothes, and ride thou
like a woman ;

Salute thou, as a woman does, the hour of day
according.'

' O health and joy to thee, my aunt ! Health, joy to
thee, my auntie !'^a

^a The maiden's mother is here evidently addressed.

‘ My niece, thou welcome art to me, and yet I do not
know thee !’

‘ What says my little aunt to me ? what says to me my
auntie ?—

We in far distant lands do live, and thus know not
each other.

My mother is of Khaniá^a, my father of Stambóli ;^b
My mother sent me here to thee to learn the gold to
broider ;

Gold broid’ry and silk broid’ry too, and all that I may
fancy.’

‘ Most gladly will I then, my eyes, teach thee the gold
to broider,

Gold broid’ry and silk broid’ry, too, and all that thou
may’st fancy.’

‘ The sun has to his setting gone, and fallen has the
darkness ;

The birds betake them to their nests, the wild beasts
to their covert,

And I, poor lonely little bird, where shall I bide at
even ?’

‘ O hush thee, hush thee, now, my niece, with me
thou’lt bide at even.’

‘ I curses from my parents have, if with an aunt I
slumber.’

A few steps they together walked, when once more
sang the stranger :

‘ The night has fall’n, the darkness come, closed have
the shops their windows,

The maidens fair are safe at home, and to their
slumbers going.

And I, poor lonely little bird, have nowhere to betake
me.’

^a Canea in Crete.

^b Στημπόλι, Constantinople.

‘Thou hast, with me, my cousin dear, with me thou’lt
bide this even ;
I’ll have for us my mattress spread, which part is of
my dowry,
I’ll spread for thee the counterpane, that is with
feathers quilted ;
I’ll spread for thee my finest sheets, sheets that with
musk are scented ;
For finely broidered sheets have I, their hems all
stitched with silver ;
My pillows white I’ll place for thee, with wool filled of
the softest.’
They all night long together slept, they slept like two
sweet sisters ;
And near the dawning of the day like birdies wild did
slumber.
When morning came, the maid arose, a shrilly cry she
uttered,
‘O list to me, ye spinsters all ! ye, too, who’re married,
listen !
For now the noble’s sons have learnt in women’s robes
to dress them,
That maidens fair they may beguile, disguised as
female cousins !’



SECTION (II.)

BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OTTOMAN
MEMORIES.

THE SACK OF ADRIANOPLE.

(1361.)

(PASSOW, CXCHII.)

WALLACHIA's^a nightingales lament, the birds in western
countries ;
They weep at morn, they weep at eve, and weep they
too at noontide,
They're weeping for the pillaged town, sore pillaged
Adrianople,
That at the year's three festivals the Turks despoil and
pillage.
At Christmastide they tapers take, the palms on Passion
Sunday,
And on the morn of Easter Day, break up our 'Christ
is Risen !'^b

THE DEATH OF KONSTANTINE DRAGÁSÈS.

(THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE PALÆOLOGOS.)

(1453.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND)

FLY, news, unto the Frankish lands, and speed to
Venice, tidings !

^a Wallachia here means Thrace, not the Trans-Danubian country now known by that name.

^b The Easter salutation between members of the Orthodox Church.

Constantinople they have seized, they've ta'en the
famous City,
And Galata they've taken too, they've taken the Fanári;
And St. Sofía is taken too, the splendid monastery,
With its four hundred *sýmandras*,^a its bells full two and
sixty;
And every bell had its own priest, and every priest his
deacon.
Within it were five hundred nuns, and there were
monks a thousand.
Thousands of Turks had entered in, by the Románo
gateway.
And Konstantíno Dragasés is fighting like to Charon.
He strikes to right, and strikes to left, and naught can
stay his ardour;
Amid the Turks he throws himself, and death he sows
around him;
Like a dark cloud he falls on them, and no man can
escape him;
'Twould seem as he'd the Turks destroy, and save Con-
stantinople;
Until a Turk, a stalwart Turk, at last slew Kon-
stantíno.
O weep, my brothers, weep amain, weep for the
orphan'd city!
Our Konstantíno they have slain, slain him who was
our standard.
Haste, brothers, to the Patriarch, and pray that he
come hither,
And bring the holy censers too, that we may hold the
fun'ral.

^a Perhaps 'wooden gongs' would be the best translation of the Greek *σήμαντρα*, which are simply suspended boards struck with a wooden clapper hung beside them.

An onset fierce the Turks have made, and they, the
 Janissaries ;
 And the Emir^a has given command to massacre the
 Christians.
 Three days long have they slaughtered us, three days
 and three nights slaughtered,
 And Notarás they've massacred, both him and all his
 kindred.
 Fall'n is the City ! fall'n into the claws of Hagar's
 children !

THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(1453.)

(PASSOW, CXCIV.)

THE city's taken, it is lost, they've taken Saloníca !
 And St. Sofiá they've taken too, the Minster great
 they've taken,
 Which has three hundred *sýmandras*, bells sixty-two
 of metal ;
 And every bell has its own priest, and every priest his
 deacon.
 And as came forth the holy Saints, the Lord of all the
 Kosmos,
 A message came to them^b from heaven by mouths of
 holy Angels—
 ' Cease ye your psalms, and from their place take down
 the Holy Objects,
 And send word to the Frankish lands that they may
 come and take them,
 That they may take the golden Cross and take the Holy
 Gospels,
 The Holy Table let them take, that it may not be
 sullied.'

^a The title borne by the Sultans at this epoch.

^b Those carrying the Icons.

And when the Virgin heard the words, all tearful were
the Icons;
'O hush thee, Virgin! Icons, hush! mourn not, and
cease your weeping;
Again, with years, the time shall come when ye once
more shall dwell here.'

THE CHILD-TAX^a.

(1565-1675.)

(ARAVANDINOS, I.)

O CRUEL Sultan, curs'd be thou, and be thou thrice
accurséd,
For all the evil thou hast done, the ill thou still art doing!
Thou send'st and draggest forth the old, the primates,
and the parsons,
The tax of Children to collect, to make them Janissaries.
The mothers weep their darling sons, and sisters,
brothers cherished;
And I am weeping, and I burn, and all my life I'll sorrow;
Last year my little son they took, this year they took
my brother!

DROPOLÍTISSA^b.

(ARAVANDINOS, 420.)

DROPOLÍTISSA, I say,
As to church you go to-day,
You place in front your daughter gay,
With her fez worn all sideways,
Now at church you're going to pray,
A little prayer for us you'll say,

^a The Child-Tax was enforced till 1675, the last year of the Vizierate of Achmet Kiuprili. The two following songs must also belong to the century preceding 1675.

^b A woman of Dropolítissa is thus addressed.

That Turks take us not hence away
 To be enrolled as Jan'serai—
 Take us not to the Kislár Bey,^a
 Like the lambs on Easter Day!

THE VIGIL.

North Eubœa.

(*Δελτίον*, I., 113.)

'WHERE art thou going, 'Lenítsa, now, alone so late at
 even ?'
 'To my good aunt's I'm going now, to keep with her a
 vigil ;
 To spin a distaff-ful of flax, twice over too to spin it ;
 To weave a dozen napkins with, to weave too fifteen
 kerchiefs ;
 To weave, besides, for my goodman, a long and silken
 girdle.
 For I've a priest for father-in-law, and I've a learned
 husband,
 And Janissary brother-in-law, who leads away the
 youngsters.'

NIGHT-SCHOOL SONG.—I.

Salonica.

(Oral Version.)

LITTLE moon of mine so bright,
 As I walk now shed thy light
 On my way to school to-night ;
 To learn my letters now I go,
 To learn to broider and to sew,
 And the things of God to know.

^a Literally, 'Bey of the Women,' the Chief Eunuch of the Sultan, who was Governor of Greece.

NIGHT-SCHOOL SONG.—II.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., 243.)

LITTLE golden moon of mine,
Now upon my pathway shine,
As to school I now return,
Where to read and write I learn,
Lessons learn, and there learn, too,
What things God would have me do.
If I, Moon, should at thee scoff,
Do thou then my head cut off,
Take and throw it in the sea.
When the parson passes, he
Thus will say, and ask of thee:
'Whose may that loose head now be?'
''Tis that madman's, Konstantë!'

THE SEA-FIGHT AND THE CAPTIVE.⁴⁹

(The Battle of Lepanto, 1574.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 2.)

IF I were a sweet nightingale, or if I were a swallow,
Or golden lantern if I were that's in Messina's beacon,
Then might I see, then might I spy when Rhíga
spreads his canvas!
They joyful sail, and as they row, all gaily sing the
sailors;
They seek no port to enter in, no harbour where to
anchor;
Their quest is for Alí Pashá, they long to give him
battle.
When in mid-sea meet those two fleets, those battle-
ships so many,

Then roar the guns above the deep, and day is quenched
in darkness.

One prow is with another locked, and mast with mast
entangled ;

The blades are flashing in the air, and loudly crack the
muskets ;

With feet and hands the ships are filled, filled all with
bleeding corpses.

Alí Pashá's among the slain, that worthy *pallikári*,
And Rhiga tows his galliot astern of his own vessel.

Within, a hundred captives lie with fetters heavy laden.
And sighed so sorely one poor slave that sudden
stopped the vessel.

Rhiga, amazed, then called to him the captain of the
galliot :

‘He who has groaned so heavily that still has stood the
vessel ;

If he be of my followers, I will increase his wages ;
And if he of my captives be, he shall receive his
freedom.’

‘I am the man who groaned so sore the vessel sailed
no longer ;

For I an evil dream have dreamt, a dream as here I
slumbered :

I saw my wife whom they had crowned and married to
another.

A bridegroom only four days old the Turks took me a
captive,

And ten long years I’ve passed since then on Barbary’s
soil in durance ;

Ten walnut trees I planted there within my dreary
prison,

Of all of them I ate the fruit, but Freedom found I
never.’

SERAPHEIM OF PHANÁRI.

(1612.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 3.)

THE Bishop of Phanário, the aged Serapheimë,
By calumny the Turks o'erthrew, the Kóniars of
Pharsália;
They chained him in the pillory, and cruelly they
tortured;
And near to a dark cypress tree his reverend head they
severed.
The roots of the sad cypress tree all faded soon and
withered.
To keep the Bishop company they slew with him three
Klephtës,
And on the spot where their four heads had all been
thrown together,
A light⁵⁰ was seen to shine at night, seen by a simple
shepherd,
Who ran to bring his master word and tell him of the
wonder.
His master bade him go again and steal the head from
thither,
That head from which the bright light shone, and bear
it down to Douško.
The shepherd took it, and he ran unto Salambria's
margin.
But follow swiftly at his heels two Yánniniots pursuing,
And in his fright the simple swain has dropped it in the
river,
Then back unto his master run to tell of his adventure.
They two, when midnight dark had come, went down
to the Salambria;

They searched, and soon its radiance bright the head
to them discovered,
And running joyfully they came, as morning broke, to
Doúsko.
And hurried there both young and old, the men of the
White River;^a
With holy rite they buried it within the sanctuary.
The folk of Agrapha were told; they wrote and prayed
the Patriarch
To send an order that the skull the Doúskiots should
give them.
They took it and they placed it high upon the hill
Korona,
That they might hold a feast to it, and build a roof to
shelter.
A picture too they made of him, limned by a skilful
painter;
Above was seen the Yánniniots the shepherd swain
pursuing;
And at the foot the Plague was crouched, the Plague
with aspect dreadful,^b
Whom he was piercing with a sword and under foot
was treading;
And since that time in Agrapha the Death has never
entered.^c

^a The Aspropotámos.

^b The Plague is personalised as a hideous old hag.

^c This song is still sung on his Feast-day in the Church dedicated to the martyred Bishop.

*METSOÏSOS.**

(1690-1715.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 31.)

BRAVE Metsoïsos on the hills, high on the mountain-
ridges,

Has gathered round him gallant klephts, and they are
all Albanians.

He gathered them, he counted them, he counted them
three thousand.

‘Now eat and drink, my brave boys all! rejoice, and
let’s be merry;

This lucky year that’s with us now, who knows what
next will bring us,

If we shall live, or if we’ll die, to t’ other world be
going?

Now list to me, my pallikars—now list to me, my boys
all:

‘Tis not for eating I want klephts, I want no klephts
for mutton;

I want the klephts for their good swords, I want them
for their muskets.

For three days’ marching must we do, and do it in one
night too;

That we may go, and set our feet within Nikólo’s
houses;

Which have of coin a right good store, and which have
plates of silver.’

‘Nikólo, may thy day be good!’ ‘Thou’rt welcome,
Metsoïsos.’

‘The boys want lodging here with thee, the pallikars
want dinner;

* Or Mustapha, a famous Albanian robber-chief, great-grand-
father of Alí Pashá of Ioannina.

And I myself want five fat lambs, I want two good fat
wethers ;
A damsel fair besides I'd have, to pour the wine out for
me.
No, no ! I want no damsel fair, nor mutton killed and
roasted ;
Piastres in my lap I want, and sequins in my pocket.'

CHRISTOS MILIONIS.

(1700-1710.)

(PASSOW, I.)

THREE little birds perched on the ridge hard by the
Klephtës' stronghold,
One looked towards fair Armyró, the other down to
Válto ;
The third, the best of all the three, a dirge was singing
sadly :
' Lord Jesus ! what can have become of Christos
Miliónis ?
No more in Valto is he seen, nor yet in Kréavrisi.
They say he has gone far away and entered into Arta,
And taken captive the Kadí, and made the Agas
pris'ners.'
The Mussulmans have heard of it, and sorely are they
troubled ;
They've called the Mavromáta out, and called Mouktar
Kleisoúra.
If you your bread would have of us, and if you would
be leaders,
First must you Christos execute, kill Captain Miliónis :
So has our Sultan ordered it, and he has sent a firman.'

When Friday dawned, and day had broke—would it
had dawnéd never!—
Then Soulieman set forth in quest, for he would go to
find him.
As friends at Armyró they met, as friends they kissed
each other;
And all the livelong night they drank, until the day was
dawning.
And as the dawn began to shine, they hied to the
leméria,^a
And Soulieman loud shouted there to Capitán Miliónis:
'Christos, the Sultan asks for you, you're wanted by
th' Agádes!'
'While life and breath in Christos are, to no Turk will
he yield him!'
With gun in hand they ran to meet, as one would eat
the other;
Fire answered fire, they fell, and, dead, both lay upon
the mountain.

DEATH OF LAMBROS TZEKOURAS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

O LOFTY is mount Elatos, but loftier is Ghióna,
But both 'fore old Liákoura their heads bow, do her
reverence;
And there a Golden Eagle sits, on high he sits as sentry,
And in his claws he holds a sword, a crown upon his
forehead,
And as his glance the mountains swept, it fell on
Katavóthra;

^a The hiding-places of the Klephts, said to be derived from
δλη 'μέρα, "all day."

There he a human body saw, in pools of blood 'twas
lying.

'Who art thou who has placed thy foot in Lámbro's
lone *leméri*?

For he and I amid the snows of Liákoura reign only.'

'O Eagle of Liákoura, my best belovéd comrade,

'Tis thou and I who o'er the snows of Liákoura reign
only!

Fly high above the mountain tops, fly down into the
valleys,

My greetings bear thou to the Klephts, and to the
Armatoles all,

To Yianni the Vrykolakas, to Christos Miliónis,

And to my heart-dear comrade true, to Vlacharmatas
Vergos!

The Eagle spread his mighty wings, off soared the
Golden Eagle,

And round about the mountains flew, and flew he
through the valleys,

Then drooped and laid him down to die upon the tomb
of Lámbros.

THE CHILD CRUCIFIED BY THE JEWS.⁵²

(1712.)

Zante.

(CHIOTIS, 'Ιστορικὰ Ἀπομνημονεύματα, vol. iii., p. 348,
etc.)

WHEN the full moon shines out brightly,
Jews their Paschal lambs do kill,
For the feast ordained by Moses,
And the law he gave fulfil.

From the hands of Pharaoh fleeing—
Captive them he could not keep—
Would that from the world they'd vanished,
Drownéd then within the deep!

Though they'd crucified the Saviour,
This their malice could not sate;
These vile miscreant Jews, ungrateful,
To this day the Christians hate.

In His Law has God commanded
They from murder should abstain;
Love their neighbour, too, He bids them,
If His grace they would obtain.

That the Jews these laws have broken,
Deeds they've lately done make plain;
Ah! the cruel, cruel wretches!
They a helpless child have slain!

On the Day of Palms, a mother
Misses from her side a child,
Weepingly her son she seeks for,
Tears her hair in sorrow wild.

All day long she vainly wanders,
Searching for him all around.
Spreads the news with sound of trumpet,
Hoping he'll at last be found.

With the Paschal lamb to eat it,
Make the Jews unleavened bread;
For it in the month of March was,
That they out from Egypt fled.

Six days they the child keep hidden,
And his young life they destroy;
Then into the depths of ocean,
'Mid the waves, they throw the boy.

To the surface his poor body
Came upon the seventh day;
Terribly by death transformed, it
On the lip of ocean lay.

Lifting him, they to his mother
Sadly the small burden bring;
She, at least, may wash and dress it,
And may bury it, poor thing!

When they'd brought him to his mother,
To perform the burial rite,
They unto the rulers hasten,
That the truth be brought to light.

'See this boy! He drowned was never!
Angrily exclaim the crowd;
'We'll exterminate these Hebrews!'
With one voice they threaten loud.

'All the marks he bears proclaim it,
That he by these Jews was slain;
What more would ye? All the tokens,
Head and hands, bear but too plain!'

On the eighth day by a sergeant,
To the slain boy's home was brought,
One who called himself a doctor,
But who of his art knew nought.

He declares the child, while playing,
Must have fallen in the sea;
To the market-place they bring it,
Seen of all the world to be.

Orders come the child to bury,
The cathedral church within.
Ah! poor weeping, mourning mother,
What avails this strife and din?

But our Saviour Christ has told us,
That the things which hidden are,
Shall before the world be published,
And to all men, near and far.

When the ninth day comes, the people
Swarm together in a crowd,
Shouting, threat'ning,—with their voices
All the town re-echoes loud.

Hears the Governor. He the truth would
Know of what has caused this stir.
The physicians asks to witness
When the child they disinter.

Four physicians, skilled in medicine,
Hasten then to see the sight :
They were Vinder and Khionis,
Sigouròs, Palládes hight.

Vinegar they lave his flesh with,
Thus to know if he'd been flayed ;
Then they called to them the doctor
Who the inquest first had made.

Him they show the signs of murder.
' " He was drownéd " ! dost thou say ?'
Write and sign they their opinions,
And their science gains the day.

' One that's met his death by drowning
Has not hands like these pierced deep ;
With your own eyes now behold you
How they still like fountains weep !

' Now to-day at once I pray you,
By the God of truth and love,
Let us to the Prior hasten,
True is he all men above.

‘ Weeps he that he’s been found worthy,
And his tears are never dried—
To behold in Christ’s remembrance
A young infant crucified.’

Now relate they a great wonder :
Ere this sainted child had been
Placed beneath the earth, above them
He by some was plainly seen,
Wide his little arms outstretching,
Showing whither he did wend ;
That to heaven he was hast’ning,
To the joys that never end.

Where for ever sing the angels
All around God’s holy Throne,
Of the Trinity, life-giving,
And the praises of the Son.

On the twenty-second April,
Seventeen twelve, did this befall ;
On the twenty-second April,
In this island we recall,

Once again the crowd assembled,
Six o’clock then was the hour ;
Fell they on the Jews, enragéd,
Them to slaughter and devour.

With a crash the doors they burst in ;
In the synagogues all three
Rush they, while the Jews do tremble,
And their prayers stop suddenly.

Tear they books, and strew the floor with ;
Tear they the Old Testament ;
Like fierce wolves they rush with hatchets,—
Now the house-doors down are rent.

Spoil and pillage they the Hebrews,
 And the rich are first their prey;
 Grieve the Rulers at these doings,
 Yet what can I 'gainst them say,
 When 'twas for the Faith they did it?
 Many, many did they slay,
 As 'tis written in the Bible
 Did Elias in his day.

Well can I of ancient Sion,
 Captive led, the tale believe;
 'Tis by these events surpasséd!
 Praise to God then let them give,
 Who could in the ships take refuge.
 Let them there hang up their lyres,
 Weep and mourn in doleful concert,
 As the ancients did, their sires.

O ye Hebrews, race ungrateful,
 Brood of Satan! unto you
 Did not long ago the Prophets
 Prophecy what ye would do?
 Be ye not at this astonished
 For to all time ye must be
 In the world a race despiséd,
 For your Moses, said not he,
 There would come on earth Messias
 And ye must in Him believe?
 Come he *has*. Why wait ye longer?—
 Why the Saviour not receive?

O ye Hebrews, race ungrateful,
 Pleasure-blinded ye're indeed!
 Thus it is that faithful Christians
 Can your nation captive lead!

O repent ye ! O repent ye !
 For your time approaches fast ;
 After death you will most surely
 Into flames of fire be cast !

Unto them that are baptized
 And believe in [God] the Son,
 With a single heart embracing
 God the Triune, Three in one,

Says He, ' Let them in My Kingdom
 This day enter, and My Name
 Shall they praise throughout the ages
 Everlastingly. Amen !'

*THE SIEGE OF NAUPLIA.*⁵²

(1715.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

IF I were but a bird, I'd fly, and on the heights I'd
 perch me,
 And from amid the clouds I'd watch the fleet sail from
 the City ;^a
 How it comes on with canvas spread, the poops deep
 in the water ;
 In front the galleys bravely ride, the battle-ships
 behind them ;
 And in the midst is Ali Bey, o'erlaid with gold's his
 frigate.
 And on the frigate's deck there sit three fresh and
 lovely maidens ;
 Three lovely maidens are they all, as fresh as running
 water.

^a Constantinople.

The one plays sweetly on the lute, the second the
tsivoúri,

The third, the fairest of them all, a sad, sad song is
singing :

‘Rejoicings fill the Castles all, and sounds of mirth
and music ;

But Nauplia and Monembasiá grieve, and are filled
with sorrow.

Why, Nauplia, dost thou not rejoice ? Why makest
thou not music ?’

‘Ah ! not for me are mirth and joy, and not for me is
music !

By land and sea, by land and sea, the Turks have me
encompassed.

On this side beaten by the waves, on that by Janis-
saries,

Crumbling are my high Citadels, they fall in heaps of
ruins !’

‘Give up, O Nauplia, the keys ! Nauplia, make thy
submission !’

‘Think ye that I Naupactos am, or I am vile Lefkádia ?
No ! I am Nauplia the renowned, by all the world
bepraiséd !

The blood will like a river run, thou shalt see towers of
corpses !’

The Janissaries make the assault, and with them the
Albanians,

The Agha of the Janissaries chanteth this *myrologion* :

‘The gallant youths of Nauplia, and beauties of the
district,

Who with their feet to tread the earth for haughtiness
disdainéd,

They now must condescend to be the slaves of the
Albanians.’

They weep not, sad ones, that they now are led away
as captives,
They mourn that they're asunder rent, and that they
must be severed.
The mother's parted from her child, the child's torn
from his mother ;
The husband from the wife is reft, they who have loved
so dearly.
The young bride goes to Tchamouriá,^a the bridegroom
to the City.^b
And in a ship that's painted black, sit fettered nine
poor children,
With terror in their little hearts, with eyes all tear-
bedimméd,
They gaze upon the Tatar who has them in his safe
keeping ;
And near them is their mother dear, her heart with
anguish bursting.
' My Lord, *Affendi* Tatar, Sir ! My Lord, Tatar *Affendi* !
O leave to me, a mother lone, but one of my dear
children—
The middle one, an it please thee, an 't please thee,
Anagnósto !
Or else my little daughter dear, she who was born at
midnight—
Or slay me, Tatar, slay me now, and hew thou me in
pieces !'

^a Albania.^b Constantinople.

SYROS.

(1750-1760.)

Macedonia.

(PASSOW, xxxa.)

FROM Servia^a has Syros come, and Nannos out from
Vérria;^b

They houses have in Tsapourniá, and mansions in
Kanália,^c

A lodging-place at Kerosiá, within the Parson's
dwelling.

'*Papá*, bring bread, *Papá*, bring wine, and fodder for
the horses;

Bring, too, *Papá*, thy daughter out, our Capitán re-
quires her.'

'I've bread for you, I've wine for you, and fodder for
your horses;

But I have not my daughter here, I've sent her to the
vineyard.'

The words had hardly left his mouth, the words he'd
hardly uttered,

When lo! his daughter dear is seen, with apples heavy
laden.

She apples bears, her apron full, and citrons in her
kerchief.

She kneels to touch his garment's hem, and then his
hand she kisses.

^a The stronghold defending the pass of the Sarandáporos, and originally occupied by the Servians settled in the valley of the Haliacmon, by the Emperor Heraclius, about 620.

^b The *Bérrhæa* of St. Paul.

^c Identified by M. Heuzey with the Olympian Sanctuary of the Muses.

‘Come, maiden mine, upon my knee, and wine now
pour out for me ;
I’ll drink until the morning break, and birds go seek
their breakfast.’
‘I am the *Papa*’s daughter, sir—I am a Parson’s
daughter ;
And for no Captain of them all have I e’er filled a
winecup.
For it would be a shame to me, a shame to all my
kindred ;
A shame ’twould to my father be, who is a man of rank,
sir.’
‘Then will I take thee with my hand, and with my
sword I’ll take thee ;
Of no Pashá am I afraid, me no Vizier can frighten ;
I, for Pashá, have my long gun, this good sword’s my
Vizieri !
For I am Syros the renowned, the celebrated Syros.
By night and day am I at war, at early morn in
ambush ;
And famous captains, too, are mine, and chosen men
my soldiers—
And mine is Tségghi the renowned ; and mine brave
Captain Tásos ;
For when they see my hand and seal, and when they
see my writing,
They turn the night to day to come, to come apace and
join me.’

SATIR BEY.^a

(1760-1780.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 45.)

It happened on a Saturday before the dawn of Sunday,
That Satir Bey from his *konák* fared forth to battle
going.

But as he travelled on the road, and on the road was
riding,

A little Bird did cross his path, and sadly him accosted:

'Turn back, my Bey, I pray of thee, turn back, for
Death will meet thee!'

'Where didst thou learn, thou little Bird, that Death
would come to meet me?'

'Up in the sky, but yesterday, among the holy Angels;
They wrote thy dwelling desolate, they wrote thy wife
a widow,

They wrote thy young beys fatherless, they wrote them
poor and beggars.'

The words had hardly left his mouth, the words he'd
hardly uttered,

When rattle guns, and Satir Bey lies dead upon the
highway.

HOW THE TURKS ENTERED SPHAKIÀ.

(1770.)

Crete.

(LEGRAND, *Chansons Grecques*, 35.)

'TWAS said 'the Turks could never come within the
Sphakiot land';

And yet I see they entered have, and as a wrathful
band!

^a An Albanian Chief of Grevena.

It was the morn of Friday, and it was the First of
May,
That into Sphakià came the Turks, and sword in hand
came they.
Cursed be the hour in which the Turks thus into
Sphakià came!
They ravaged all the country round, and set the towns
aflake.
' O Kallikrátë, Askyphe, and other burghs of worth!
Say, where are now your gallant sons?—let them as
lions forth!
Where are your brave boys and your men renowned?
—now let them hie,
And like to lions hasten, and the passes occupy!'
' At games the youths are playing down in Franko-
cástello;
And over in Anópoli entrenchments up they throw.
For joy they're leaping, and the Turks they eagerly
await,
For they the battle would begin, and show their
prowess great.'
When up into the Market-place the Turks had won
their way,
A herald to the Sphákiots they sent, these words to
say:
' Come now, and your submission make, and rayahs all
be ye;
For we shall capture all of you, though each a hero
be.
Come now, and your submission make, the Sultan's
feet before,
That he may favours grant to you, and give you gifts
galore.
Great privileges you shall have, a goodly boon awaits,

And ye shall high distinguished be 'bove all the neigh-
b'ring States.

Your Sphákiot lands then from all laws will we exempt
declare,

While you them hold, your children too shall in this
compact share.'

' Your gifts we're well acquainted with, with tears they
aye o'erflow ;

For ye have given them full oft to men of Crete ere
now ;

And rather than accept your terms we one and all will
die ;

Rather than our submission make—life with dishonour
buy.

Ye cruel miscreants,⁵³ 'tis you the Christians who've
devoured,

Therefore, as freemen will we live, not rayahs over-
powered.'

When heard this answer the Pashá, then very wroth
was he,

And sent he to the Sphákiots word his pris'ners they
should be.

' Do what thou pleasest, O Pashá, nor to begin be loth,
We never will submit to thee, for we have ta'en an
oath—

That ne'er will we submit to thee, nor ever rayahs be :
Sooner than that, ah ! sooner far, we'd perish mis'rably !'

' Then, then, ye Sphákiots, my troops to fall on you I'll
send,

Nor shall they leave your land again till summer hath
an end.

Ye think the tribute to escape, secure the hills amid ;
But I too have my infantry, they'll find you where
you're hid.

Your children 'mongst the rocks you've hid, lest evil
 them betide ;
But I will find and take them, and with me they'll ever
 bide.'^a
'Take, then, our wives and children all, our maidens
 young take, too,
Perhaps ye may the victors be, for miscreants are you !'
And so the parley ended, and began the battle's din,
The fighting fierce and terrible the earthworks from
 within.
They've opened fire, and busily the fuse each Sphákiot
 plies ;
The bullets thick around them fall like bolts from out
 the skies ;
And rattle on the breasts of foes, as rattle hailstone
 showers ;
While runs the red blood on the earth as stream from
 fountain pours.
Alas ! how many gallant men were in that onset slain,
And lay in heaps upon the ground ne'er to be known
 again !
Ah ! there they lay, those goodly youths, like angels
 fair and bright,
Stretched namelessly upon the earth, in blood half lost
 to sight !
Ah ! there they lay, and mothers came and o'er them
 wept and mourned,
The black and bitter tears they shed all hearts to
 sorrow turned ;
The doleful dirges which they sang with lips all parched
 and dry,
As, seated there beside the dead, they sang their elegy ;

^a Meaning that he would make slaves of them.

The sighs that from their bosoms came filled all the air
around,
The flowers on that day of grief lay withered on the
ground!
And this these valiant men have done, these famous
heroes all,
That on the miscreant renegades they might as wild
beasts fall.
But when the Sphákiots' daring and their prowess these
did see,
They fled away from them in haste as they from death
did flee.
To Réthymno these *Turkoládes*^a hurried, sore afraid,
They fled the slaughter terrible the Christian youngsters
made.
And they of Réthymno did ask where they'd their
weapons left.
'The Sphákiots took them for their own, and us of
them bereft!'
'And where then are your warriors?' they asked of
them again.
'The Sphákiots have them devoured, away there on
the plain!'
A third time did they ask and say, 'Where have you
left your Chiefs?'
'The Sphákiots have slain them all—Alas! alas! our
Chiefs!'

^a A term of contempt.



DEMÁKI OF THE ASPROPOTAMOS.⁵⁴

1770.

(ARAVANDINOS, 5.)

THERE¹ passes a Pashá by, and yet another comes ;
 To Trikkala they're riding, and enter they the town.
 The elders they are seeking, headmen of Trikkala ;
 They're seeking for Demáki of the Aspropotamo.
 Away Demáki hastens up to the mountains high :
 He's now in Kriki's towers, that are in Métsovo
 Roast meat is on his table, sweet wine is in his cup,
 Yet little eats or drinks he, nor yet does he rejoice.
 And then his son Nikóla his sire would fain console :
 ' Why eatest not, *Affendi* ? why wilt not merry be ?
 If they burn down our houses, we others soon can
 build ;
 Piastres of us ask they ?—sequins will we give ;
 If of our flocks they rob us, we other flocks can get ;
 Well be it with the Vlachs of the Aspropotamo !'

THE CAPTURE OF LARISSA AND TIRNAVO.

(1770.)

(PASSOW, CXLIX.)

LAST night a dream there came to me, a vision as I
 slumbered,
 In flames did Tírnova appear, and burning, too, was
 Lár'ssa ;
 They took the mothers with their babes, and wives took
 with their husbands ;
 They took with them a youthful wife—but three days
 born her baby.

A thousand went in front of them, behind them marched
five hundred.

‘ O wait awhile, my *pallikars* ! O wait awhile, *leventës* !
My babe in swaddling bands I’d bind, milk from my
breast I’d give him.’

The *pallikars* awaited her, and waited the *leventës* :

‘ Petra, to thee I leave my child, O guard him well,
and tend him ;

For ere I go, and come again, and back can be
returning,

The raven shall have feathers white, and shall become
a pigeon !’

KOSTAS BOUKOVÁLAS.⁵⁵

(1772.)

(PASSOW, VIII.)

A GOLDEN Eagle in the sun sat sad, and plucked his
feathers.

Another Eagle questioned him, and earnestly he asked
him :^a

‘ Hullo, what is’t has crossed thee now, thou sittest all
so faded ?’

‘ Last night I saw, saw in my sleep, while peacefully I
slumbered,

That I to the Pashá flew off, to Berat, into Koúrtë ;

And there I heard the Albanians say, as sat they all in
council,

To Agrapha they would go down, would go and crush
the klephtës.

The Eagle Boukoválas heard, and to the plain de-
scended,

^a Compare *Od.*, xix. 545 : ‘ But he (the eagle) came back, and
sat him down on a jutting point, and with the voice of a man he
spake. . . .’

His followers he gathered round, his company assembled.

To them he told the evil dream, and by an oath he bound them,

No more to trust to word of Turk so long as life was in them.

He further charged and said to them, and called them round in council,

And to the stronghold cried, and said to them within the loopholes :

‘ Boys, take your weapons in your hands, and all comb out your tresses ;^a

The Turks are going to fall on us—an army of twelve thousand.’

And Metromáras then arose, and to his men he shouted :

‘ Take heart, my warriors ! and show that ye are men and Christians !^b

We’ll clear the Turks from out the land ; here on this spot we’ll slay them !’

As lions roar they loud and long, as lions they make their sortie ;^c

^a This recalls the story told by HERODOTUS (vii. 208—9) of the Persian spy who, on the eve of the battle of Thermopylæ, reported that he had found the Spartans combing out their tresses ; and the reply made to Xerxes by Demaratus, that this meant that they would fight to the death. Compare PLUTARCH, *Lycurg.* c. 22, and XENOPHON, *Rep. Lac.* xii. § 8.

^b Compare *Il.* v. 529 : ‘ My friends, quit you like men, and take heart of courage.’ The term Christian is, among the Greeks, popularly applied only to members of the Orthodox, or Greek, Church, and other Europeans are called, not Christians, but Franks. An old hermit of Mount Athos, whom I visited in his cave, was unable to believe that, as an *Anglos*, I could be a Christian ; and, to please the poor old maniac, I performed the Orthodox rite of kissing an Icon of the Panaghía. The true equivalent of the *Χριστιανολ* of the text would, therefore, be ‘ Greeks’ rather than ‘ Christians.’—ED.

^c Compare *Il.* v. 782 : ‘ In the semblance of ravening lions.’

They rush upon the Turkish ranks, like goats abroad
they're scattered ;
They slaughter and make prisoners as many as two
thousand.
But Kostas in the fight has fall'n, fall'n are his two
companions,
Who'd been in Goúra Armatoles,⁵⁶ and Klephts had
been in Zýgos.
The fields lament him, and the hills, and all the vales
are weeping ;
The maidens of Phourná lament, the proud and
haughty maidens ;
And mourn the young Klephts for their chief within
the lone *leméri*.

SOULIEMAN PASHÉNA.⁵⁷

(1786.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 6.)

WHOEVER mournful cries would hear, and doleful
lamentation,
O let him go to Yiánnina, before the lofty castle,
And to the great Pashéna list, to Soulieman Pashéna,
Who wails and loud laments her lord, and bitter tears
is shedding.
' Ye women all of Yiánnina, and ladies of the castle,
Now put off all your garments red, and in the black
array you,
For they have slain my Soulieman—have slain the
great Viziéri,
The Viziér of all Yiánnina, and Voivode, too, of Arta !'

ANDROÚTZOS.

(1786.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

MESEEMED it was the early dawn, so bright the moon
and starlight,

And I by night the mountains climbed, up to their
highest summits.

I heard the breezes whispering, and thus they asked
the mountains :

‘ You mountains two, Liákoura, and Ghíona in Salóna,
What aileth ye that ye complain, and sigh so sorrow-
fully ?

Is’t that the snows do beat you sore ? or is’t the
pelting hailstones ?’

‘ ’Tis not the snows that trouble us, nor yet the pelting
hailstones,

Delí Achmét is treading us, the summer through, and
winter.’

Androútzos, who these words did hear, was grieved at
them right sorely,

And sits he down and letters writes to all the gallant
captains ;

‘ Gather together all your bands, your worthiest *palli-
kária*,

And let us go and fall upon this dog, Delí Achméti,
Who Livadià laid desolate, and waste did lay Talánti.’
Together gathered all the Klephts, they numbered
fifteen hundred.

They found him upon Zimenó, and fought him on the
ridges,

Delí Achmét have they destroyed, who was the pride of
Turkey.

ANDROÚTZOS AND THE MOUNTAINS.

(1786.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THE doleful mountains weeping are, and comforted
will not be,

'Tis not for loftiness they grieve, not that the snows are
lacking,

But that the Klephts abandon them to roam amid the
valleys.

And Ghíóna calls to Liákoura, and Liákoura to Ghíóna:

'Dear mountain, thou who loftier art, and seest a wider
region,

What has become of all the band, the Klepht band of
Androútzos?

Where do they roast their mutton now? where shoot
they at the target?

What mountain do they now bedeck with heads from
Turkish shoulders?

'What shall I, mountain, say to thee? what, little
mountain, answer?

The Klephts are not upon the hills, those mangy plains
possess them;

They on the plains their mutton roast, and shoot they
at the target,

The plains, too, do they now bedeck with heads from
Turkish shoulders.'

Liákoura these words did hear, and sorely was she
grievéd.

She looks to right, and looks to left, and looks she down
to Skála.

'Ah thou, thou sickness-haunted plain, thou plain where
lurks consumption,

With my own brave and gallant youths dost thou now
 seek to deck thee?
 Come, give me back my ornaments, and give me back
 my heroes,
 Or I my snows will swiftly melt, and make of thee an
 ocean.'

*KOUTZONÍKAS.*⁵⁸

(1792.)

(PASSOW, CCIII.)

THREE birds were on a summit perched—the ridge of
 St. Elias ;
 To Yiánnina did one look down, and one to Kakosoúli ;
 The third, the best of all the three, a sad dirge sang and
 chanted :—
 ' Albania has gathered her, and gone to Kakosoúli,
 Three companies are on the road, all three drawn up in
 order.
 One company's Moukhtár Pashá's, and one is Mit-
 sobóno's,
 The third, the best of all the three, the Selikhtár's com-
 manding.
 And from the mountain opposite, a parson's wife was
 gazing ;
 ' Where are ye, Bótsaris' brave boys, and Koutzoníka's
 followers ?
 The Albanians have come down on us, they want to
 make us captives.
 To Tepeléni we'll be dragged, and there they'll make
 us Muslims.'
 And Koutzoníka answered her, from Avaríko answered :
 ' *Papadià*, fear thou not that, put far from thee that
 terror,

For now you shall the battle see of Klephtës' long
topháiikia^a—

See how the valiant Klephts can fight, and they of
Kakosoúli !'

But scarce had Koutzoníka said, his say he'd hardly
ended,

When, see ! the Turks are flying fast, on foot and
horseback flying.

One fled, and, flying, another said : ' Pashá, be thou
accurséd !

Much evil hast thou wrought for us, hast brought to
us this summer ;

Thou'st wasted many Turkish swords, and many of
Albania.'

And Bótsaris cried out and said, while his good sword
he brandished :

' Come now, Pashá, why art thou grieved, that thus
post-haste thou fleest ?

Turn here again unto our land, to desolate Kiápha ;

Here thou may'st raise a throne for thee, and here
thou may'st be Sultan.'

LAMBROS TZAVELAS.⁵⁹

(1792.)

(PASSOW, CCVII.)

THERE called aloud a parson's wife in Avaríko's village:

' Where are ye, Bótsaris' brave boys, and *pallikárs* of
Lámbro ?

A cloud has fall'n upon us now; on foot and horseback
soldiers ;

They are not one, nor two, nor five, but they are nine-
teen thousand.'

^a Guns.

‘ Let come the Turks, those worn-out Turks, for they
can never harm us !

Let come the battle, let them see the long guns of the
Soúliots !

And let them know our Lámbro’s sword, and Bótsaris’
tophaiki—

The weapons of the Soúliot maid, the far-renowned
Haidee !’

The fight began, and loud around the guns their rattle
opened.

To Zervas and to Bótsaris cried loudly brave Tzavélas :

‘ Out with your swords, my gallant boys, and let your
guns be silent !’

‘ ’Tis not yet time,’ said Bótsaris, ‘ ’tis not yet time for
sword-play ;

Keep ye within the fortress still, nor from the walls yet
sally ;

For without number are the Turks, and few, alas ! the
Soúliots !’

‘ What is it, fellows, that ye fear ?’ Tzavélas boastful
answers :

‘ Our craven heads still must we hide before those dogs
th’ Albanians ?’

Each man his scabbard takes in hand, in pieces twain
he snaps it ;

They fiercely fall upon the Turks, like rams they fall
upon them.

Calls to his men Velí Pashá—‘ Turn not your backs
like cowards !’

And thus they answer him again, while they their guns
are firing :

‘ This place it is no Délvino, nor is it yet Vidíni ;

But it is Soúli the Renowned, whose praise the world
has sounded !

It is the sword of Lámbros brave, with Turkish blood
'tis stained—
The sword that's caused Albania's folk in mourning to
array them.
The mothers mourn their fallen sons, the wives their
slaughtered husbands.'

THE CAPTURE OF PREVEZA.^a

(1798.)

(PASSOW, CCI.)

'YIELD not, sore leaguered Preveza, to Ali Pasha's
soldiers!'
'How sayest—yield not, dost thou not see I cannot
hold out longer?
Alí Pashá besieges me with soldiers twice five thou-
sand;
His cannon pierce me like the rain, his bombs are like
the hailstones;
And his small-arms shower down on us like to the rain
at springtide!'^b
The captives go to Yannina, as slaves to Tepeleni;
They've taken Dame Yorgákaina, and all her sons'
wives with her.
In front there walks the mother-in-law, behind her walk
the daughters.
The youngest daughter lags behind, she walks not with
the others.

^a 'Remember the moment when Preveza fell,
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell,' etc.

BYRON, *Childe Harold*, c. ii.

^b Compare *Il.* xii. 278: 'But as flakes of snow fall thick on a
winter's day when Zevs the Counsellor hath begun to snow, showing
forth these arrows of his to men.'

' Walk faster, my brave daughter dear, behind us do
 not loiter ;
 It is, perhaps, thy many coins, thy many pearls oppress
 thee ?'
 ' My strings of coins oppress me not, nor do my pearls
 oppress me ;
 It is my child that weighs on me, I've left him in the
 cradle.
 O cradle mine, rock thou my babe, O rock and nurse
 him for me,
 Until I go and come again, and back can be returning.
 For they have slain my husband dear ; upon my knees
 they slew him,
 Cut off his hands, which bleeding fell—they fell upon
 my apron !'

YIANNOUTSOS KONTODEMOS.

(1798.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 7.)

UPON the breast of Vikos high that is within Vradéto,
 There had a black-plumed partridge perched, and sang
 full sorrowfully.
 She sang not as a bird should sing, but a sad dirge was
 wailing :
 ' What is this evil that has fall'n upon betrayed Zagóri ?
 The primate they have massacred, good Noútso Kon-
 todémos,
 Who was the greatest 'mong the great in all the Vila-
 yíti.
 O Noútso ! said I not to thee—My brother, with me
 tarry.
 Thou wouldst not hear me, wouldst set out, to Yán-
 nina wouldst hasten,

That Turkish woman to salute, that Souliemán
Pashéna.⁵⁶

And she, to thank thee, thy poor head did sever from
thy body,

And on the dunghill cast it forth, and let the dogs
devour it.

On thee be curses, Páshéna, and thrice be he accursèd,
Thy husband, Alisót Pashá,^a whom to thy side thou'st
wedded.'

THE AMBUSCADE OF THE SOULIOTS.

Souli.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THERE set out the Albanians, the aghas forth did hie,
They hied to Kakosoúli, its gold to get they'd try.

And in the town they entered, and there, the church
hard by,

Set up their silken banners, their standards raised on
high.

The Kakosoúliot dogs in ambush for us lie ;

They fire, and raise their war-shout, and us they force
to fly ;

To Dervesiána fled we, nor once behind did spy.

They seize upon our *kápas*,^b our amulets^c thrown by,

Mehmét did shout aloud then, he for a truce did cry :

'Boys, if you are our brothers, as Christians make
reply—

You will not us our *kápas*, our amulets deny ?'

'This place it is no Maina, you're no Morea nigh,

Where you the babes and mothers may lead to slavery ;

^a Her second husband. See Annotation No. 56.

^b A cloak of white felt.

^c The Albanians carry their amulets in a small metal case attached to a strap which is worn on the upper part of the left arm.

But this is Kakosoúli, twelve towns you that defy,
Where sword and gun the women can wield right
valiantly !

*THE DROWNING OF KYRA PHROSÝNE.*⁶⁰

(1801.)

Ioánnina.

(ARAVANDINOS, 9.)

O HAVE you heard what has befall'n by Ioánnina's
lake-side ?

They've drowned Phrosýnë and with her sev'nteen
proud dames have died.

Ah, Phrosýnë, far-renowned,
Wert thou fated to be drowned !

No other dame had ever donned a dress of wool so
fine,

Phrosýnë wore it first of all, and walked abroad to
shine.

Ah, Phrosýnë, partridge mine,
Burns my heart this fate of thine !

Did I not warn thee, my Phrosýnë,—‘ Hide that fatal
ring !

If hears of it Alí Pashá, thou'lt feel the snake's fell
sting !—

Ah, Phrosýnë, woe is me !
Evil sure will hap to thee !

‘ If ye are Turks, unhand me now, a thousand coins
I'll pay,

If me you to Moukhtár Pashá will lead, two words to
say !’

Ah, Phrosýnë, fair to see,
Deadly ill's befallen thee !

But neither golden coin, nor tears, can move the
Vizier's mood ;

And thou and sev'nteen other dames must be for
fishes food.

Ah, Phrosýně, partridge mine,
Evil weird to dree is thine !

A thousand measures in the lake will I of sugar throw,
The water to Phrosýně's lips will then be sweet, I
trow,—

Ah, Phrosýně, far-renowned,
Famed in all the world around !

Blow fiercely, bitter Boreas, blow, and make the
waters roar,

And surge, and cast Phrosýně and those ladies on the
shore.

Ah, Phrosýně, partridge mine,
Burns my heart this fate of thine !

NIKOTZARAS.

(1804.)

Thessaly.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THREE little birds have perched them on the high
ridge of Olympos,

One looks towards Livadiá, and one looks down to
Sérres ;

The third, the bonniest of the three, this lamentation
singeth :

' Where is he now, where can he be, where is now
Nikotzáras,

That not in Chásia is he seen, nor yet in Katerína ?

They say he's to Bulgaria gone, the *pallikars* to gather.
That Nikotzáras now doth fight, against three towns
doth battle,
'Gainst Sérres and the country round, against unhappy
Právi.
Three days the battle they maintain, three days and
nights they're fighting ;
No bread have they, nor water have, and none have
come to help them.
Fall sick the *pallikária*, nor fit are they for fighting.
They take and round them gird their swords, and in
their hands their guns seize,
And wend them down the mountain slopes and hie
them to the bridges.
They find the gates all closely shut, and drawn the
chains across them ;
And Nikotzáras cries to them, and shouts from the
entrenchments,
'Take courage, boys, keep up brave hearts, let not the
battle languish !
Bind bands of steel about your hearts, beneath your
feet put iron,
For we grim death must face to-day, to-day must meet
with Charon.
Then forth his sword doth Niko draw, his faithful
yatagháni,
But one blow to the chain gives he, one on the gates
he striketh,
The chain it broken was in twain, the gates have fallen
inwards.
'Boys, cross the bridge, and post yourselves on t'other
side the river,
You'll there great rocks for cover find, and for your
guns find pebbles.

Take up your stand, entrench you well, take up a
strong position ;
Against the Albanians hold the bridge, let them not
cross the river.
And some of you go foraging, go some of you a-
hunting,
Bring bread, bring wine, whate'er you find, to feed the
pallikária.
They went, and laden they returned, with food returned
they laden,
The *pallikars* upon it fell, and each man cut his
portion,
And all uncooked the meat they ate, the flesh of deer
devoured they.
' And thus may we one day, my boys, the Turks devour,
the Othmans !
Now give ye praises unto God, and shoulder ye your
muskets ;
Take courage, boys, keep up your hearts, take courage,
bravely battle !'
Before them, Nikotzáras rushed like lion to the
struggle ;
The Turkish troops he put to flight, and the Pashá
took pris'ner,
And Nikotzáras hied him thence with all his *pallikária*.

NÍKAS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

WHAT aileth Maína's mountains now, they stand so
sadly faded ?
It has not snowed, yet they are hoar, nor rained, yet
they are moistened.

'Tis from the weeping of the Klephts, and from their lamentations.

It was upon a Saturday, the Klephts were making merry ;

Sheep had they, and they roasted them, rams on the spit they roasted ;

Sweet wine, too, had they for their drink, melodiously sang they.

But Zacharias spoke to them, thus Zacharias addressed them :

'Come, boys, and let us separate, into detachments band us.'

To Malevó sets Ghiorgo out, and Zacharias to Maína ;
And Níkas to Angelókastro, to his wife's mother goes he.

'Health, joy to thee, O mother-in-law !' 'And welcome here is Níka !

What dost thou, Níka mine, seek here, within the Turkish townships ;

Where hold the Turks their festival, the Klephts their feast are keeping ?'

Moustache and beard did Níka shave, and put on women's garments,

In women's clothes he dressed himself, with shoes of women shod him ;

To church went as the women go, and knelt there as a woman ;

As woman he the wafer took, and from the priest received it ;

And like a woman came he forth, and sat down at the doorway.

'Health, joy, Greek woman, be to thee !' 'Welcome are the Aghás here !'

'Hast thou seen Níkas here arrive ? hast Níkas seen come hither ?'

‘ Within is he, as godfather a child names and baptizes.’

‘ Health, joy, Greek woman, be to thee, thou Níka hast denounced !’

But Níka’s off to Malevó, .he’s gone to seek for Ghiórgo.

THE HANGING OF STERGHIOS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

OPE thee, my mouth, yea, open thee to sing a lamentation,

The woes of Stérghios to sing, Stérghios of Saloníca,
Of Stérghios who evil fate by his own deeds brought on him ;

The halter of Alí Pashá round his own neck he placed it.
For Stérghios his father’s curse for ever did pursue him ;

From west to east it followed him, the wrath divine pursued him.

Learnéd was he, and shrewd withal, he crafty was, and cunning ;

The Devil he for master had, the Devil he resembled.
The Devil led him like an ass, against his will he led him,

Nor wot he, the ill-fated man, where he was being guided.

Said he, ‘ Thou’lt go to Yannina, with the Vizier hold converse,

And he will dress thee all in gold, bedeck with coins and jewels.

Thou to Alí Pashá must say, “ I’ve come for my advantage,

I've Deathless Water^a with me brought, for thee to drink
I've brought it." "

' If I this Deathless Water make thou drink't and be
immortal,

To me, who am thy humble slave, what honour shall
be given ?'

' I'll either dress thee all in gold, or dress thee all in
silver,

Or with a noose about thy neck a fitting gift will make
thee !

Whoso this year tells lies to me his portion shall be
hanging ;

Upon the Gipsies' Plane-tree he shall hang, that's on
the Common.'

And laughed Alí Pashá to hear the boasting of the
rascal,

And ' Ha !' he cried, ' thou rascal, I will send thee to
the hangman !

I but a mortal man was born, and as a man must die,
too,

My body, too, when I am dead, must in a tomb be
buried.

For such things as thou speakest of, I grudge thee not
the money ;

But that this Deathless Water we shall drink, I sorely
doubt it.

For lies thy words appear to me, yea, all that thou hast
told me,

And a fair noose about thy neck methinks will be thy
guerdon.'

Then set to work our Stérghios, and all his writings
opened,

To show what there might be behind the last of all
these papers.

^a See Vol. II., Annotations No. 9.

Ten little children he required, and of the Vizier asked
he.

Alí Pashá the order gave that he with them be
furnished.

And all the little children ten that he had gone and
asked for,

Did Stérghios with sugar feed, with sugar feed and
candy,

That he the juice might press from them, and then in
cauldron boil it,

And with it Deathless Water make, that Alí Pashá
might drink it.

Three years he laboured at his task, this man by God
accurséd,

But all his labour gained for him was but Bouníla's
willow.

*PAPA EVTHÝMIOS VLACHÁVAS.*⁶¹

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

‘O KLEPHTS who are of Agrapha, and Armatoles of
Khásia,

Put on your braided jackets now, and gird your swords
around you ;

Betake you to your strongholds sure, hie to your posts
of vantage !’

Then cried aloud the sentinel to those within th’
entrenchments,

‘A flock of crows I, coming, see, black are they like the
Albanians.

Perhaps ’tis Phótis who arrives, perhaps ’tis Lepeniótis.’

‘It is not Phótis who arrives, nor is it Lepeniótis,

Moukhtár Pashá surprises us with thousands two-and-thirty !'
Then forward Papa Thýmios comes, and with a voice of thunder,
'Hold out, my *pallikars* !' he cries, 'all you in the entrenchments ;
And we this vile Moukhtár Pashá, on's head a blow we'll strike him ;
And as for those weak Koniárs, those mangy, poor Albanians,
We from the cliffs will pitch them down, and leave the crows to eat them !'
Three times the Turks did charge and shout their war-cry—*Allah ! Allah !*
But on the rocks fell every one, both Koniar and Albanian.
Again, and to a fourth assault, Moukhtár his soldiers rallied.
The Turks their prayer to Allah made, but in the attack have fallen
Five thousand men of Koniar breed, seven hundred Liáp Albanians,
Within the strongholds of the Klephts, the Kapitans' entrenchments.
The rocks are with Albanians strewn, and stream with blood of Koniards,
But now a bitter cry is heard—' They've prisoner made Vlachávas !
And captives his companions made, and captives made his kindred !'
' Why palest thou, O Thýmio ? and why art thou afflicted ?'
' I grieve that I betrayed have been by lying, base Stournáris ;

And, captive led to Yiánnina, Ali Pashá's hands hold
me.

Grieved now and sad will be my friends, mine enemies
be joyful.'

·EVTHYMIOS VLACHÁVAS.

(VALAORITIS, *Μνημόσυνα ᾄσματα.*)

VLACHÁVA, son of whom art thou, what mother, and
what father?

* * * * *

Olympus loved the much-desired, the proud and lovely
Ossa;

For many years he gazed on her, his eyes with love's
fires burning;

And she would blush beneath his gaze, and she in fear
would hide her.

One night, the joy of gods, one night of spring, serene
and tranquil;

In heaven the stars all glorious shone, from very fulness
trembling,

As though they held love's hidden flame, love's burning,
love's heartbeating.

No sound was heard but bleating flocks, or sheep-bell's
muffled tinkle,

As wandered o'er the fields the sheep, and grazed within
the meadows.

Anon and ever, on the ear sweet strains of woodland
music

From shepherd's pipe lulled lovingly to sleep the trees
and flowers;

And fragrant from the laurels blew the breeze, and from
the myrtles,
And from the joyful lily who from out the stream had
risen,
As white as purest maiden's face the Sun had never
gazed on.⁶²
The lily curved his slender neck, and darted loving
glances,
To woo his shadow in the wave, within the deep blue
water.
O sweetly, sweetly, Echo brought upon the ear the
carol
Of Klepht, who called to mind the deeds of Christos
Miliónis,^a
And winds and trees and waters now stand still, all else
forgetting,
And breathless listen to the praise of him their ancient
comrade ;
While softly falls the crystal dew, pure as the tears of
children,
As if a sudden grief had seized upon the new bride's
being,
While listening to the dirge he sings for Christos
Miliónis.
Why, hills, surrounded by such wealth of love, and joy,
and gladness,
Girt with a life so manifold, with harmonies so varied,
Why hear I not 'mid rustling leaves, and willow's sway-
ing branches,
And in the rippling of the streams, the voice of Free-
dom whisper ?
Such was the night Olympos chose to tell his love to
Ossa ;

! * Singing probably the ballad, given *above*, p. 288.

To show the love he bore for her, and tell her of his passion.

See how the lover is adorned! Across his ample shoulders,

All white and wide his beard is spread, in soft and waving billows,

That combed are by the moonbeams' rays, and tinged with mellow radiance;

Around him snowy clouds he draws, like foam-flecks freshly gathered;

The opal mist of sweet May dew he wears, as *fustanella*.

And brightly gleams, girt round his waist, and glitters on his shoulder—

The lightning-flash for his good sword, the thunder-bolt for musket.

Joy to the maiden who is loved, loved by the Klepht Olympos!

The mountains whispered all night long, and one another questioned;

And when the Morning Star arose, and woke from sleep the roses

That, with the Dawn, sprang up the hills, and to the highest summits,

On Ossa, lovely Ossa, still Olympos fond was gazing,

And saw her blush beneath his glance, blush like a bashful maiden.

He stooped, he bent his crest to her, and on her lips he kissed her;

And quick that kiss, that kiss alone, like life and flame commingled,

Thrilled through the veins of the new bride, and all her being kindled.

Ere many years had come and gone, ere many months and seasons,

A sound was heard on Agrapha, and on the lofty
Pindus—

The footsteps of the Armatole, the terrible Vlachávas;
The voice of eagles too that cried, the voice of falcons
screaming:

‘Ye forests, open wide a path, and gather up your
branches;

And let the Stoicheið pass by, the Dhrákontas of Ossa!’

Fallen into the power of Alí Pashá, Vlachávas, after
being cruelly tortured, is dragged through the streets
of Ioánnina for three days, and dies. He is then de-
capitated by a Gipsy, who places his head on a stone
pillar. But his faithful dog has followed unnoticed in
the crowd.

The night had fallen, and, satiate, the wild beasts had
departed;

The dog alone remained behind; upon the earth he
stretched him,

And moaned, and moaned incessantly, poor hound, from
his great sorrow.

But when the midnight dark had come, he sudden leapt
and bounded,

And in his mouth, and with his jaws, to seize the head
he struggled;

But, maimed and bleeding, his poor claws upon the
stone slip, broken.

It is too high, he cannot reach. Yet still he clings, and
stretches,

And slips, and falls; but, eagerly, again he leaps un-
daunted;

And with a last, wild, frantic bound, he stands upon
the summit.

That head, that head so terrible between his teeth he
seizes ;
And with it swift he flees away, across the hills and
valleys.
And as their rapid course they take, the forest trees, all
startled,
Ask one another, 'Who is this?'—the pine-tree asks
the plane-tree,
The willow asks the cypress tall, the elm-tree asks the
laurel—
'Who this is who is passing by? say, is it not
Vlachávas ?'
And with their eyes they follow them, but they are
fleeing ever.

When, near the dawning of the day, they reach the
heights of Ossa,
Upon her topmost, topmost ridge, among the deepest
snow-wreaths,
The faithful dog a deep bed digs, and there the head
he buries,
And by its side he stretches him, and lays him down
expiring.
O happy be the snowy bed where buried lies Vlachávas!
The mother who the hero bore again her bosom
opens,
And spreads a couch that he may rest, like babe within
the cradle.



*THE CAPTURE OF GARDIKI.*⁶³

(1812.)

(PASSOW, CCXIX.)

O CUCKOOS, sing your song no more, and, all ye birds,
be silent !

And ye Albanians everyone, be ye o'ercome with
sorrow !

The citadel has given in, and fallen is Khoumelítza ;
Gardíki still is holding out, and she will not surrender ;
But fain the struggle would maintain, and meet her
foes in battle.

When hears of this Alí Pashá, then greatly he's
incenséd,

And furiously with both hands writes, and sends
abroad his mandates :

' To thee, Lieutenant Yousoufí ; to thee, Yousóuf the
Arab ;

Now when thou shalt my letter see, and thou shalt see
my mandates,

Demíri shalt thou take alive, the same with all his
children.

I want, too, Moustaphá Pashá, both him and all his
kindred.'

' I, joyfully, Pashá, will go ; I go to bring them to
thee !'

And up arose Yousóufi then, and went forth to Gardíki.
And as he went to war against and fight with the
Gardíkiots,

Ismáil Delvíno called to him, and shouted from
Gardíki :

' Where go'st, dear Yousoufí Agá, dear Yousoufí the
Arab ?

This place it is not Yánnina, nor is it Tepeléní—
It is Gardíki's famous town in all the world renownéd,
Where even little children fight ; and, like men, women
battle ;
Where fights the brave Demír Aghá, a worthy *pallikári* ;
Three days, three long, hard days they fight, three days
and nights they struggle,
Ere they surrender to Yousoúf, and to his hands submit
them ;
And holds out only Ismáíl, and fights within Gardíki.'
' Come, 'Smáíl Bey, and thou shalt see the eyes of our
Viziéri !'
' I never will submit to thee, and ne'er will I surrender!
I have a deadly gun to wield, and I've with me picked
soldiers.'
But they are scattered, sword in hand, Yousoúf has
made them pris'ners.
Ismáíl Bey he's captive made, brave Ismáíl Delvíni,
And prisoner made Demír Agá, with him Demíri Dostë;
And ta'en are all before the gate of Yánnina's Vizieri.
Low bend they there, his skirt they hold, and kiss his
hand all humbly.
' We are to blame, my Lord Vizier ; we pray you now
forgive us !'
' There's no forgiveness here for you, nor mercy will I
show you !
Here ! take these men, and drag them out unto the
broad lake's margin ;
Take you stout planks with you, I say ; of stout spikes
take you plenty.
Off with you ! nail them to the planks, and in the
water throw them ;
There let them swim the livelong day, the long day let
them row there !'

KATSANTÓNI, THE LEPÉNIOT, AND
TSÓNGKA.^a

(1815.)

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, B. 43.)

(*Strophe.*) LEPÉNIO's trodden under foot,

(*Antistrophe.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—

(*Str.*) They've made of it a highway!—

(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka, that thou hadst ne'er seen
day!*—

(*Str.*) They've taken silver, taken gold,

(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—

(*Str.*) And pearls, too, have they taken;

(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—

(*Str.*) They've taken Nikolákaina,

(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—

(*Str.*) The great, the chief Pashéna;

(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—

(*Str.*) They've seized and hurried her away,

(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—

(*Str.*) High up to the *leméri*;

(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*

(*Str.*) And the Lepéniot born-fool,

(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—

(*Str.*) Her by the hair now seizes,

(*Ant.*) *And to the ground he throws her.*

(*Str.*) 'O let me go, Lepéniot,

(*Ant.*) *Antóni, Antóni!*—

(*Str.*) And tear not from my head my hair!

(*Ant.*) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot—*

^a This is a Klepht's Dancing-song; but as it relates to a historical episode, it is placed here.

- (Str.) But write ye for the ransom now,
 (Ant.) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
 (Str.) Write ye nine thousand piastres,
 (Ant.) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
 (Str.) And that twelve *fezes* you they send,
 (Ant.) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
 (Str.) And drinks fifteen they send you,
 (Ant.) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
 (Str.) And send you, for the scribe's reward,
 (Ant.) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
 (Str.) An inkstand all of silver;
 (Ant.) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*—
 (Str.) And send for each soul-son of you
 (Ant.) *Antóni, Antóni!*—
 (Str.) A drinking cup of silver.
 (Ant.) *Tsóngka and the Lepéniot!*

LIAKATÁ'S DESPO.²¹

(1816.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 74.)

WITHIN the Castle's lofty walls, the Vizier's high
serái,
 Where are a thousand partridges, shut up, yet sweetly
 calling,
 They yet another captive bring, a partridge, all adornéd.
 Among Liakatá's sheepfolds they've hunted and en-
 trapped her;
 And every partridge sweetly calls, and she alone is
 silent.
 ' Why, Despo, speak'st thou not to us, and why art
 thou so sullen?
 Go in, the chamber to prepare, and change the mats
 and bedclothes,

And I will come and gaze on thee, and we'll converse together.'

'I am not sullen, my Pashá, but I, Pashá, have never
Been taught to spread the mattresses, and lay the
sheets in order ;

I'm from the folds, a shepherdess, and this is all I ken,
sir—

The flocks and herds to feed and tend, and morn and
eve to milk them ;

The shepherd's gaiters coarse to knit, and curdle the
yiaourti.^a

THE EXILE OF THE PARGHIOTS.

(1819.)

(PASSOW, CCXXII.)

'BLACK little bird that comest here, from region over
yonder,

O say what weeping sore is it, what doleful lamentation
They send from Parga's city out, that rends the very
mountains!—

Say, do the Turks attack her now, or does the battle
burn her ?'

'The Turks have not attacked her now, nor does the
battle burn her ;

But all the Parghiots are sold, are sold as goats and
cattle.^b

^a A kind of curd, usually eaten uncooked and with sugar, and thought particularly wholesome in spring and early summer. But the Armenians cook it with an herb called *róka* (rocket), and serve it with toast and butter.

^b The conduct of the British High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Sir Thomas Maitland, in reference to Parga, was certainly, to say the least, open to severe criticism.

Ill-fated folk ! now they must go, in exile must they
sojourn !

They leave their homes, they leave the tombs, the
graves of their forefathers ;

They leave their holy place of prayer, by Turks 'twill
now be trodden.

And women tear their long black hair, and beat their
fair white bosoms ;

And all the aged loud lament with bitter lamentation ;

The priests with weeping eyes take down the Icons
from their Churches.

Seest thou those lurid fires that burn, what black smoke
from them rises ?—

There are they burning dead men's bones, the bones of
those brave warriors

Who put the Turks in mortal fear, the Vizier in a
fever ;

They are the bones of ancestors their children now are
burning,

That the Liápēs find them not, nor Turks upon them
trample.

Hear'st thou the wailing of the folk which echoes
through the forests ?

And hearest thou the sounds of woe, the bitter lamenta-
tion ?—

It is because they're driv'n away from their ill-fated
country :

They kiss her stones, they kiss the earth,^a and to her
soil " Farewell " say !^b

^a Compare *Il.* iv. 522 : ' And as he (Agamemnon) touched his
own land, he kissed it.'

^b They have now, however, returned ; and I had the pleasure of
making the acquaintance of prosperous merchants belonging to
old Parghiot families.—ED.

RHIGAS PHERRAIOS.⁶⁵

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 75.)

O SING no more, ye nightingales, and, cuckoos, be ye
silent !

And you, ye poor Albanians, go, in mourning garments
dress you !

What is this evil that's befall'n, and what is this great
tumult ?

Rhiga Pherraío 's fall'n upon, and beaten yon Moustám
Bey.

The Bey cries to the *bimbashís*,^a calls to the *miraldís*^b.

They 'gainst the earthworks lay their siege from morn-
ing until evening,

For fain they would the battle join, upon the plain of
Lar'sa.

Then forth the standard-bearers come with crosses
angel-guarded,

Karaïskákē's ancient line, and *Markobotsaratoi*^c;

Brave men have they the sword to wield, and they are
all Insurgents.

Between their teeth their swords they hold, their guns
upon their shoulders,

And gunpowder as bread they eat, and bullets as a
relish.

Karaïskákē calls aloud, and earth at hearing trembles :

' In Turkey plunge ye now your swords, slay even in the
harems !'

As many Beys as heard his words donned straight their
mourning garments ;

^a Captains, *Bin* (Tr.) = 100.

^b Colonels, *Mir* (Tr.) = 1000.

^c Sons of Marko Bótsaris.

The Sultan, too, that wretched Prince, still crying is,
and shouting :

‘ O cease ye from the battle, boys ! O cease ye now the
firing,
And I will grant to every one the boon his heart
desireth !’

SECTION (III.)

BALLADS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HELLENIC MEMORIES.

— . . . —

ZITO HELLAS ¹⁸⁶⁸

(KIND, *Τραγώδια*, 12.)

O THOU, my Sword belov'd, so keen, I gird !
And shoulder thee, my Gun, my flaming bird^a !
O slay ye, slay the Turks again,
The tyrants scatter o'er the plain !
Live thou, O Sword I gird !
Long life to thee, my Bird !

And when, O my good Sword, I hear thy clash,
And when, O my black Gun, I see thy flash,
That strew the ground with Turkish slain,
And ‘ *Allah* !’ cry those dogs amain,
No sweeter music's heard ;
Long life to thee, my Bird !

^a This recalls a famous Gaelic song by a Braemar poet-poacher, in which, addressing his Gun, he says :

‘ I would not give the kisses of thy lips
For all the yellow treasures of the Low-country.’—ED.

Now skies are dark, and thunder-clouded o'er,
 And tempest, rain, and flood, with Boreas roar ;
 I climb the hills, and leave the plain,
 The mountain-passes wild I gain ;
 My country rises free—
 Long life, my Sword, to thee !

For the most holy faith of Christ ; for thee,
 Hellas, my Fatherland, and liberty—
 It is for these that I would die ;
 While these live only, live would I !
 To see my Country free,
 Alone is life to me !

The hour has come, and loud the trumpets sound ;
 Now boiling is my blood, with joy I bound ;
 The *bam*, the *boum*, the *glin*, *glin*, *gloun*
 Begin, and loud will thunder soon !
 While Turks around me die,
 ‘ *Hellas, Hurrah !* ’ I cry.

KOLOKOTRONES.⁶⁴

1770-1836.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 70.)

FAMOUS Leonidas' sword
 Kolokotrónes now doth gird.
 Faint the Othmans at its sight,
 Cold their blood doth run with fright.
 In Dólianá the fight's begun,
 Weeps each *Kadin*^a for her son.

^a A Turkish lady.

In Valtítsa now they fight,
Fall the Turks like storks in flight.
Now the battle is in Lala,
And the Turks cry '*Allah ! Allah !*'

GHIÓURGOUKLIS.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

Down from a four-peaked mountain-top descends a
rapid river,

Rocks in its rush it carries down, and bears down trees
uprooted ;

It bears down a sweet apple-tree, with apples heavy-
laden.

And hear of it three maidens fair, and go to do their
washing.

The first the sick ones here doth wash, the second one
the wounded,

The third, the fairest of them all, this sad lament is
singing :

' They've slain, they've slain Ghioúrgouklis, the young
Kolokotrónis,

He who a rose was 'mong them all, 'mong all Koloko-
trónis.

Arise ! arise ! Ghioúrgouklis ! Oh, sleep not thou so
soundly !

To thee they have three letters brought, with bitterness
thou'lt read them.'

' Take hold of me, and raise me up, seat me that I may
read them ;

And bind ye round about my head a gold-embroidered
kerchief ;

And bring to me these letters now, that I with grief
may read them.'

Then cried he with a loud shrill voice, as loud as he
was able ;
And thus to his brave boys he spake, his *pallikars* thus
charged he :
“Fore God I charge you, O my boys! Revenge my
death, I charge you.”

THE KLEPHT'S FAREWELL.

(PASSOW, CLIII.)

‘I TELL thee, mother, ne’er will I to base Turks be
enslavéd ;
I cannot bear it, mother mine—my heart would die
within me.
My gun I’ll take, and I will go—I’ll go and be a
Klephtë,
And on the mountains I will rove, and on the highest
ridges.
I’ll for companions have the groves, with wild beasts
I’ll hold converse ;
The snows I’ll for my covering take, for couch the
rocky ridges ;
And with the young Klephts all day long, I’ll hide in a
leméri.
I go, my mother ; weep thou not, but give to me thy
blessing,—
Yea, bless me, little mother dear, that many Turks I
slaughter.
And plant for thee a rose-bush fair, and plant a clove-
carnation ;
With sugar thou must water them, musk-water pour
upon them ;
And while they blossom, mother mine, and while they
put forth flowers,

Know that thy son is living still, and 'gainst the Turk
is fighting.

But when that sad, sad day shall come, when comes
that bitter morning,

The morn when both those plants shall die, and faded
fall their blossoms,

Know that thy son all wounded lies—in garments black
array thee.^{'67}

Twelve years, twelve long, long years had passed,
twelve years and fifteen months gone,

And all that time the rose had bloomed, and blossomed
the carnation,

Till dawned a morning bright of Spring, till dawned a
May-day morning.

Sweet sang the birds within the groves, and all the
heavens were laughing—

One lightning-flash, one thunder-clap, and all was
turned to darkness!

Then sadly the carnation sighed, the rose-tree tears
was weeping;

At once they withered both and died, and shed their
faded blossoms,

And with them withered, too, and died, the Klepht's
unhappy mother.

THE KLEPHT'S WINTERING.

(ARAVANDINOS, 128.)

THE trees are faded, withered all, the hills with snow
are glistening;

The Vlachs go to the lowlands now, they go for winter
pasture.

The Klepht, where shall he shelter find? He leaves
the mountain-ridges,

His garb he changes,^a through the woods all silently
he's stealing.

No smile is there upon his lips, with head bent low
he strideth ;

He counts the passing days and nights, and waits the
hour impatient,

When spring shall open, beeches bud, and he gird on
his weapons,

With gun on shoulder, run again along the rocky ridges,
And climb into the mountains high, and reach the
Klephts' *leméri*,

To mingle with his company, and ply again his calling,
To slay the Turk wherever found, to strip bare every
trav'ler,

And wealthy captives seize upon, to hold them fast to
ransom.

THE KLEPHTS AWAITING THE SPRING.

(ARAVANDINOS, 127.)

How peaceful all the mountains lie, how peaceful lie
the meadows !

It is not death that they await, old age does not afflict
them ;

The spring-time only they await, and May, and summer
sunshine,

To see the Vlachs upon the hills, to see the fair Vlach
maidens,

And listen to the music sweet that with their pipes
they'll waken.

^a Exchanging the black kerchief and dirty-white kilt of the
Klepht for the white fez and baggy breeches of the Peasant.

While graze their sheep, around whose necks the heavy
bells are tinkling.
Again they'll set their sheepfolds up, and set up their
encampment ;
Again the young Klepht boys will come for frolic and
for dancing ;
The Klepht bands, too, will scour again the fields of
fair Pharsália,
Their Turkish foes to catch alive, and when they're
slain to strip them,
And golden sequins carry off, and then divide and
share them ;
And give, perhaps, some two or so to fair and kind
Vlach maidens,
When stealing from them kisses two, with sweetest fun
and frolic.

HAÏDÉE.⁶⁸

(PASSOW, CCCV.)

Who fishes on the hills has seen, or deer upon the
waters ?
Who an unwedded girl has seen among the *pallikária* ?
For twelve long years had Haïdée lived an Armatole
and Klephtë,
And no one had her secret learnt among her ten com-
panions,
Till Eastertide came round again, the feast of Easter
Sunday,
When all went forth with sword to play, to fence, and
throw the boulder.
Once Haïdée threw, and only once ; ten times the
pallikária.

So tightly prisoned was her form, her shame and her
 confusion
 Did burst the fastenings of her vest, and showed her
 lovely bosom.
 One cries that it is gold he sees, another says 'tis
 silver ;
 One little Klepht has caught a glimpse, he knows what
 'tis full rightly,
 ' That is no gold that ye have seen, nor is it even
 silver ;
 'Tis Haïdée's bosom, nothing else—'tis Haïdée's hidden
 treasure !'
 ' O, hush thee, hush thee, little Klepht ! and do not
 thou betray me ;
 And I for thee my life will give, I'll give thee all my
 weapons !'

THE LOVELORN KLEPHT.^a

(ARAVANDINOS, 142.)

THE livelong night sleep fled from me ; to-day I'm all
 aweary
 For two sweet eyes, for two sweet eyes, two eyes of
 sweetest azure.
 But I will steal them some dark night, some dark and
 moonless midnight,
 And to the hills I'll mount with them, high to the
 mountain-ridges.
 At midnight I will kiss them there ; at morn again I'll
 kiss them.

^a Placing it here, instead of in Class II., may, perhaps, be excused by the completion thus given to the Song-picture of Klephtic life.

Oft have I heard the partridge call, the nightingale oft
warble ;
Three times the cocks have crowed aloud, five times
has screamed the peacock.
Awaken, O my partridge-eyed ! Awake, and with me
hasten !
And I will kiss the olive brown that on thy cheek's
imprinted !

THE DEATH OF THE KLEPHT.

(PASSOW, CXLVI.)

ONCE we were forty gallant Klephts, we numbered
forty Robbers,
Who'd made an oath upon the sword, three oaths on
the *tophdiki*,
That when a comrade should fall sick, then would we
all stand by him ;
Stand by him when the Fates should call, or Destiny^a
demand him.
The best of all the band fell ill, the richest and most
valiant.
One to another signs did make, and said to one
another,
' What, comrades, shall we do with him—a stranger in
a strange land ?'
And he replied and answered them, with lips all dry
and parchèd :
' Boys, take me in your friendly arms, and bear me in
your bosoms,
And dig me with your hands a grave in th' Earth that
must devour me.

^a See 'The *Moirai*, or Fates,' *above*, p. 81, and vol. ii., Annotations, No. 7.

Throw earth by handfuls, kisses throw, throw tears
 and earth by handfuls;
 But lay me on my face, your path I shall not then
 discover.
 And when you see my mother dear, my long-expecting
 mother—
 Who always looked for my return three times a year
 impatient,
 First on Annunciation Day; and second, Passion
 Sunday;
 And third—'twill grieve her most of all!—when say we
 "Christ is risen!"
 Say not to her that I am dead, say not that they have
 killed me;
 That I am married only say, and in a far, far country.

SÁBBAS THE ARMATOLE.

(1821.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 81.)

WHY weep ye not, ye trees and boughs? why weep ye
 not, low ridges?
 Why weep ye not the Armatoles, and their brave Cap-
 tain Sábbas?
 Lord Jesus! what will happen here, the summer that
 is coming?
 In Góúra they're no longer seen, nor yet in Armyriótē
 They say, to Yíánnina he's gone to give in his sub-
 mission :^a
 'Affendi, many be your years!' 'Ah, Sábbas, thou art
 welcome!

^a To Ismail Pashá, who was then victoriously besieging Al Pashá, whose hour was now come.

How didst thou come? how dost thou do? how fare
thy *pallikaria*?

‘*Affendi*, they submit themselves; they’ve to the plains
descended,

And I’m to thy protection come, to take hold of thy
garment!’^a

DIAKOS THE ARMATOLE.

(1821.)

(PASSOW, CCXXXV.)

THREE little birds had perched themselves, afar in
Alamána;

One looked down to Livádia, another to Zetoúni,
The third—the best of all the three—a lamentation
warbled:

‘Arise and flee, Diákos mine, and let us to Livádia.

Omér Pashá will fall on us—Omér the Bey Vriónë.’

‘Why, let the cuckold come along, and show himself,
the apostate!

We’ll let him see the battle fierce of Armatole’s *topháiki*;
We’ll let him see Diákos’ sword, how in red blood it
revels!’

When furiously the fight had waged from morning until
evening,

Their guns they threw aside, and drew their swords
from out the scabbards,

And like wild lions on the Turks they made a desperate
onset.^b

Three times the Othmans count their dead, three
thousand find they missing.

^a In order to kiss its hem, a common action in the East when an inferior asks, or obtains, a favour from a superior.

^b Compare p. 308, note c.

When call their roll the Armatoles, they miss but three
Leventīs ;

No one has gone to keep a feast, or gone to keep a
wedding.

Then cried Diákos unto them, with all his might he
shouted :

‘ My brother, Basil, where art thou ? thou, Ghiórghi,
my beloved ?

Their blood ye shall require from him, from that Omér
Vriónē ;

Meantime, go ! hither bring the Cross, and we’ll all
kiss’t together !’

RESOULA AND FATMÉ.

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

Two Turkish maidens they have seized, both famous
for their beauty ;

Diákos ’twas who Fatmé took, and Yiánni took
Resoúla ;

Upon his knees he seated her, and in her eyes was
gazing.

‘ Resoúla, do thou Christian be, with holy oil baptized.’

‘ And how should I a Christian be, with holy oil bap-
tized,

I who have for my brothers Beys, and *Voïvodes* have for
cousins,

Who have besides Kourschid Pashá as my own cousin-
german ?’

The words had hardly left her mouth, still was the
maiden speaking,

When came her ransom, tied within a gold-embroidered
kerchief.

But Yianniakós will none of it, and Yiánni does not want it.

‘Thine shall the ransom be, and thine shall be, too,
all the *grósia* !

I will that Christian thou become, that I my wife may make thee.’

‘A Christian will I not become, e’en though thou cut my head off!’

And he his sword drew from its sheath, and her fair head sent rolling.

TSÓNGKA AND ALEXÁKI VLACHOPOULO.

(1821.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 82.)

O’ER all the world serenity, o’er all the world the sunshine,

But o’er Vrachóri’s township now black clouds and darkness hover.

The Kapitans are burning it, Tsóngka and Alexáki;
And one, a Bey’s young son was he, from high *serai*
thus hailed them :

‘What are ye doing, Christian boys?—say, are ye not baptized ones ?

Have we not neighbours with you lived, together grown to manhood ?

Why then do ye our houses burn, and shed our blood why would ye ?’—

But ’tis not such complaint as this that flaming fires extinguish,

And all the women-children fall into the hands of robbers.

YIANNOÚLAS ZAKAS.

Zagorie.

(1824.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 85.)

METHOUGHT it was the early dawn, so bright the moon
was shining,
And forth abroad by night I came, and up the high
hills climbed I.
I heard the poplars thundering, I heard the mountains
roaring.
'Ye mountains high of Grevena, and Métsovo's tall
poplars,
What ails you that you thund'ring are, what ails you
that you quarrel?'
'The Klephts have to the sheepfolds come, with
Kapitan Yiannoúlas,
And captive they've our children ta'en, and captive
ta'en our maidens,
And they from us a ransom ask of *aspras* many sackfuls;
And they demand that unto them the Captainship we
render
Of Grevena, of Métsovo, and eke of all Zagórie;
And three days only will they wait, three days' and
nights' grace give us,
And then the towns they say they'll burn, the monas-
t'ries and churches.'
The vilayét has learnt the news, and all the chief men
hasten,
To Yiánnina they go, and stand before the Vizier's
doorway.
'Sore evil has befallen us, and it may e'en be greater,
At Grévena, at Métsovo, and in betrayed Zagórie
If we do not to reason bring that Kapitan Yiannoúla.'

KARAMÍTSOS.

(1824.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 83.)

AMID three mountains, and between Mount Athos and
Kassándra,

Three shining stars appeared in air, and in a row they
hovered.

‘Look well at them, O Mítso mine, look well at them,
what mean they?’

‘They are the signals of the Klephts, the signals of the
Captains;

Three Frankish ships are there below, and they have
come to seize us,

So let us on to dry land go ere dawneth yet the morning.’

As on the beach they disembarked, there did their foes
await them,

And Karamítso did they wound, both on his knees and
fingers.

GREGORIOS LIAKATÁS.—I.²¹

Thessaly.

(1825.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 86.)

BEFOOLED by early dawn was I, befooled too by the
birdies,

And up into the hills I climbed, and to the mountain
summit,

And there I heard a partridge call, she called and
sweetly sang she,

And cursed she too the mountains all with human voice
as spake she :

‘ O Aspropótamo’s high hills, and O ye crescent
mountains,

What with the Klepht boys have ye done and Kapitan
Gligóry ?’

‘ O him has Nikolós befooled, e’en Nikolós Stournáris!—

“ Gligóry, come along, let’s go, let’s go to Missolónghi,
There heads of thousands we’ll become, and they will
make us chieftains ;”

And Mítros has a letter writ, and sent it to Gligóry :

‘ Gligóry, hast thy senses lost, and hast God ta’en thy
reason ?

That thou dost our *leméria* quit, the house of thy fore-
fathers ?”

“ What can I, brother, do for thee ? what do for thee,
bré Mítro ?—

A bullet struck me in the fray, and in my left eye
entered,

But if God and the Virgin grant that I be cured, and
healed be,

Again I’ll to the hills return, and to the mountain
summits.’ ”

GREGORIOS LIAKATÁS.—II.

(1826.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 88.)

YESTRE’EN, it was at supper-time, yestre’en, towards
the sunset,

Three cherished maidens told the tale, and sorrowfully
sang it ;

One was Stournári’s daughter dear, Mark Bótsaris’ the
other,

the third, the youngest of them all, Kapitán Gligóry's daughter.
And as they sad lamented there, and there as sweetly sang they,
Flew down to them a little bird, and on her knees he perched him.
'O tell us, tell us, birdie dear, O tell us some good tidings!'
What can I, little lady, tell, and what can I relate thee?
More yesterday and yesterday, I flew by Missolónghi, and there I heard they'd laid him low—the Kapitán Gligóry.
The trees, the branches weep for him, the fountains cool lament him,
And weep too they of Koútsana,^a they who 'are Kapitán's sons.'

THE SIEGE OF MISSOLÓNGHI.

(1826.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 15.)

ONE Saturday, as journeying, I passed by Missolónghi—
The ev'ning of Palm Sunday 'twas, the Saturday of Laz'rus—
Heard within a sound of woe, of tears and lamentation.
Not for the slaughter did they mourn, nor for the dead were weeping;
Was only for the bread they wept, for which the flour was lacking.

^a A township of the Aspropótamos.

Then from the Church a priest proclaimed, and called
to all the people :

‘ My children, young and old, approach ; come here to
St. Nikóla ;

Come for the last time and partake of the Communion
holy !’

But from the rampart Bótsaris was calling to them
loudly :

‘ Whoe’er is brave, and swift of foot, a valiant *pallikári*,
Let him to th’ Isles a letter take, to Hydra and to
Spezzia,

That they provision bring of corn, and we drive out
our hunger ;

And drive away the Arabs too ; that dog Ibráhim with
them.

Where goest, I say, ‘Brahím Pashá, with thy old worn-
out Arabs ?

This place they call it Kárleli, they call it Missolonghi,
Where fight the valiant Héllenes still, like worthy
pallikária !’

*THE DEATH OF MARKO BÓTSARIS.*⁵⁸

(1826.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

THREE little partridges were perched, high up on
Karpenísi ;

Their claws with crimson dye were stained, and red
were dyed their feathers ;

And round about their heads were bound and twisted
soiléð kerchiefs.

From fall of evening they lament, and cry they in the
morning :

‘Skódra Pashá will fall on us with soldiers eighteen thousand,
With him he’s bringing Djelad Bey, he’s bringing
Agha Kióris,
And Nikothéan’s coming, too, the dog, the Christian-slayer!’

Amid the meadows they encamp, below St. Athanasius.
And set they to, and letters write to all the Klephtio Chieftains.

‘Of you I ask Mark Bótsaris, that, bound, to me you bring him ;

That I may send him to the King, the Sultan at Stambóli.
And you, your lives I’ll give to you, nor yours alone—
your children’s.’

When Mark this proclamation heard, he stroked his long moustaches,

To him he Lámbro Vekkon called, and secretly he charged him :

‘Assemble, Lámbro, now the boys, the bravest *pallikária*,

For we this evening must set forth to march to Karpenísi.

Skódra Pashá to find we’ll go, to make his good acquaintance.’

On Friday did they all set out, and quitted Missolónghi.
At Karpenísi they arrived, two hundred full they numbered.

‘Come, boys, come eat and drink your fill, sit down and eat your supper,

For whether we the morrow see the one God only knoweth !

At five o’clock o’ th’ night^a must ye be on your feet and ready,

^a Turkish time, reckoned from sunset, is probably referred to.

For Skódra must we fall upon while still he soundly
slumbers.'
Then in the dark of night they rose, and made the
assault in darkness.
His trusty sword has Marko drawn, and 'mid the tents
he rushes,
And twice six hundred men were slain, were slain in
that first onslaught.
But one Albanian Latin^a dog—would that his hand had
fallen !—
A bullet fired with deadly aim, which struck the head of
Marko.
With choking voice cried Marko then, cried Bótsaris,
though wounded :
' Where art thou, Kosta, brother dear ? cease not for
me your firing !
And you, my boys, weep not for me, nor don ye
mourning garments ;
Send tidings to the Frankish lands, send tidings to
Ancona ;
And write a letter to my wife, that they have slain her
Marko ;
Bid her with care bring up my boy, and letters let her
teach him.'

PHLOROS YIATAGHANAS I.

(1826.)

(Communicated by M. E. LEGRAND.)

ON Malandríno's rocky heights was seated Sakarélis,
And oft he turned to ask his band—the few men that
were left him—

^a A Miridite, or Catholic Albanian.

‘My boys, say what has now become of brave old
Yiataghánas ?

He’s neither in Ghíóna seen, nor yet in Galasídi.’

‘Fighting is Yiataghána now, and with him is Tzavára;
The Turks they slaying are like rams, Aghás like pigs
they slaughter.’

When to Achmét Bey came the news, it sorely, sorely
grieved him.

‘Stay, Phlóro, stay the fighting now, and let the guns
cease firing ;

I’ll make of thee an Armatole, and gold give all thou
askest !’

When Phlóro heard the words he spake, the blood
rushed to his forehead :

‘Thou Bey ! thou vile old Turk ! [he cried], thou
vermin-covered rascal !

I came not hither for thy gold, nor came I for thy
money ;

For I am Phlóros the renowned, I am old Yiataghánas,
Who ’mong the Heroes have grown old, among the
Klephts am Captain ;

And if thou darest, filthy Turk, come ! we’ll stand up
together,

And Phlóro’s sword I’ll let thee see, Tzaváro’s gun I’ll
show thee !’

PHLOROS YIATAGHANAS II.

Ibid.

THE herbage for the water weeps, for dew the trees are
weeping,

And weeping are the sons bereaved, sons of old
Yiataghána.

By day and by dark night they go, with sword in hand
they're marching ;
Meatless and drinkless on they go, and not an eye one
closes,
For they would Turkish bodies eat, with blood would
they be satiate ;
And at the setting of the sun, a Bey's young son they
capture.
When to the Bey the news was told, the blow was like
to kill him ;
A letter he sits down and writes and sends to Ranka-
vánis—
' O Rankavánis, send him back, my only son restore
me,
And I will for his ransom give of golden coin five sack-
fuls.'
' We do not want your golden coins, nor do we want
your money ;
Bring thou to us our Captain here, and take thy boy
back with thee.'
' But Yiataghánas he is dead, of grievous sickness died
he.'
' Then we thy son, O miscreant Bey, then we thy son
will feed on ;
For I will flay the boy alive, and on the spit we'll roast
him !'

JOHN TZAVÁRAS.

Ibid.

THE cuckoo sings upon the hills, and on the shores the
partridge,
The deer have wandered forth to graze, the Klephts for
heads gone hunting,

And John Tzavára forth has gone, and fain would he a
Klepht be.

First to the church he takes his way, the priest hears
read the Gospel,

Before the Christ his reverence makes, his arms then
dons he bravely.

And charges him his mother dear, and twice repeats
her counsel :

‘ Dear son, go thou to Sálona, and with thy sword
drawn enter,

Cut off the head of Emin Bey, and all his wicked
voïvodes,

They who of thee an orphan made, and made of me a
widow !’

NASOS MANTALOS.

(1828.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 98.)

THE cuckoo sings it on the hills, and on the shore the
partridge,

And on a withered little tree our Peter-blackbird sings it;
And, as a funeral dirge, they chant and sing the mourn-
ful ditty :

‘ The noise of many guns I hear, and dismal is their
knelling,

Perhaps ’tis for a wedding, or perhaps ’tis for a feast-
day ?’

‘ They neither for a wedding fire, nor do they fire for
feast-day,

’Tis Násos battling, fighting hard against Hassáni
Ghíka.

Three days the fighting’s lasted now, three days and
nights the battle ;

No water have they, bread they've none, no friend has
 come to aid them ;
 And now at break of day, at dawn, with sword in hand
 arising,
 A red-wet road he opens wide, " Farewell," they say to
 Khásia.'

THE WOMEN OF NEGATHA.

Zagorie.

(1828.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 100.)

THEY tell it in Karamberá, they tell it in Zagórie,
 And Zako's daughters tell it, too, high up in Valia-
 kárdha,
 The women of Negátha, too, sing it as *moirólógia*,—
 The story of Balánaina, and of Kyrà Chrysoúla,
 And of Kyrà Angelikí, who Goúmaina's son's wife was,
 Whom they did drive in front of them, and whom as
 captives led they,
 And with them were companions twelve, and forty
 servant maidens.
 ' Walk on, Kyrà Angelikí, behind why dost thou linger?
 Perhaps thy garments heavy are, thy ornaments are
 heavy ?'
 ' My garments do not weigh me down, nor do my
 gauds oppress me ;
 The white stones 'tis that hamper me, my knees are
 bruised and bleeding,
 For to these weary barefoot walks I've never been
 accustomed.'
 They took and led them far away, away to Valia-
 kárdha,

And there the Klephts begin the dance, and with them
set the women.

‘Dance thou, Kyrà Balánaina, so will the others dance,
too!’

‘O Lord, from out of Thy high heaven, wilt Thou not
bend and see us?—

This evil see that has befall’n, the greater ill that
threatens?’

Then took they them, and in a row, made stand up all
the women,

To see whose husband wealthiest was, and her they’d
hold to ransom.

Then Goúmaina’s Angelikí, the son’s wife of Chrysoúla,
With bitter tears bewailed her fate, bewailed her dire
misfortune;

For she her husband knew to be of all *Vlachià* the
envied.^a

THEODOROS ZAKAS AND THE SONS OF MAKROS.

(1828.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 97.)

To Kranià, those dogs of Mákros’
Came, and on the bridge did post them;
Many a caravan they seized on,
Aspras took, and took piastres.
Took they, too, a Vláchá maiden,
Fair and white was she as snowdrift.
Sweet was she, yea, sweet as melon,
As a turtle-dove was comely.

^a These women were captured by the band of the Klepht Chief, Kapitán Zákas, who also figures in the next song, and on p. 368. *Vlachia* signifies the districts inhabited by the Vlachs.

Spread they 'fore them the piastres,
 And began they to divide them.
 Ha! See Thódoros! See Zákas!
 Quick a volley's fired upon them.
 Fifteen Klephtēs there lie wounded,
 And lie dead the sons of Mákros.
 'Here! the sorriest jade go bring me,
 And we like to goats will sling them!'

S A P H Á K A S .

Epeiros.

(1829.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 99.)

THREE little partridges had perched high on the rocky
 ridges ;
 One is in spotted feathers drest, blue are the second's
 feathers,
 The third, that all in black is dight, this lamentation
 warbleth :
 'What is this evil that has happ'd to Kapitán
 Saphákas?—
 'Fore yesterday did he come forth from Yiánnina, the
 Castle,
 And, doubling, fled he to the hills, and to the highest
 summits.
 By night and day he hastened on, by road and narrow
 foot-track,
 Lonely, and all alone was he, and naked, and a-
 hungered.
 At last he to Tartána came, and in the Church did
 enter,

And vowed a golden lantern he would bring, and there
would hang it,
If safe he came to Agrapha, where he had friends and
fam'ly,
And had, besides, for his sworn friend, the Kapitán
Sotíri ;
They'd friends from earliest childhood been, sworn
friendship on th' Evangel.
So came he, and he found him there, and they
embraced each other.
But what these kisses him availed ? and what this
friendly greeting ?—
For on the morrow was he struck, struck by three
cruel bullets,
There as he sat and ate and drank with that Sotíri
Strátos.
A loud and bitter cry he gave, with wounded tongue
exclaimed he :
' Sworn friend, why slain me thus hast thou ? and why
hast thus betrayed me ?
O valleys, let your branches cry ! O mountains high,
low bend ye !
And to my mother bear the sound, and to my wife,
poor sad one !
And ye, O breezes, carry it, that hear may all the
Kosmos,
And learn how safely I escaped the claws of Turks and
Moslems,
To be by my sworn friend devoured—the faithless,
faithless Strátos !'

THE PILLAGE OF KASTANIÁ.⁹⁹

(1832.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 103.)

THE Klephts together gathered them, within Aghiã
 Triádha ;
 Tsápo's two strapping sons were there, the five boys o
 Blacháva ;
 And Zaka who's of Grevena, and three of Kontoyiánni's
 Ghiórghi from Xerómero, the son of Skylodimos,
 And Stráti who's from Agrapha, the two *Boukovaíoi*,^a
 Kóstas Stournáris, Katsarós, and Yiánni Koutelídas ;
 And Tosks were there, and Liaps were there, with
 them Taphíli Bouísi.
 They banded them, they counsel took, and then set
 out together,
 To make the villages pay toll, and get from them their
 rations.
 A letter do they take and write, to Kastaniá they
 send it :
 'To you, headmen of Kastaniá, to you, Pashás, and
 great ones !—
 A hundred purses you will send, bread, wine, and *raki*
 send us ;
 A thousand pairs of shoes to wear, a thousand *fusta-*
nellas ;
 The *pallikars* would eat and drink, the *pallikars* would
 wear them.'
 The headmen did their words disdain, and straight
 their guns got ready.
 When made the Klephtës their attack, they made it ir
 a fury ;

^a Sons of Boukoválas.

With naked sword in hand they rushed, and entered in
the village.

They seized upon the nearest house, and made of it
their quarters,

And *árchontës* they captives took, and dames, and sons
of *árchons*.

'Accurséd may you, headmen, be, and Násos Kostaniótis,
For all the evil you have brought on our unhappy
village!

By Klephts we're carried to the hills, they take us off
as captives;

And they for us, as ransom, ask so many thousand
grósia.^a

HADJÍ CHRISTOS.

(1834.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 106.)

DARK trees, are ye not weeping, nor ye, dark branches
low?—

The deed of Hadji Chrístos should cause your tears to
flow!

His soldiers in the townships he bade their quarters
make;

And they from us two maidens of Portariá did take.

To Yiánnina they've led them, and to Mahmoúd Pashá,
Who's sent them to Stambóli, and to the Padisháh!^b

And when the Sultan saw them, he pleased was at the
sight;

And, to Mahmoúd Pashá, he a letter bade them write:

^a Piastres.

^b Sultan Mahmoud II., 'The Reformer.'

'Of Yiánnina and Lar'ssa, I thee Pasha have made,
So do what good thee seemeth, I want no sequins paid
But I desire thou send me more of these maidens rare
As lovely as Helénē, as Konstantína fair !'

TSÁPOS.

(1837.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 110.)

A LITTLE partridge on the braes of Métsovo was sitting
And sadly, sadly did she call, as if her mouth were
human.

'To-day's a feast day, Tsápo mine, the great day 't'
of Easter ;

To-day thy thoughts will dwell upon the days when
thou a youth wert !'

With all his golden armour deckt, and with his sword
girt round him,

And in his Captain's gala dress arrayed, went Captain
Tsápos.

He at the Resurrection Mass appeared like first of
Captains,

And at his house went in and out to greet with 'Christ
is Risen !'

All his relations and his friends, of Métsovo the
primates.

And ample was the fare they spread, for 'twas the
Easter table ;

Yet but his eldest son alone sat down to share it with
him ;

For to the Easter fair had gone his other sons and
nephews.

An Easter lamb both fat and big, that on the spit wa
roasted,
They brought and there before him set, 'twas stuffed
in Klephtic fashion.
A shoulder he for portion took, and as the blade he
studied,
There came a paleness o'er his face, and low his head
he bended—
*For he had seen two open graves fresh dug within his court-
yard!*^a
'Tsápo! I thee good Easter give!' 'Bey, may thy
years be many!
Thou welcome to our table art!' 'I thank thee,
Kapitáni,
I'll but a cup of coffee take, sit down and eat your
dinners.'
Rose Tsápo courteous to his feet—the Bey's health he
would drink then;
But swallowed he the latest drop together with three
bullets,
And other five for ever closed the lips of Tsápo's eldest.
And murmured thus old Tsápo's tongue, as it in blood
was drownéd;
'Arim Bey, O thou Gipsy Turk, heir of Alí Pharmáki!—
I other sons and nephews have, and this do I bequeath
them:
So long as one of them shall live, my blood they shall
avenge it,
Nor e'er put faith in word of Turk, nor for a friend e'er
take one!'

^a It is a common practice among the Klephts to find presages
pictured on the thin bone of a lamb's shoulder-blade.

KATARRACHIAS.

(1838.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 115.)

UPON a ridge three partridges were sitting 'mid the
 barley,
 The one looked down to Tríkkala, the other down to
 Lar'ssa,
 The third, the kindest of the three, thus called, and
 sad lamented :
 ' O listen, *bré* Katarrachiá ! O listen, sons of Tsápo !
 Listen, Liáko Góntova, and Gheórghi Karamítso !
 For Shemshi Bey's surrounding you with soldiers
 fifteen hundred,
 They at the monastery lodge, high up in Lepenítsa ;
 They the *Kalóyers* question thus, thus press they the
Kalóyers :
 "Where now has gone Katarrachiás ? where has
 Liákos wended ?"
 "To Kritharákia they have passed, they're mid the
 highest summits ;
 They have with them *tambouria* strong, *tambouria* of
 battle."
 Throughout the long, dark night he's marched, he's
 marched with all his soldiers,
 So that he may at dawn arrive, and here may close
 surround you.'
 Then loudly cried Katarrachiás : 'Boys ! don't get in a
 panic !
 Wait till they come up close to us, that bullet find its
 billet !'
 Then when they had the battle joined, and handled
 their *tophaíkia*,

And when around the corpses lay, all in the red blood
welt'ring,
Flashed out, as if by one accord, the keen knives of the
Klephtës.
And to the bottom of the cliff the Turks rolled, dead
and dying.
But, in the gloaming of that day, there whizzed a
cruel bullet,
It Shemshi's head on one side struck, and passed out
on the other!
The night upon the mountain fell, and silenced the
tophaïkia ;
And through the darkness flee the Turks, and them
betake to Lar'ssa,
At early morn the Klephts, too, flee along the lonely
hill-tracks.

LIAKOS GONTÓVAS.

(1839.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 116.)

THE hills are covered o'er with snow, and with
Dervenaghádhes^a ;
Liákos all alone is left, Liákos, too, is wounded.
Which way shall he, poor fellow, turn, where go, poor
wretch, for shelter?
Should he go on to Kíssavo, he'd meet *Dervenaghádhes* ;

^a Guardians of the roads, from the Turkish *derven*, a road, and *aghá*, a gentleman. The hero of this ballad bravely repulsed an attack made on him and his band by the Dervenághá of Thessaly, Soulieman Tabir Ambazi, and his rural militia. He received seven wounds in the fray, but made good his escape, and, after hiding in the mountains for some days, arrived, half dead, at Larissa.

Should he up to Olympos climb, his haunts are filled
 with snowdrifts ;
 And if he'll go to Greveno, he'll find *Dervenaghádhes* ;
 Should he go up to Métsovo, to join the sons of Tsápo,
 He hears they've their submission made, and now they
 are but rayahs.
 'Where art thou Yiánni, my soul-son, my Yiánni well
 belovéd !
 Turn thee again, and take my arms, my sword that
 cuts so keenly,
 And do thou take them to my wife, to my unhappy
 children ;
 A man of Lar'ssa I'll become, and I will die in Lar'ssa.'

MEHMET AGHA AND SOULA.

(1844.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 117.)

SAT a fair young maiden at her father's door,
 Comes Mehmét Aghá by, sees and is amazed.
 Throws he apple, hits her, not a sign makes she
 Throws he gold and silver, only smileth she ;
 Five *pallikarákia* sends he to her home :—
 'Give to us your Soula for Mehmét Aghá ?'
 'Seven murders may be done within my door !
 For Mehmét Aghá I love not, will not wed,
 To be Mehmetína here in Grevéna !'



THE TAKING OF MÉTSOVO.

(1854.)

(ARAVANDINOS, 29.)

O'ER all the world serenity, o'er all the world the
sunshine,
But o'er unhappy Métsovo red flames and black smoke
rising.
The soldiers of Abdí Pashá have fought against and
sacked it ;
Nine thousand men were they in all, and full eight
thousand entered.
And Grivas had entrenched himself high up at Niko-
léti's,
With a hundred men who wore the Cross, with other
men two hundred.
And with a loud voice cried to him and called Housseín
Vríónis :
'Submit thee, Griva, to the Turks, do homage to
Pheríki,
And he thy life will grant to thee and friends we'll be
together !'
And Kókkalis replied to him, and shouted from the
window :
'What sayest thou, Houssein Pashá ? what sayest
thou, thou mad head ?
Of cartridges in each man's pouch we've many more
remaining,
And with our guns we still will play and skeletons we'll
strew you ;
And afterwards, when these are spent, with sword in
hand we'll wait you !'
On Friday at the dawn of day, it was a snowy morning,

And Grivas and his gallant boys at early morn are
 wending,
 By Zýgos' narrow mountain path the left side of
 Chalíki,
 And from among his followers he found but four were
 missing.

THE BATTLE OF KALABAKA.^a

(1854.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 32.)

WHAT aileth thee, O wretched crow, that thou art cry-
 ing and screaming?
 Is it that thou for blood dost thirst? or thirstest thou
 for carrion?
 Come out high over Kósiako, high over Kalabáka,
 And down towards the river look, and down to Kréa-
 Vrissi;
 There Turkish bodies thou shalt see, thou shalt see
 headless bodies,⁷⁰
 Where they have shut up Aliá Bey, and with him troops
 four thousand.
 The bullets fall as thick as rain, and cannon-balls as
 hailstones,
 And see, those muskets pour their shot like to the
 small rain falling.
 Hold out, O Hadji Petro mine, against the Liáp
topháiikia!^b

^a The last battle of the futile Greek Insurrection during the Crimean War. (See *Annotations*, No. 70.)

^b Hadji Petro—'Peter the Pilgrim'—was a Vlach. The Liap Albanians turned the fortune of the day against the Greeks.

CHRISTOS AND DIMITRIOS TAKOS.^a

(1871.)

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 78.)

O WEEP with me, friends, weep with me! my foes, take
now your vengeance—*Chrísto Táko mine!*
And all who of my kindred are, put on your mourning
garments—*Chrísto Táko mine!*
Struck down has our poor Christo been in Oropó, at
even—*Chrísto Táko mine!*
And now I all alone am left, like solitary birdie—*poor*
Táko mine!
And there is none to tell of it, to none can I relate it—
poor Táko mine!
To tell of all my grief for him, to tell of all my sorrow
—*Chrísto Táko mine!*
Then I for my companion, take Nákos Zigouyiánnis—
Chrísto Táko mine!
That I my grief to him may tell, and tell him all my
sorrow—*Chrísto Táko mine!*
There came to me a bodeful dream, for me it presaged
evil—*Dimíttri Táko mine!*
'Now rede it, Náko, rede me it, and tell me what it
bodeth—*Dimíttri Táko mine!*
I saw a crimson handkerchief, and round my neck
'twas twisted—*Dimíttri Táko mine!*

^a Two famous Klephts, brothers, and chiefs of the band by whom the three Englishmen, killed at Marathon in 1870, were captured. Christos, with half his band, was slain by the soldiers, Dimíttri escaping with the rest to Agrapha. After many adventures, he was treacherously shot by his comrade Náko. His head, according to custom, was, as described in the following song, cut off and carried to Mehmét Ali Pashá on Mount Axiá, where it was buried.

‘ My Táko, it no meaning hath, my Táko, be not fearful—*poor Táko mine !*

Five villages we’ll set on fire, five townships set a-blazing—*Dimítri Táko mine !*

DIMÍTRIOS TÁKOS.

(1873.)

Thessaly.

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 79.)

IN eighteen hundred sev’nty three, to Thessaly there came,

The great Pashá Mehmét Alí [who was of famous name].

His quarters he has taken up hard by at Ypourgó,
To freebooting to put an end, and Táko, and Spanó.

For they were famous Klephtic chiefs, ’twas they who,
of their hoards

Did strip bare all the wealthy ones, with their good
arms and swords.

And many would persuade them then, to go submission make,

But fain they on their arms would die, and ne’er would
them forsake.

’Twas on the twentieth August some took counsel
secretly

How they might seize upon and slay Táko *Archilistí*,^a

And on the twenty-fifth it was, above, on Axiá,

That Táko’s head went rolling, and was ta’en to the
Pashá.

^a Ἀρχιληστή, Robber-chief.

Then three whole days do they rejoice, three days
spend feasts amid,

Because they've Tákos taken, and the world of him
is rid.

O Táko, thou my hero wert, and famous in thy day,
Why to such friends didst trust thy life? Thou foolish
wert, *moré*!

And now will all the Klephtic bands, and ev'ry chief
we know,

Before the *Archons* and the Beys, to make submission,
go.

Spano Vangélis^a still holds out, and will not pledge his
word;

For with his arms on he would die, and holding his
good sword.

But he at length submitted, too, and 'fore Mehmét
Pashá,

Up there within the palace high he made his *temená*.^b

THE RISING ON OLYMPOS.

(1878.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 87.)

THREE Partridges did tell the tale, they wept and sadly
sang they,

And on a ridge far, far away, an Eagle sat and asked
them:

^a During my residence at Salonica a Klepht Chief of this name, on submitting to the authorities, proved to be a woman, who had long and successfully carried on this perilous calling without her sex being discovered. This event was made the subject of an official Report to the Foreign Office by our Consul-General at that city. The prefix *Σπανὸς* signifies 'beardless.' (See also *Annotation*, No. 68.)

^b The Turkish name for the lowly Oriental obeisance customary on such an occasion.

‘Tell me, my little Partridge dear, why wailest thou
and weapest?’

‘What shall I, Golden Eagle mine, what shall I now
relate thee?’

Perhaps it is the springtime now, perhaps it is the
summer;

But who will now make joy for me, and who my heart
will gladden?

To darkness now my heart is turned, and black are
turned my feathers,

And black, too, have my claws become, and e’en my
bones so slender.

Where’er I fly I blazing find, I find black smoke and
darkness;

Where’er I turn I’m scorched and burnt, by flames
and embers glowing.

In Rhápsani and Karyà, and in betrayed Polyána,
The smoke it rises as a cloud, the flames flow like the
ocean;

The red glow on the clouds is cast, and all the world
seems blazing;

And fall the houses in the flames, the goods and gear
consumed are;

The churches totter to their fall, and burn the monas-
teries;

The folk betake them to the hills, and to the snows
they hasten,

So they may from the sword escape, and from the
Turkish soldiers.

Barefoot they flee across the ice, plunge through the
snowdrifts barefoot;

Withouten bread, withouten food, they hasten in their
terror.

Th’ unhappy mother, who a son, a babe bears at her
bosom,

Fleeth as if from Charon's sword, and from the cold is
dying ;
From rock to mountain doth she run, from mountain
cliff to valley ;
Far better on the rocks to die, than by Turks' hands
to perish !
The bitter tears the branches burn ; the sobs, the
wailing anguish
The very earth do rend, and run with Insurgents'
blood the torrents.'
The Eagle heard it, and he cried, ' O head ! O head of
hero !
Was't but for this, was't but for this, that thou my
claws didst rival ?
In Ailià, in Rhápsáni, near lonely monastery,
I saw thee, wounded as thou wert, thy dear dead
brother carry,
And thought it could be only thou—and yet two others
saw I.
Thou saidst to them : " Now is the time when heads
will be sent rolling ;
Now, when the boughs are blossoming, and earth puts
forth the herbage !"
O head, dear head, what hast thou done, that they
have sent thee rolling ?
' As, Golden Eagle, thou hast asked, to thee I fain
would answer :
Aweary grown of slavery, I shouldered my *tophaíki*,
'Gainst Turkey I rebelled and fought, and Liberty I
sought for.
Here, high on old Olympos' side, here is our native
village,
Where e'en the women bravely fight, and gladly strive
for Freedom.⁷¹

And Turkey, 'mid the battle fierce, and with my gun
beneath me,
Did slay and stretch me on the earth, and she my head
sent rolling !'

THE BATTLE OF DHOMOKÒ.

Thessaly.

(1878.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 91.)

THAT mother who has two tall sons, and to the wars
has sent them,
Tell her she must no more expect, no longer must
await them ;
For they were slain at Dhomokò, as fought they in the
battle.
The Dhomokò is rushing down, in swollen mighty
torrent ;
And bearing in its current rocks, and bearing trees
uprooted.
It carries down an apple-tree with apples heavy-
laden ;
And clinging to its branches were three brothers, each
embracing.
The one looks down to Dhomokò, and one to Makri-
nítsa,
The third, the youngest of the three, on Mataránga
gazes,
And sees that mother standing near, and she her hair
is tearing.
' O you perchance have seen my sons—they to the
war have sent them ?'

'Fore yesterday and yesterday, stretched on the earth
we saw them ;
And great black birds did feed on them, and white
ones round them circled ;
One bird of them, a white bird he, and better than the
others,
Fed not upon the hapless youths, but sang he
moirólógia :
"Come, bird, and eat thou too with us, come eat the
loins of heroes,
That one span long thy claws may grow, an ell long
grow thy feathers."
'O take and write three letters now, write ye three
bitter letters ;
The first is to my mother dear, the second to my
sister,
The third, the bitterest of them all, write ye unto my
sweetheart.'
The mother to the mountains went, the sister to the
valleys,
His sweetheart, she, unhappy one, betook her to the
seashore.
She finds his two arms like to oars, like masts his two
legs finds she,
And scattered wide upon the sands his curling hair
beheld she.
The oars his mother took away, the masts did take his
sister,
His eyes, his two dark eyes, did take away his *skýla*
sweetheart.



KAPITAN BASDEKIS.^a

(1878.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 85.)

THE *pallikars*, so gallant all, unjustly have been
 slaughtered,
 With broken truce and treachery, with great and
 grievous suff'ring.
 Upon the cross-roads there they lie, so many headless
 bodies;
 Each traveller that passes by, stands still and thus he
 asks them:
 'O bodies, say, where are your heads? O say, where
 are your weapons?'
 'O may that leader be accursed, that Kapitan Basdékis,
 Who did not shame to sell himself at Volo, in the
 fortress!'
 'May you live long, Hobárt Pashá!'^b 'Thou'rt wel-
 come, my Basdédi.
 Ho, there! make ready coffee, quick, and fill a long
tchiboúki;
 And send two ladies here to us, to talk to and amuse
 him,
 And he'll relate his grievances, and tell us all his
 troubles.
 How many rebels were with you, how many *Boulouk-*
djides?'^c

^a One of the leaders of the Pelion Insurrection in which Mr. Ogle perished—killed or murdered—a question still bitterly disputed when I was at Volo at Christmas, 1880-81.—ED.

^b I wonder whether our Turcophile Admiral was aware that his interview with the Insurgent had been thus graphically described in Greek Folk-song?

^c Commanders.

‘ Insurgents forty once were we, and had ten *Bouloukdjides*,
And ne’er a one of all our band who was not strong and
healthy,
Until the time when sickness seized our Chief, our
eldest brother.
For forty days we carried him, and bore him on our
shoulders,
Till worn out had our shoulders grown, and ragged was
our clothing ;
And one unto the other said, and to his fellows
murmured :
“ Boys, shall we go and leave him here, here in this
ditch bestow him ?”
And the poor wretch heard what he said, and then he
fell a-weeping :
“ My boys, my boys, don’t leave me here, within this
ditch don’t leave me ;
But take me hence, and carry me up to the ridge that’s
yonder,
That nightingales may be my mates, and I with birds
may gossip,
Until the spring shall come again, and come once more
May’s summer,
When mountains dress them in the green, and gay are
the *leméria*,
When come th’ Insurgents on the hills, and Vlachs
their black sheep leading.”’



THEMISTOKLES DHOMOÚZAS.⁷²

(1880.)

(OIKONOMIDES, A. 89.)

A LITTLE bird had perched itself on Aīlià in Rápsan,^a
And all the day, from early dawn, a bitter song was
wailing :

‘Olympos have I wandered o’er, the country round
Kissávos,

And now from Hellas am I come, nor there could I
discover

That Kapitan Themistokles, the gallant *palikári* ;
But bitter tidings gathered I, as on the road I travelled :
By faithless Rápsaniots he’s slain, for they have giv’n
him poison.

Accurséd may’st thou, Rápsan, be, thou who hast done
this evil !

With treachery thou hast destroyed the Chief of all the
Captains.

Hoar are the ridges for his sake, for him the towns are
weeping.

The Koniárs he made to quake, for fear of him they
trembled,

And ne’er a one was there who dared to meddle with a
Christian.

Katarrachiás, Kalóyeros, the Chief of Klephtic Cap-
tains,^b

^a Rápsan, or Rapsáni, is a famous village on the Lower Olympus. I spent several days, before Christmas, 1880, boar-hunting in its neighbourhood. But I fear that the accusation here brought against its inhabitants is only too well founded.—ED.

^b To capture these gentlemen, and their bands, a *corps d’armée* was organized in the autumn of 1881 ; and by the favour of Salyh

These, too, bear witness to his worth, and talk of all
his brav'ry ;

They vaunt his swiftness in the chase, and greatly praise
his freedom ;

Upon Olympos he was famed, a stag in all his glory ;
With silver ornaments he shone, like snow upon the
mountain.

Said I not, my Themistokles, "O go not to Rapsáni ;
For very faithless are its folk, and evil will befall thee" ?

'I went to see my native town, I went to see my
kinsfolk !

The thought had never come to me, nor could I ever
fancy,

That they who were my dearest friends would seek to
give me poison !'

Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief, I was permitted to accompany it
for six weeks—this being the only way in which it was then possible
to ascend Olympos, or explore its environs.—ED.







ANNOTATIONS: HISTORICAL, COMPARATIVE, AND EXPLANATORY.

[As it was impossible, within present limits, to give the innumerable parallels to the incidents of Greek Folk-poesy which are to be found in the Folk-poesy of other Peoples, I have restricted my comparisons to other Greek, to some Oriental, and to Keltic tales, as, so far as my knowledge goes, these last appear to bear a closer and more striking resemblance to the Greek than do those of any other European race.]

1 (p. 56). A SURVIVAL of the *Χελιδόνισμα* of Ancient Greece. A similar welcome is given by the Turks and Armenians to the Stork. And the people of St. Kilda similarly welcome birds of passage generally (*Report of the Crofter Commission*, i., p. 467).

2 (p. 58). In many of these Folk-songs (see, for instance, the three following) Women are identified with Apple-trees; and this otherwise unintelligible song at once becomes clear if we conceive the Apple-tree to be identified with a Maiden who dons her 'arms,' *i.e.*, ornaments, in the hope of revenging herself on some youth who has slighted her. For 'Widow's Son' see *An*. No. 49.

3 p. 68. This is evidently one of the love-spells or incantations still so largely made use of in the East, as described in my *Women of Turkey* (vol. i., p. 142).

4 p. 70. 'Αν ἐν στοιχειώσῃ ἀνθρώπο. As I have elsewhere observed (*Women of Turkey*, vol. i., p. 335), every building or object is, according to Oriental belief, possessed by what is called a *tellestim*, whence our 'talisman,' which is created by the act of building or making, and which dies when its habitation is destroyed. The verb is *στοιχειόω*; and the phrase literally translated would read, 'Unless a mortal becomes a stoicheion.' In an unpublished variant kindly placed at my disposal by M. Legrand, it is the Stoicheion of the River who suggests the remedy for the ever-crumbling arches:

Καὶ τὸ στοιχειὸ τοῦ ποταμοῦ 'στη μέση ἐβούσε,
'Α' δὲ στοιχίσετε ἄνθρωπο, καμάρα δὲ γυρίζει.

'Then cried the River's Stoicheion, from out the stream he shouted:

"'Till to Stoicheion a mortal change ye ne'er will raise the arches.'"

Bridges so secured are called 'Stoicheion-built' (*στοιχειοθεμελιωμένα*). They are very numerous in the East, and with each one a variant of the above Folk-song is connected. Such are 'The Bridge of Arta' (*Greek Folk-songs*, p. 81); 'The Lady's Bridge,' in the Peloponnesos (Iatridos, 28); 'The Trembling Bridge,' near Canea, in Crete (Antoniadis, *Κρητηές*, 247); 'The Lady Evdokia,' of which Constantine and Eudocia are the hero and heroine (*Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ.*, *Consple.*, vol. xix., p. 197), etc. It is still a common belief in the East that the man, whose shadow falls on the first-laid stone of a house, or other edifice, will die within the

year, and his shadow, remaining in the building, becomes its *Stoicheion*. It is said that the prevailing custom of sacrificing fowls or sheep on commencing any important construction is intended to avert such a calamity from the men engaged in the work, as well as to ensure good luck to it. Great care is, however, taken to avoid touching the blood of the sacrifice, as this would have fatal results. Sir Paul Ricaut, writing in the last century, says that a man wishing to work another ill, will surreptitiously take the measure of his body with a thread or stick, and bribe a mason who is about to begin building a house to bury it in the foundations, in the belief that, as the thread or stick decays, so will the person measured pine away and die.

Numerous stories of foundation-sacrifices are told in Keltic countries. In Adamnan's *Life of Columba* we read (l. ii., c. 12, Reeves' translation, p. 411a): 'Kolumkille said then to his people, "It would be well for us that our roots should pass into the earth here. . . . It is permitted to you that some one of you go under the earth of this island to consecrate it." Odhran arose quickly and thus spake: "If you accept me, I am ready for that." "O Odhran," said Kolumkille, "thou shalt receive the reward of this: no request shall be granted at my tomb, unless it is first asked of thee." Odhran then went to heaven, and Kolumkille founded the church of Hy.' Human skeletons have also been found under the foundations of two Round Towers in Ireland, the only ones that have been examined (*Folklore Journal*, vol. i., p. 23). And I am informed by Mr. Macbain, of Inverness, that there are many traditions still current in the Highlands regarding such sacrifices. One of these relates that when the workmen had assembled to lay the foundations of Tigh-an-Torr,

in Western Ross-shire, they caught the first person who chanced to pass, and buried him under the foundation-stone. The victim on this occasion was a student, who afterwards haunted the place until spoken to. And on laying the foundations of Redcastle, a red-haired girl was buried alive under the stone, whence the name of the edifice (see also Macbain, *Celtic Mythology and Religion*, pp. 45, 46, etc.; Stokes, *Revue Celtique*, ii., pp. 200, 201; Windisch, *Irish Grammar*, p. 139).

As the subject of foundation-sacrifices generally has been fully dealt with by the late Professor Robertson Smith, as also by Mr. Baring Gould, I will here merely add a paragraph published some six years ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which shows that this practice extended as far east as China :

‘The most curious item of news from the East by the present week’s mail comes from Singapore. A widespread belief prevails there among the lower classes of the Chinese population that in the outskirts of the town the heads of unwary travellers are cut off by secret orders from the Government. A sum of £10 is said to be paid for each head, the particular department inculpated being that of Public Works. The heads are believed to be wanted to lay at the foundations of certain new bridges which are being built, so as to ensure a successful termination of the work. Coolies could not be induced to carry fares to the suburbs at night at any price.’ I may add that, as these pages are being passed for press, a similar story is told in a letter to the Editor of *Nature*, April 30, 1896, by Mr. S. E. Peal, ‘Sibsagar, Asam, March 27,’ under the title *Mégalithic Folklore*.

5 (p. 71). A common method of casting lots. The second line appears as :



"Ελα ἄς κόψουμε κλειδιά; ἄς κοψοῦμ' ἀναχτήρια ;

and the collector, M. Alektoridis, suggests that ἀναχτήρια = κλεῖδες (ἀνοιχτήρια?). From the context, however, it is evident that κλειδιά = κλαδιά (in Epeiros, κλαριά, in Thessaly κλαργιά) 'branches'; and that ἀναχτήρια = ἀναπτήρια, 'firewood,' from ἀνάπτω, 'to kindle.'

Compare vol. ii., p. 112. Four women twist thread with their spindles, and the one whose thread breaks first is to be eaten by the others.

6 (p. 75). Compare: 'And the high hills trembled and the woodland, beneath the immortal footsteps of Poseidon' (*Il.*, xiii. 18). In 'The Enchanted Deer' (vol. i., p. 252), Tremantacheilos also 'shakes the earth and kosmos.' Similar expressions connected with Heroes or Magical Beings occur frequently in Greek Folk-poesy.

7 (p. 77). This poem of 'Thanasè Vaghia' is not, of course, strictly speaking, a folk-song. As, however, it is written in the dialect of the Epirote peasant-warriors, from whose lips the Lefkadian poet learnt the legends he has immortalized, I have included here its second section, *Ο Βρυκόλακας*, as it so finely illustrates this popular superstition. Those curious on the subject of Vampirism in the East I would refer to Mrs. Blunt's *People of Turkey* (vol. ii., p. 222, etc.), and to my *Women of Turkey* (vol. i., p. 136, etc.). I would, however, remark that, although, generally speaking, the bare possibility of becoming a Vampire after death fills a Greek with horror, a contrary view is taken in a popular verse which I may thus translate:

‘ O friend, may’st thou live for ever !
 But if death be thy doom,
 May’st thou Vampire become,
 Thou’lt enjoy then this fair world twice over !’

The belief that a dead person delights in the blood of a human victim is frequently met with in classic authors. The phantasm of Achilles is represented by Euripides as appearing in golden armour at his tomb, and as being appeased by the sacrifice of a young virgin, whose blood he drank.

Δέξαι χοάς μοι τάσδε κηλητηρίους,
 Νεκρῶν ἀγωγούς· ἐλθὲ δ’ ὥς πίης μέλαν
 Κόρης ἀκραιφνὲς αἷμ’, ὃ σοι δωρούμεθα.

Hecuba, 533.

For the historical events connected with ‘Thanasé Vaghia,’ see *An.* No. 62.

8 (p. 82). Read (line 4) for ‘he was wroth,’ ‘was amazed.’ Most of the Powers of Nature have mothers assigned to them by Greek folk-fancy. We find, besides Charon’s Mother, the ‘Mother of the Sun,’ the ‘Mother of the North Wind,’ the ‘Mother of the Night,’ and the ‘Mother of the Sea.’ In ancient times a son and daughter were assigned to the Sun; and ‘as beautiful as the Sun’s daughter’ is still a common expression. In modern hagiology he is transformed into *Ἅγιος Ἡλίας*—Saint Elias—and under this name still receives homage at the ancient shrines of Apollo.

In Keltic story the Sun is personalised as a powerful enchanter. In this character he defeats the attempt of a traitress who has conspired with the seaborne pirates of the North (the ocean-storms) to rob her Cambrian lord of his domain’ (Sikes, *Northern Goblins*, p. 47).

9 (p. 88). The writer last quoted mentions ‘The hounds of Arawn, a crowned king in the land of

Annwn, the shadow-land of Hades' (*British Goblins*, pp. 234-36). The poet Claudian, as quoted by Mr. Macbain (*Celtic Mythology and Religion*, p. 78), describes 'the westernmost point of the Gallic shore' as the place whence 'are heard the tearful cries of fleeting ghosts; the natives see their pallid forms and ghostly figures moving on to their last abode.' And the traditions of Brittany still bear traces of this belief.

In 'Zahos and Charon' (p. 92) is described one of those voluntary visits to the other world which are also described on p. 106 and in vol. ii., p. 290). The only reference I have met with in Keltic Folklore to such an occurrence is a story from Inverary in Campbell's Gaelic List (*West Highland Tales*, vol. iv., p. 453).

10 (p. 95). This dirge and the following refer rather to the patriarch of a household and his wife than merely to the father or mother of a single family. Ancient patriarchal customs are still retained to a considerable extent by the Greeks as well as other races of Turkey, especially in the remoter districts; and a man of means finds pleasure in gathering under his own roof-tree his descendants down to the third and even fourth generation. Reference is also made to this custom in 'Konstantino and Black Yianni' (p. 241).

11. (p. 96). According to Diodorus Siculus, it was customary among the Druids at the funerals of their dead to throw letters to defunct relatives on the funeral pyre. And written messages are still sometimes surreptitiously placed by Greek peasant women in the hand of a corpse for transmission to the other world.

12 (p. 97). The same idea is expressed in these lines from Scott's Song of *Grigolach*:

‘Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O’er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.
Then *baloo, baloo,*’ etc.

Compare also with the next line, ‘Verily by this staff
that shall no more put forth leaf or twig, seeing it hath
for ever left its trunk’ (*Il.*, A. 234).

13 (pp. 100, 148, 250). If the dirge of the ‘Young Widow’ is compared with ‘From Bridesmaid to Bride,’ and with ‘The Discarded Wife,’ it will be seen to be connected with the ‘False Bride’ myth (see Translation No. 44), although a Charonic character is given to it by the closing lines, probably borrowed from some other song—a not infrequent occurrence. The subject of the ‘False Bride’ has been very suggestively dealt with by Miss G. M. Godden (*Folklore*, June, 1893, and September, 1895), and I shall here merely note the various further points of resemblance with the Classic myth of Zevs and Dædala, which may, I think, be found in Greek Folk-poesy. In the opening lines of ‘From Bridesmaid to Bride’ (p. 148) the couple have been separated for ‘two and twenty Sundays’—the precise duration, in fact, of a South European winter, and ‘the beloved’ reappears ‘smelling like a garden,’ and carrying roses. In ‘The Discarded Wife’ this myth appears to have become connected with Digenēs Akritas. The dumbness which is a feature of the ‘False Bride’ legends, refers, I think, in the last-named ballad, to an old Christian family-custom still observed by the Armenians in the towns and villages of the interior, rather than to the Turkish custom I mentioned to Miss Godden. According to this custom, a bride does not speak in the presence of

her father- and mother-in-law for at least a year after her marriage. (See *Women of Turkey*, i., p. 203.) Hence the first wife reproaches the second for transgressing this custom by speaking on her wedding-day. A precisely similar incident occurs in a folk-tale from Epeiros — ‘The Princess who went to the Wars’ (Von Hahn, *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια*, translated by the late Mr. Geldart in *Folklore of Modern Greece*, pp. 70-73). In another Epirote tale, ‘The Bay-Berry’ (*loc. cit.*, p. 85), there appears a distinct trace of tree-marriage. A tree-maiden is kissed by a prince. On this, the bay-tree refuses to readmit her, and itself consequently dies. The prince leaves the maiden asleep. She disguises herself, and goes in search of him. He is about to marry another, when she throws off her disguise, dons her golden bay-tree raiment, and takes the place of the bride. The story of ‘The Roving Prince’ (vol. ii., p. 308) probably also refers to the same myth; and among the parallels to be found in Greek Folk-song I may note the following: Fauriel, ii. 376; Tommaseo, 109; Zambelios, 744; Passow, 436 (in which the hero is a Ralli); Legrand, 135, 300; *Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀναλ.*, 24, 90; Bretos, 258; Aravandinos, 215. The epithet of ‘Darling’ (Ὁ Κανακάρης), applied to May (p. 252), occurs also in a song in Passow’s *Carmina*, No. 310.

14 (p. 101). Οἱ τρεῖς στοιχεῖα τοῦ κόσμου. The term *Stoicheion*, which occurs in the preceding and following songs, is usually applied to the Genii of fountains, rivers, trees, or mountains. Their attitude towards mankind is usually, but not invariably, malevolent. See Mr. Stuart-Glennie’s remarks on this subject in *The Survival of Paganism*.

15 (p. 102). The Greek words used to denote the

Sun's setting, βασιλεύω and βασιλευμα, signify also 'to reign' as a king.

16 (p. 103). In the Keltic story, Finn is lured on a similar pretext into a Loch, and only escapes bereft of his youth and strength (compare Miss Brooke's *Reliques*, 'The Chase,' p. 100). In Keltic tales, a Loch invariably takes the place of the Greek Well. But, according to Mr. Sikes, 'the mermaid superstition is seemingly absent in Wales' (*British Goblins*). 'The Witch of the Well' (p. 66) appears to have the same proclivities as the Stoicheion, as she compels the youth to marry her daughter. The Greek *Lamia* or *Nereid*, like the Bulgarian *Samodiva*, is often represented as marrying a human husband (see vol. ii., *An.* No. 25), though in popular estimation they make such poor housewives that the expression 'she sweeps like a Lamia' has become proverbial. 'Mermaid Brides' are a common feature in Western Folklore. In Keltic story, Thomas the Rhymer is said to have been the Son of a Mermaid; and Campbell mentions (*West Highland Tales*, vol. iv., p. 431) an unpublished Gaelic tale of a Mermaid Bride.

17 (p. 106). In a Cretan variant (Jeannarakis, **Ἀσ-ματα Κρήτικα*, 126) the Saint says with his lips, Δὲν εἶδα ᾧ κοράσιον—'I have seen no maiden,' but points at the same time with his finger to her hiding-place. A Kappadocian folk-tale (*Littératures Populaires*, t. xxviii., p. 252, Carnoy and Nikolaïdes) also relates how St. George was bribed to set free a Fox caught in a trap. The connection of this saint with the Egyptian Horus, the Moslem Khidhr, and the Hebrew Elias has been fully worked out, in a most interesting paper, by M. Clermont-Ganneau (*Horus et St. Georges*, *Rev.*

Archéologique, t. xxxii., pp. 388-97); and further light has been thrown on the subject by the Coptic legends translated by Dr. E. Wallis Budge.

18 (p. 108). St. Nicholas has in the East, as in the West, succeeded Poseidon as God of the Sea. The Cretan boat-song recalls the central stanza of Adam of St. Victor's versified legend of this Saint :

‘ Blesséd Nicholas, oh, steer us,
From the straits of death so near us,
To the haven of the sea !
To that harbour in the distance,
Draw us, who dost grant assistance,
Through the grace of charity !’

(Quoted from Wrangham's translation by Mr. Athelstan Riley in his *Athos*, p. 126, note 1.)

A Greek distich says of St. Nicholas :

‘ He to our aid comes on the sea,
And wonders on the land works he.’

These lines might, however, equally well apply to St. George, as Khidhr Elias. And in Moslem legend St. Nicholas is identified with Sari-Saltic, one of the famous Dervish saints from Bokhara, who accompanied the early Sultans of Turkey in their campaigns.

19 (p. 109). Having been unable to get any more satisfactory explanation of this plural, Mr. Stuart-Glennie suggests that it may be a survival of the old conception of the Sun-Gods as reborn every year.

20 (p. 111). This is a very common name for Satan, and occurs as the title of a story. See vol. ii., p. 99, and *An.* No. 21.

21 (pp. 124, 353, 354). The beautiful Despo, who is the subject of these songs, was the daughter of

Liakatá, a wealthy Vlach sheep-farmer of the Aspropotamos. While washing by the riverside, she was seen and carried off by Alí Pashá, the 'Vizier' of Ioannina, to his palace by the lake of that name, where she is said to have died of grief within fifteen days. So great, however, had been the Pashá's love for her that, at her death, he conferred many honours and benefits on her family. One of Despo's four brothers, Kapitan Gregorios, who greatly distinguished himself in connection with the Greek War of Independence, figures in two subsequent songs, and also in Nos. 87 and 89 of Aravandinos' Collection.

22 (p. 133). 'Daughter of the Romeots,' the name by which the Greeks formerly designated themselves. Now, save in the remoter regions of the Ottoman Empire, they prefer to call themselves *Hellenes*.

23 (p. 133). *Περντίο καὶ ἀλὶ μάγκο*. The Greek form of two common expletives. A Jew broker at Salonica, who hawked curios about for sale, made such frequent use of the former oath (*Περντίο*=*Per Dio*) that he finally acquired it as a nickname, and I never heard him alluded to by any other appellation. The derivation of the second expression is unknown to me. Pronounced as *Alímanos*, it occurs in the story of 'The Negro' (vol. ii.), and I found it in general use at Smyrna as an expression of sorrow or dismay.

24 (p. 148). The comparison of handsome men and beautiful women to cypresses is often met with in Turkish as well as in Greek poetry. A Cretan folk-song says :

' That tree do we the cypress call,
With wood of fragrant smell,
Which, O my Eyes ! resembles thee
In height, and build as well.'



Cypresses had anciently also the name of 'Graces.' *Διττὸν αἰ κυπάρισσι ὄνομα ἔχουσι, χάριτες μὲν διὰ τὴν τέρψιν—Geoponica*, xi. 4, quoted by Pashley. And, according to the Classic legend, the virgin daughters of Eteocles, on meeting with an untimely end, were changed into trees which resembled them in beauty.

25 (p. 151). The ceremonies attending a Greek peasant wedding extend over several days, and there are songs for every successive stage of the festivities. (See *The Women of Turkey*, vol. i., pp. 74-89.)

26 (p. 152). This comparison is borrowed from the Oriental poets, who extol Joseph as the supreme type of beauty.

27 (p. 162). This and the four following songs, together with that on p. 191, allude to the customary absences of the men of many mountain villages, who, like the Vlachs mentioned on p. 193, follow the calling of travelling merchants. When a youth quits home for the first time, his relatives and friends accompany him some distance along the road. Before taking her final leave of her son the mother laments his departure in a song, improvised or conventional, to which the youth responds in one bewailing the hard fate that drives him from his home. These traders occasionally extend their wanderings as far north as Holland and Russia, and as far west as Spain, and have no doubt been important agents in the transmission of Eastern Folktales throughout Central and Southern Europe more particularly.

28. (p. 166.) *Νανάρισμα*, from *ναναρίζω*, to lull to sleep, singing *νάνι-νάνι*. Lullabies are also called *Βανκαλήματα* and *Μινυρίσματα*.

29 (p. 174). This lullaby recalls Shelley's lines :

‘ Sleep, sleep ! Our song is laden
With the soul of slumber !’

Hellas.

30 (p. 177). *Δέλεκα, Παπᾶ χατζῆ!* All the words of the first line are Turkish. According to Moslem folk-belief, the Stork goes every autumn on a pilgrimage to the holy Kaaba at Mekka, and hence he is called by the Turks, *Baba Hadjî*—‘ Father Pilgrim ’—a term which their Greek neighbours have borrowed.

31 (p. 181). In a variant from Kappadocia (*Δελτίον*, i., p. 721) occur these lines :

He. “ I leave thee first with God above, next with the Saints I leave thee.”

She. “ What clothes will God give me to wear ? The Saints what will they give me ?

What dresses will my mother give ? The others too, my sisters ?”

He. “ Then may the fire my mother burn, the flames all my possessions ”’ [*i.e.*, should they not give her what she needs after his departure].

Parallels to this song may also be found in Passow's *Carmina*, etc., No. 436, and Zambelio's *Ἀσματα*, No. 774.

32 (184). The wife of Andrónikos also charges her son not to dismount until he has been adjured three times (p. 233). I have met with a similar adjuration in Keltic story, but cannot give the reference.

33 (p. 193). Compare the recognition of Odysseus and Penelope.

34 (p. 202). Most of the Greek dancing songs are sung antiphonically by two sets of voices. Sometimes one set begins the song, and the other adds to each line or couplet in turn a kind of parenthesis extending it, or the end of the line is repeated, or altered, by the

chorus. In some of the islands the *syrto* has a pantomimic character. The leader of the dance accompanies the words of the song with appropriate gestures and facial expression, and the words of the chorus, or antistrophe, are similarly represented by the dancer at the other end of the wavy line.

35 (p. 215). St. Basil, like St. George, is specially connected in popular and religious legend with Cesarea (Kaisariyeh) in Kappadocia. Pilgrimages are made twice a year to the monastery of St. Basil on a mountain in the neighbourhood, on the first Saturday of Holy Week and on the Day of Pentecost; and to the performance of this religious duty the following beliefs are attached. If the pilgrimage is made barefooted, it absolves from any special sin which may be troubling the conscience of a penitent. If it is made seven times on foot during a person's lifetime, it assures the forgiveness of all his sins. And to partake of the Communion at the monastery of St. Basil has infinitely more merit than if it were partaken of in the Church at Cesarea.

36 (p. 217). The Greek *Πῆγᾱ*, like the Gaelic *Rig*, is commonly used to designate a King, or Ruler. See also ballad on p. 286 and *An*. No. 52.

37 (p. 218). *Bála*, or *Βάγια*, from the Italian *baglia*, a nurse, here addressed in her capacity of housekeeper, the children having outgrown her services.

38 (p. 220). The Songs in this Section appear to be sufficient to refute the Rev. Mr. Tozer's remark (*Highlands of Turkey*, vol. ii., p. 257) that 'of real humour . . . there is hardly any trace in their composition.' This fancied fact Mr. Tozer attributes to, or rather deduces

from, the 'sad and serious condition of a people conscious of living under oppression.'

39 (p. 230). This group of Byzantine ballads has been not inaptly classed as the Andronikos, or Digenēs Akritas, cycle. The heroes who figure in them were formerly believed to be mere fabulous personages belonging to the Classic Period, or Greek Demigods, whose deeds had been altered and disfigured by popular transmission. The discovery, however, at Trebizond of the manuscript of a long epic poem, which has been published with translation by M. Emile Legrand (*Les Exploits de Digènes Akritas*), not only, in this author's opinion, places beyond question the historical existence of the persons mentioned in the ballads, but at the same time gives the key to their relations to each other. The period is the tenth century. Andronikos Doukas, a member of the reigning Byzantine family, was governor of a province in Asia Minor, and the father of five sons (though the ballads give him nine), the eldest of whom was Constantine, and one daughter, the beautiful Areté. Mansour, the Arab Emir of Syria, besieged and took a fortress held by Andronikos, when Areté fell into his hands. The victor conceived an ardent attachment for his fair captive, whom he set free, and, following her to Roumania, abjured his faith, and married her. The son of this couple was Basil, surnamed 'Digenēs' (*Διγενής*), 'of two races,' from the fact of his parentage, and 'Akritas,' from his occupation as guardian of the eastern frontiers of the Empire. Porphyros, or Porphyrios, who is the hero of ballads from Crete, Kappadocia, and Pontus, precisely similar to those recounting the exploits of Digenēs, is identified with him by



M. Legrand (who also quotes the authority of Michel Psellus), as is also Pantherius, of which name Porphyros is thought to be a corruption.

In these popular ballads Digenēs is exalted to the rank of a Demigod, and the exploits related of him are very similar to those connected with the names of Herakles, Perseus, and Bellerophon. He is often referred to, as in the ballad on p. 248, as the 'Widow's Son'; and in a variant from Trebizond (*Passow*, 486), where he is called the 'Son of a Nun,' it is related of him that 'when one day old he ate an ovenful of bread; when two days old he ate sheep and goats; and when five days old he could boast that he had loved twenty wives, eighteen widows, and a *papadhia*'; and, like Herakles, he strangled a three-headed snake while yet an infant in the cradle. The former exploit recalls the equally precocious doings of the Keltic Shee-an-Gannon, who was born in the morning, named at noon, and went at even to ask the King of Erin's daughter in marriage (Curtin's *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*, p. 114). The 'wrestling run,' which occurs in this and other Greek ballads and tales, is also strikingly similar to Gaelic 'runs' (see, for instance, MacInnes and Nutt, *Folk and Hero Tales*, pp. 345 and 486). According to a folk-ballad which is corroborated by the above-mentioned epic, Digenēs died at the age of thirty-three, in the year 979. A Cretan ballad gives the following description of this event:

'The throes of death seize Dígenēs, and earth with dread is trembling;
And heaven, too, is thund'ring loud, and upper kosmos quaking;
How can the cold grave cover him, how cover such a hero?'

In 'The Enchanted Deer,' however, this champion declares that he has lived three hundred years; and

the details there given as to the cause of his death seem rather to refer to that of the Emperor Basil I., who, a century previously, had died from injuries received during a stag-hunt. What renders this ballad even more interesting, however, is the possible connection between 'The Enchanted Deer' and 'The Sacred Hind of Artemis,' a connection suggested by Professor Ridgeway's discussion before the Cambridge Philological Society of 'The Legend of Herakles and the Hind with the Golden Horns' (*Academy*, November 17, 1894). The three lines of the original in which the Deer is referred to are as follows:

'Επέτυχα κ' ἐβάρεσα τὸ στοιχειωμένο λάφι,
Ποῦχε σταυρὸ στὰ κέρατα κι' ἀστέρι στὸ κεφάλι,
Κι' ἀνάμεσα στὰ δίπλατα εἶχε τὴν Παναγία.

Λάφι = ἐλάφι, being neuter, may of course mean either 'hind' or 'stag,' though λαφίνα = ἐλαφίνα, is used in 'The Sun and the Deer' (p. 52). The translation should accordingly read 'its,' and not 'his,' on p. 253, lines 5 and 6. As the *Panaghia* has usurped the shrines once sacred to Artemis and the other female divinities of Paganism, we may possibly have in this evidently ancient folk-ballad a faint echo of the former worship in these regions of the great Diana of the Ephesians.

All the other characters belonging to this cycle—Konstantine, Tsamathòs, Minas, Nikephoras, Petrotrachilos, etc.—are, like Digenēs, credited by popular fancy with the possession of superhuman strength; and their heroic struggles with Saracens and other enemies while defending the eastern frontiers have been exaggerated by folk-imagination into encounters, not only with Amazons (see Mr. Stuart-Glennie's *Origins*

of *Matriarchy—Women of Turkey*, v. ii.), but with Giants, and other outlandish beings, and embellished with every sort of fantastic detail. One of these champions, Sigropoulos (Σιγρόπουλος = Σγουρόπολος = Συρόπουλος = Στιρόπουλος), figures in several ballads, and notably in Crete. The swallowing of nine youths by a monster, or Stoicheion, and their deliverance by their father, occurs frequently in folk-song (see, for instance, p. 66). And a story told to Mr. Macbain by an old Lewis fisherman, 'who was a complete pagan in all his views,' relates the gobbling-up by a monster of Oscar, son of Ossian, who, however, cut his own way out with his sword.

40 (pp. 236, 238). A similar presage is mentioned by Mr. Frazer (*Golden Bough*, ii., 317) as occurring in the ancient Egyptian story of 'The Two Brothers': 'This is the sign that evil has befallen me—the pot of beer in thine hand shall bubble.'

41 (p. 237). My translation of line 23 is conjectural:

Ἐποῖκε τῇ θάλασσα πουρμᾶ, τὸν οὐρανὸ μαγνάδι.

For I have been unable to assure myself of the true meaning of πουρμᾶ and μαγνάδι.

42 (p. 243). Opinions are divided as to the origin of this very widespread ballad. MM. Sathas and Legrand, for instance, identify the hero and heroine of it with Konstantine, the son of Andrónikos, and his sister Arété, who, as mentioned in *An.* No. 39, was married to a stranger, or foreigner, the Arab Prince Mansour. It would thus be properly placed, as here, in the Byzantine Section of Historical Ballads. M. Psichari, in the paper referred to below, throws doubt on this identification. I venture no opinion, but

append what will be found more valuable by those interested in the subject—a list of parallel ballads and papers in which this point is discussed: Fauriel, ii. 405; Manoussos, ii. 73-76; Tommaseo, iii. 347; Bagnolo, 129; Ioannidos, 283; Jeannarakí, 229; *Κρητικὴ Μέλισσα*, 20; Iatridos, 87; Lelekos, 203; Pandora, 367; Psichari, *La Ballade de Lenore en Grèce*, *Rev. de l'Hist. des Religions* (Musée Guimet), t. ix., x., 1884, p. 27; Politis, *Le Frère Mort*, *Δελτίον της 'Ιστ. καὶ 'Εθ. 'Εταιρίας*, October, 1885, and May, 1887; and Wollner, *Der Lenorenst. in der Slavischen Volkspoesie*. *Arch. für Slav. Philo.*, 1882, p. 239, etc. Echoes of this legend are also found in Servian and Bulgarian Folk-songs. (See Dozon, *Chants Pop. Bulgares*, 319.)

43 (p. 246). See No. 39.

44 (p. 250). See No. 13.

45 (p. 252). See No. 39.

46 (p. 255). In Kind's Collection this piece is entitled *'Η Ωραία τοῦ Καστροῦ*. Other versions are, however, known as 'The Beauty's Castle,' and in the text of this ballad the heroine is so designated. The ruins of a mediæval 'Beauty's Castle' are still to be seen in the Vale of Tempe, grandly situated on a precipitous height and built on ancient substructures. The preceding song is the only example I have yet met with of a 'Widow's Castle'; and, as it belongs to Kappadocia, it may possibly relate to a fortress of the Amazons, with one of whom, Maximo, Dígenēs Akritas is described as having had an encounter. (See *Les Exploits*, etc.)

47 (p. 265). The fact of Christians buying and selling slaves seems to assign this ballad to the Byzantine Period, as does also the reference in some versions to

its hero as 'The Widow's Son.' The concluding incident is wanting in many of these parallels, but one I have met with since going to press is still more complete than that above translated. For it mentions that the brother had been, in his boyhood, recruited as a Janissary, and hence it was that brother and sister were strangers to each other ('Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ., Constantinople, vol. xxi., p. 362).

48 (p. 267). M. Aravandinos remarks that this ballad is evidently a mediæval legend of an amorous episode between the daughter of some Epirote grandee and a duke or lord of Paramythía, which place was called 'Αγιος Δονάτος at the time of the occupation of Ioannina by the Norman Bohemond, the bastard of the great Robert Guiscard. Variants of 'Helioyenneti and Hantseri' presenting but slight differences are found in many Greek localities. A Cypriote version, published by M. Legrand in his *Chansons Grecques* (pp. 138 and 306), is called 'Hartsianis and Arété,' and this author assigns it to the end of the fifteenth century, and supposes Hartsianis to have been one of the Egyptian allies of King John of Lusignan. In another variant, given by Schmidt, King Konstantine and an Albanian lady take the places of Helioyenneti and Hantseri. Hantseri is also represented in another Epirote ballad (Chasiotes, 142) as laying a bet with King Dioný (Διονὺ) on his wife's fidelity. This latter name is historical, and Schmidt assigns King Dioný to the Akritas cycle. Other parallels are Νεοελλ. 'Αναλ., A. 200, B. 35, ΒΑ. 15 and 79; 'Ελλ. Φιλ. Σύλλ. May 9, 1876.

49 (p. 283). This ballad describes the famous naval battle of Lepanto. The admiral referred to as 'Rhiga' was Don John of Austria, the natural son of Charles V.,

and one of the most renowned commanders of the age; and the Alí Pashá mentioned was the Turkish Capitan Pasha, Muezzín-Zadí Alí. The incidents of the engagement are correctly as well as graphically described in this Folk-song. The two High Admirals of the conflicting fleets encountered each other with equal gallantry. Their vessels clashed together, and then lay closely locked for upwards of two hours, during which time the 300 Janissaries and 100 arquebusiers of the Turkish frigate and the 400 picked arquebusiers who served on board Don John's ship fought with the most determined bravery. The death of Alí Pashá, who fell, shot dead by a musket-ball, decided the memorable contest. (Compare Creasy, *Hist. of the Ottoman Turks*, pp. 219-21.)

50 (p. 285). It is a common belief in the East, both among Christians and Moslems, that a supernatural light, called in Turkish *nūr*, hovers over the grave of the saintly dead. The canonization of Dervish Sheikhs usually follows the report of such a light having been observed over their resting-places.

51 (p. 290). An act drawn up and written (in Greek) by Thomas Belletti, Prior of St. Nikolas of the Foreigners, at Zante, and which is preserved among the documents of this church, relates this event in the following terms:

‘1712, April 20, the day of holy Easter Sunday, we have interred in this church by order of the most illustrious and excellent prince Peter Bragadino, our governor, the child of Anastasius Zervos, about five years of age, by name John. This child, as we know, and as has been declared by official proclamation, was lost by his parents last Sunday, Palm Sunday, the 13th of the said month of April. And on Holy Saturday in

the evening, he was found at the point of Gabia, thrown into the sea, and bearing all the signs which were borne by our crucified Redeemer, Jesus Christ. In consequence of these events, the said most excellent Governor has commenced an enquiry in order to discover the truth. For, according to common report, this child must have received at the hands of the lawless (*παρὰ νόμων*) Jews the painful death of the martyr.'

After these events, the municipality of Zante promulgated a decree that the Jews, who had previously been restricted to no particular quarter, should thenceforward be confined to the Ghetto, which consists of two narrow streets intersecting each other so as to form a cross. The ends of these streets were walled up, gates only being left, over which were placed the arms of St. Mark and the inscription, 'IN CRUCE QUIA CRUCIFIXERUNT.' (Chiotis, *loc. cit.*)

There has existed in Europe and Western Asia, from 425 A.D. downwards, an unbroken chain of similar accusations brought against the Jews. The belief that this alleged sacrificial murder is practised has, in the East, been more especially persistent, and still survives, as I had occasion to observe during a *Judenhetze* at Smyrna some twenty years ago. The *Annals* of Baronius record that 'en 1244 à Londres, un enfant Chrétien pris par les Juifs est livré aux plus cruels tourments en haine du nom de Jésus Christ,' etc. (*Abrégé des Annales Ecclesiastiques de C. B.*, traduit par Chaulmer, 1244, No. 42). The *Annals* for the year 1283, No. 61, record the occurrence in that year of similar incidents at Prague and Mayence.

The story of the murder of Hugh of Lincoln by Jews in 1255 has been made the subject of many ballads, Anglo-Norman and Scottish. Of these a full list is

given by Francesque Michel in his *Huges de Lincoln*. One of the earliest, from a MS. in the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, begins thus :

‘ Ore oez un bel chançon
Des Jues de Nichole qui par tréison
Firent la cruel occision
De un enfant que Huchon out non.’

Chaucer also refers to this event in the *Prioress’s Tale* :

‘ O Yonge Hew of Lincoln slain also
With cursed Jews.’

The Trent case, which occurred in 1475, caused an immense commotion in Western Christendom, and the documents of the four different processes instituted against the accused persons are still preserved at the Vatican. Hardly less excitement attended the trial at Damascus in 1840 of various Jews for the murder of the Capucin Medical Missionary, Thomas of Calangiano, a man much beloved and reputed as of most holy life. According to voluminous notes, made at the Vatican and elsewhere, from the records of these trials, by a scholar now residing in this country who has kindly allowed me to peruse his MS., the evidence given disclosed every detail of this supposed sacrificial murder. The object of the crime, it was alleged, was invariably to obtain the blood of an innocent person, which, after being dried and reduced to powder, was retailed for its weight in gold by itinerant merchants, who carried licences from the Rabbis, certifying the genuineness of their commodity. And an infinitesimal quantity of this dried blood was mixed with the dough of the *azymes*, or Passover cakes, by the head of each family, who alone possessed the secret of this practice, and in his turn transmitted it to his successor.

Hatred of the Christians and mockery of their most

sacred beliefs are popularly, and not unnaturally, assigned as the motive for this sacrificial murder. Various circumstances, however, seem to me to point to the conclusion that, if actually practised by the Talmudic Jews, it had quite another origin, and is far older than Christianity. A careful study and comparison of the following passages from the four Evangelists seems, indeed, to suggest that Christ, as a man of austere and blameless life, was Himself sought by the Chief Priests and Elders as a suitable victim for this possibly immemorial sacrificial custom :

‘ Then assembled together the chief priests and the scribes, and the elders of the people, unto the palace of the high priest . . . and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty, and kill Him.’—*Matt.* xxv. 3, 4.

‘ After two days was the feast of the passover, and of unleavened bread : and the chief priests and the scribes sought how they might take Him by craft and put Him to death.’—*Mark* xiv. 8.

‘ Now the feast of unleavened bread drew nigh, which is called the passover. And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill Him, for they feared the people.’—*Luke* xxii. 1, 2.

‘ And one of them named Caiaphas, being the high priest that same year, said unto them, *Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation perish not* . . . Then from that day forth they took counsel for to put Him to death. Jesus, therefore, walked no more openly among the Jews.’—*John* xi. 49, 50, 53, 54. The commentary (51, 52) of the writer of the Gospel on the High Priest’s words was naturally influenced by his conception of Christ, and the purpose of His death.

The question is more or less fully dealt with in, among others, the following books and papers: *Les Révélations de Néophyte*; *Le Sang Chrétien dans les Rites de la Synagogue*, 1889; Henri Desportes, *Le Mystère du Sang chez les Juifs*; Ed. Drumont, *La France Juive*; J. Jacobs, *The Jews of Angevin England*; H. Guidoz, *Le Pretendu Meurtre Rituel de la Pague Juive* (*La Melusine*, vi., p. 8).

52 (p. 296). Called by the Greeks Νάπλι (Napoli di Romania). The Alí Bey alluded to was Damád Alí, the Grand Vizier, to whom the 'language of the stars had announced in 1715 that he was to be the Conqueror of the Morea,' then held by the Venetians. The Grand Vizier led an army of 100,000 men, supported by a fleet of 100 sail, against the weak Venetian force in the Morea in the summer of 1715. Corinth fell on June 25, and Nauplia, Modon, and Koron were captured by the triumphant Vizier with almost equal celerity. The operations of the Turkish fleet were not less successful; and by the end of November of that year Venice had lost, not only the whole of the Morea, but all her island possessions in the Archipelago.

53 (p. 303). The Moslems of Crete, being of the same race as the Christians, are reproachfully termed *μπουρμάδες* by their Orthodox brethren. In times of peace, however, there is considerable social intercourse between the Christians and Moslems of the island, and the latter often act as godfathers (*συντέχνιοι*) to the children of their Orthodox neighbours.

54 (p. 306). The Demáki whose memory is kept alive in this song was a wealthy Vlach proprietor and

head-man of the district of Aspropotamos. During the Revolution in the Peloponnesos he took refuge in Metzovo, but being induced by Turkish promises to quit his refuge there, he and his sons were, on July 17, 1770, murdered in their house at Tríkkala. (Sathas, *Τουρκοκρ. 'Ελλάδα*, p. 497).

55 (p. 307). The family of Boukouvala, of which the hero of this song was a member, possess a genealogy dating back to 1650. During the French occupation of the Ionian Islands, John Boukavalas and his family, then residing at Ithaca, were specially protected by the Governor, General Douzelet.

56 (p. 309, etc.) The Armatoles were originally a Greek militia instituted and sanctioned by the Turks for the purpose of maintaining order and repressing the Klephts. These national guards were all Greeks and commanded by Greek officers, but acknowledged the authority of the Pashás of their respective districts. They numbered among them many Klephts who had made their submission to the Government, and who were thenceforward denominated *Κλέφται 'Ημεροι*—‘Tame Klephts.’ The Porte had for some years before the Greek Revolution become apprehensive with regard to the numbers and organization of the Armatoles, and violent efforts were made to reduce their strength, which, however, chiefly resulted in driving them into open rebellion, and increasing the power of the *Αργριοι Κλέφται*, or ‘Wild Klephts.’

57 (p. 309). This Soulieman was the predecessor of the famous Alí, the ‘Lion of Ioánnina’; and his widow built to his memory a sculptured Fountain, and a large Khan, called the Khan of the Kyria, or Lady,

on the other side of Mount Metzikeli from Ioánnina, and on the road across Pindus to Mezzovo—a Khan where Mr. Stuart-Glennie spent a memorably stormy night. Another ballad referring to this remarkable woman will be found on p. 317.

58 (p. 312). This and the four following ballads commemorate the heroic struggle for liberty of the Souliots from 1788 to 1803. Among the many heroines who took part in the defence was Helen Bótsaris, sister of the Souliot leaders, Kitsos and Notas Bótsaris. One of her exploits is thus described in folk-song (Aravandinos, 60):

‘O’er many Frankish lands I’ve roved, and many Frankish
islands,
Seen Romeot and Turkish girls, Frank wives, and Frankish
maidens,
But nowhere have I met with one so wise and so heroic
As is that maid of Soulí who the sister is of Nótas.
Her pistols and her sword she dons, takes up her long *tophaíki*;
Away she hastens all alone, to seek her brother Nótas.
Three Turks there meet her on the road, and fain would seize
upon her :
“Thine arms, O woman, throw them down, thy life then thou
mayst save it.”
“What sayest thou, thou wretched Turk? what sayest, vile
Albanian !
I an unmarried maiden am, I’m Bótsari’s Helénë !”
She from its scabbard draws her sword, and all three Turks then
slays she.’

I have been unable to ascertain whether Marko Bótsaris, the hero of Missolonghi, the ballad on whose death is given on p. 352, was a member of this Souliot family.

59 (p. 313). This song commemorates the great Souliot victory of July 20, 1792, over the forces of Alí Pashá of Ioánnina, who is said to have killed two horses in flying from the field of battle. A graphic

description of this flight has been given by Valaorites in his poem entitled 'Omér Vrióne' (*Μνημόσυνα Ασματα*).

60 (p. 318). Moukhtar, a son of Alí Pashá, had an intrigue with the beautiful and accomplished young wife of a Greek of Ioánnina. When Moukhtar had been sent to a distant command by his father, she and a number of other ladies, accused of infidelity to their husbands, were drowned in the lake by command of the tyrant, who is said to have made advances to the beautiful Greek, which were repulsed. Her tragic fate caused her sins to be forgotten, and transformed the adulteress into a heroine and martyr. The ring referred to was one that had been given by Alí Pashá to Moukhtar's wife, and subsequently by Moukhtar to Phrosýne. Valaorites has made this story the subject of a fine tragedy, which I saw acted in an open-air theatre at Salonica some fifteen years ago.

61 (p. 325). After many victories over the troops of Alí Pashá, Vlachava's band were attacked by ten times their number, and he himself was taken prisoner, diabolically tortured, and put to death. The heroic monk Demetrius, who had been his friend and constant companion, was soon afterwards taken prisoner, and built into a cell with his head only free, in order thus to prolong his agonies. Nothing was ever known of the parentage of this hero of Olympus and Pindus, and hence the splendid myth so ably treated by Valaorites in his poem, from which an extract is appended to complete the popular legend of the death of Evthymios Vlachávas.

62 (p. 328). Though the Sun is, in Greek Folk-poesy,
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represented as the ideal of manly beauty, it would appear from popular expressions among all the Christian peoples of the East that his glance is considered particularly pernicious to the beauty of maidens, and precautions are taken, especially about the time of the vernal equinox, 'that the sun may not blacken them.' Sometimes a tiny coin is, on the first of March (Old Style) tied round the wrist with parti-coloured silk, apparently with a view to attract the attention of his solar majesty from the wearer, as other charms are used to divert to themselves the effects of the evil eye. Mr. Frazer, in his *Golden Bough*, has dealt fully with this subject as regards other countries.

63 (p. 332). During the minority of Alí Pashá of Ioánnina, he, together with his mother, Khamko, and his sister, Shainítza, fell into the hands of the Moslems of Gardiki and Tchórmovo, the hereditary enemies of his family, whom Khamko had for some time previously been harassing by open hostility and secret intrigue. After having been subjected to every indignity and outrage at the hands of their captors, the Aghadéna and her children were ransomed by the generosity of a Greek merchant. Herself dying before she could accomplish the vengeance which was thenceforward her sole object, she bequeathed to her son and daughter the obligation of immolating to her *manes* the inhabitants of those towns, and over her dead body Alí and his sister swore to fulfil her wishes. Gardiki was some years later, after a gallant defence, taken by one of Alí's lieutenants, 'Yousouf the Arab,' and on hearing of its fall Shainítza wrote to her brother, urging him to have no mercy on its inhabitants. 'As for me,' she added in conclusion, 'it is only on cushions stuffed

with the hair of the women of Gardiki that Shainítza will henceforward repose.' The chief men of the conquered town, to the number of some three hundred, induced by fair promises to meet Alí at the Khan of Valiéré, were there ruthlessly butchered by the Christian troops under Thanásé Vághia (see *Trans.*, p. 77). Shainítza caused Gardiki to be razed to the ground, and after cutting off the hair of the women with every insult that she could heap upon them, this tigress in human form drove them forth with their children to the mountains, threatening anyone with a like doom who should venture to give food or shelter to the objects of her wrath. A tablet in the wall of the Khan still records the number of the slain and the date of their slaughter.

64 (p. 334). Katsantonis was one of the most formidable Christian opponents of Alí Pashá. 'Plusieurs de mes amis,' says M. Blancard, 'se rapellent encore de l'avoir vue [in Lefkadia, where he frequently took refuge] assis sur le gazon, ayant à côté de lui le géant Lépeniotis, et entouré de ses compagnons qui ressemblait à des loups et à des tigres. Ses armes étaient du plus grand luxe ; sa fustanelle était devenue noire par un long usage ; l'or et l'argent brillaient sur toutes les parties de son costume. Il était de taille moyenne ; son œil était plein de feu ; il avait des moustaches noires, longues et épaisses, les sourcils bien tracés, et une voix douce et harmonieuse' (*Aristote Valaoritis*, p. 60). When weakened by an attack of small-pox and attended only by his devoted brother Ghiorgi, Katsantoni was betrayed by a monk, who alone knew of the secret cave in which they had taken refuge, and was surprised by a band of sixty Albanians, led by 'Yous-

souf the Arab.' Taking his sick brother on his shoulders, Ghiorghi rushed from the cave, killing and wounding without mercy the first Albanians who met him. He made for the mountains, still carrying his precious burden; and now advancing and now retreating, killed several more of his enemies, until, worn out and wounded, he and his brother were made prisoners. The Klephtic Chief Tsóngka is the hero also of a ballad translated on p. 351.

65 (pp. 338 and 340). The biographies of these two great patriots have lately been published in this country. (See Mrs. Edmonds' *Rhigas Pherraios*, and *Kolokotrones, Klepht and Warrior*.)

66 (p. 339). The Klephts of the Revolution entertained for their arms a passionate affection, looked upon them as animated beings, and swore by them. Weapons which had belonged to the more famous among these warriors enjoyed a renown almost equal to that of their owners, and Klephtic legends describe the desperate deeds done to obtain, or recover possession of a celebrated gun or sword. M. Blancard says in the notes to his translations of Valaorites' Poems (p. 26): 'Les Klephtes avaient pour leurs armes une passion si grande, qu'ils les baptisaient comme leurs propres enfants; ils leur cherchaient et leur appliquaient les noms les plus bizarres. J'ai en ma possession un yatagan surnommé *Vrycolaque* [the Vampire]; j'ai vu un sabre appelé *Mavroukko*. Le célèbre Christo Millioni [see *above*, p. 288] avait donné son nom à son redoutable fusil, et on nommait *millionia* les fusils qui avaient la même forme et la même valeur que le sien. Tout le monde connaît l'arme de Palaiopoulos sous Ali-Pashá, qui ne manquait jamais le but et avait un

éclat de tonnerre.' The following touching lines from the Lament for Dímos Kalpouzós also illustrate this sentiment :

' They in his heart the poniard plunged, Dimáki mine !
With my name on it graven—O Hero mine !
For dear this poniard was to him—O Dímo mine !
As I was dear to Dímos—O Hero mine !
" Leloútha " they the poniard called—O Dímo mine !
As me they called Leloútha, Dimáki mine !'

Valaorites also describes in his poem, ' Dimos and his Gun,' how the dying Klepht gave into the hands of the youngest member of the band his favourite weapon, bidding him mount to the summit of a rock and there fire off the gun three times, shouting at each discharge, ' *Old Dímos is dead ! Old Dímos has left us !*' At the third shot the gun burst, leapt from his hands, and disappeared in the abyss below. Mr. Stuart-Glennie tells me of a Gaelic song which he has often heard in the Braemar Highlands, in which the author of it—a poacher by Lowland, but not by old Highland Law—addresses his gun as his mistress in such terms as these :

' I would not give the kisses of thy lips
For all the yellow treasures of the Low-country.'

Compare also Mr. Baverstock's paper on *Sword and Saga*, Viking Society, February 15, 1895; *Academy*, March 2, 1895; and Régamey's *Le Japon Pratique*, p. 99.

67 (p. 343). Instances of this sympathetic connection between persons and plants or trees occur frequently in Greek, as also in Keltic Folk-poesy. In an Epirote tale, 'The Twins,' the flourishing or fading of two cypress-trees is connected with the fortunes of twin brothers at a distance.

68 (p. 345). Several instances are on record of

women having adopted the hard and perilous life of Klephts. Besides Haïdée, evidently a regularly enrolled Armatole, we have in later years Spanò Vanghélli, mentioned on p. 379, who attained to the rank of *Kapitan*. A photograph of this heroine, which was given to Mr. Stuart-Glennie, when exploring the Olympos region, represents her as a rather short and stoutly built woman, plain of feature, and of swarthy complexion, dressed in the usual outlaw's costume of dirty white fustanella and skirt, braided vest and jacket, and wearing, suspended round her neck by a silver chain, the insignia of chieftainship—a large silver disk, with the St. George and Dragon pictured on it. Bulgarian Folk-songs also bear testimony to the attraction which this free, wild life has had for women of that nationality. (See Dozon, *Chansons Bulgares*, No. 18.)

69 (p. 368). The names and description of the Klephts in this ballad give a very good idea of the composition of a brigand band—Greeks, and Albanians of the Tosk and Liap tribes. The Tafli Boúzi mentioned figures also in an Albanian ballad connected with an unsuccessful rising in South Albania about 1835.

70 (p. 376). The village of Kalabaka, situated at the foot of the precipices on the pinnacles of which the Metéora Monasteries are built, was the scene of the besung victory and ignored rout of the Greek Invasion of 1854. The 'headless bodies' referred to in the ballad were those of the Arab mercenaries, over whom the Greeks had gained the victory in the Upper Glen of the Peneiós. But this was swiftly followed by their defeat at Kalabaka, where the forces of Abdi Pasha and Fuad Effendi formed a junction, as did of old in the same spot the forces of Cæsar and Domitius.

71 (p. 381). Several women took part in this engagement at Polyána, between the Turks and the Greek Insurgents—among them two belonging to this village, Kallína Touphaikdjí and Vasilikí Apostolou.

72 (p. 386). Themistokles Dhoumouzos belonged to one of the best families of Rapsan on Mount Olympos, and was one of the most intrepid leaders of the unsuccessful rising of 1878. After the failure of the Insurrection he retired to Athens, but in a few months' time returned to his beloved Olympos, where he again gathered around him a band of followers for the purpose of defending the Christian villagers from the oppression of the Turks. In a couple of years' time, finding himself left with but a single follower, he went to Rapsan to recruit his band, and was there poisoned by a fellow-townsmen.



EXCURSUS.

‘Je suis convaincu qu’il y a en elle [la langue populaire], non seulement la matière des plus curieuses études philologiques, mais qu’elle est le lien secret qui montre la légitimité de nos origines et qui manifeste hautement que la domination étrangère n’a jamais réussi à détruire l’unité de notre race.’—VALAORITIS.

‘Une littérature ne mérite ce nom qu’en tant qu’elle est nationale, et le développement d’une littérature nationale est attaché au culte de la langue même de la nation. Un pays n’existe réellement que quand il parle sa langue, et qu’il ose l’écrire.’—JEAN PSICHARI.

GREEK FOLK-SPEECH.





GREEK FOLK-SPEECH.

READERS of the foregoing expressions of Greek Folk-conceptions of life can hardly, I think, but have been struck with their Classical rather than Modern, their Pagan rather than Christian character. But it will be evident, on reflection, that modes of Thought, if they are determined by, also determine the forms of Language. And if the similarities of Modern to Classical Greek sentiment have, in the perusal of the foregoing pages, been recognised, some question can hardly but have arisen as to the relations of Modern to Classical Greek speech. Now, we shall find that later Greek speech is as close to earlier, as we have found, in the Folk songs, that later is to earlier Greek sentiment. And, as the best theory of a Language is its history, I propose, in this *Excursus*, to indicate the cause of this relatively close relation of Modern to Classical Greek, in tracing, though necessarily here in a very summary manner, the outlines of the greater Stages of the Development of Greek, and pointing out the contrast presented by the conditions of Greek, to those of Latin, linguistic Development. I shall then briefly illustrate the Linguistic Charac-

teristics of the Originals of these Translations. And I shall finally venture on some remarks on the burning question of Modern Literary Greek and its Future Development in relation to the Folk-speech—a Greek Philological Question which will be found to have very practical bearings on certain keenly discussed British Educational Questions.

SECTION I.

THE PAST DEVELOPMENT OF GREEK.

§ 1. Greek stands alone among languages in possessing, as a living speech, an unbroken series of literary texts extending over three thousand years, and hence extending, not only throughout the whole of that New Age which, as I have elsewhere shown, was initiated by the great Moral Revolution of the Fifth-Sixth Century B.C., but for centuries on its other side into the later of the truly Ancient Ages. That there should be definitely distinguishable Ages and Periods in the History of Civilization may reasonably be presumed, not only from its now discovered commencement at a certain approximately dateable epoch, and its having been, throughout its course, essentially a series of Racial and Class Conflicts; but from the mere physical fact that human lives are of a certain average length; and hence, that the succession of a greater number of generations brings with it, in a progressive society, greater changes than the succession of a lesser number. Approximately only can the Epochs as yet be fixed of the establishment of the Achaian and Semitic Civilizations, and hence, of the beginnings and durations of the earlier Ages; but we may,

with more definiteness, date the establishment of predominant Aryan Civilizations from the Sixth Century B.C.; and reckoning from that great Epoch, I think, as has been seen in the *Introduction*, that clearly distinguishable Half-millennial Periods may be affirmed in the New Age then initiated. Of course, however, such Periods must be conceived as, like the Seasons of Nature, presenting, in their synchronisms, the play of a Life, rather than the clockwork of a Machine; and they can be verified only by finding that a great variety of historical developments do actually, in their characteristic beginnings and endings, fit into such an Historical Framework. Do the greater Stages of the Development of Greek correspond with those Half-millennial Periods? I think it will be found that they do thus correspond; and further, that the chief external cause of the difference between the results hitherto of the respective histories of Greek and Latin has been the difference in the two cases of the conditions of the interaction of Folk- and Culture-classes.

§ 2. The First, or Classical Half-millennium—from the Sixth Century B.C. to the Christian Era—is, in the development of Greek, marked by such events as these (1) the editing (or re-editing) of Homer, and thus, here as elsewhere, the editing of National Sacred Books; (2) the gradual suppression of a variety of Dialects, not Æolic, Doric, and Ionic only, as a result of the unification enforced, first by the Persian Wars, and then, by that political, and especially intellectual supremacy of Athens which, though itself of but brief duration, resulted in giving to the Attic Dialect a permanent supremacy as the Classical Language; (3) the extension of Greek throughout Asia from Samarkand to Antioch and Alexandria, as the direct

consequence of the Greek Domination founded by Alexander, and maintained in the Kingdoms of his successors; (4) the germs, in the Greek of Polybios (124 B.C.), of the *Κοινή*, or '*Ελληνική*, the new development of the Language which was more definitely to mark the next Half-millennial Period; and (5) finally, the attempts of one set of Alexandrian writers to recall the poetical, and of another to recall the grammatical forms of a stage of literary and linguistic development that was already passing away. The Second, or Greco-Roman Half-millennium—that which was initiated by the rise of Christianity, a new development of the General Moral Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C.—was, in the history of the development of Greek, distinguished (1) by the great literary monuments of Hellenistic Greek, the Christian Scriptures, with the Apocryphal Gospels, etc., and the works of the Greek Fathers; (2) not only by military, administrative, and juridical, but, after Constantine,^a by religious, pressure also in favour of Latin, the Language of the Roman Conquerors; and (3) by such a result of the conflict of Greek with Latin for these five hundred years that, at the end of this Period, Latin is found not only to have failed to substitute itself for Greek, as elsewhere in the *orbis Romanus*—in Africa,^b Spain, and Gaul—but failed to do more than enrich Greek with some new

^a The earlier Christian Bishops of Rome spoke Greek. 'Bien qu'il (le Christianisme) eût son siège dans la capitale de l'empire il restait profondément hellénique, isolé qu'il était par les persecutions des empereurs. Avec Constantin et l'édit de Milan (313), la situation se retourne : le culte persécuté se change en religion officielle ; l'église de Rome devient romaine, sa langue reconnue est désormais la langue latine.'—LAFOSCADE, *Influence du Latin sur le Grec (Philologie Neo-Grecque)*, p. 127.

^b 'L'Égypte fait seule exception : la langue grecque, introduit par les Ptolémées, reste, sous la domination romaine, la langue officielle, au moins avant le iv^e siècle.'—LAFOSCADE, *op. cit.*, p. 100.

words,^a while leaving its Grammar untouched.^b As a result of this, from the very beginning of the Third Half-millennium of the Aryan Age—the Second of the Christian Era (500-1000) the Barbarian Period of the West, the Byzantine, of the East—the *Institutes* of Justinian had to be translated out of the language of the conquerors into that of the conquered; and this Period was, above all, distinguished by the gradually complete imposition of the language of the conquered Greeks on the whole of what, at the same time, gradually became the distinctively Byzantine, rather than Roman, administration, from the *Βασιλεὺς*, the Cæsar, the *Ἀυτοκράτωρ* downwards^c—a result of the conflict between the Greek and Latin languages which could not but immensely strengthen all tendencies to the conservation of the former. The Fourth Half-millennium—that brilliant Period from the

^a For instance, such military terms as *Δούξ*, *Κάστρον*, *Κόμης*, *Κουμπάνια* (= *φρατρία*), *Μανδάτα*, etc., and such administrative terms as *Στράτα*, *Ροῦγα*, *Σπίτι*, *Πόρτα*, *Φαμλία*, etc. (*op. cit.*, p. 142). As to juridical terms, see TRIANTAPHYLIDIS, *Lexique des Mots Latins dans Theophile et les Nouvelles de Justinien* (*Philologie Neo-Grecque*).

^b 'L'influence du latin sur le grec est demeurée purement lexicologique. La phonétique et la morphologie ne sont jamais entamées; la syntaxe l'est parfois, mais d'une façon passagère et superficielle.'—*Ibid.*, p. 159.

^c After Justinian the 'Roman' Emperors ceased to speak Latin either in private or public.—BURY, *Later Roman Empire*, vol. ii., p. 174. And if Latin was still kept up, it was in such merely ceremonial ways as only testify more clearly to the complete victory of Greek. For the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, in preserving for us several Latin formulas and prayers, found it necessary not only to translate them, but write them in Greek. Thus, when the Emperor sat down to table, five choristers chanted: *Κονσέρβετ Δέους ἡμπερίουμ βέστρουμ!* When he drank: *Βήβητε Δόμηνι ἡμπεράτορες, ἦν μούλτος ἄννος; Δέους δμνήποτενς πρέστεθ!* And when the Emperor laid his napkin on the table (*τὸ μανδήλιον αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ τῆς τραπέζης*), and they all rose, the choristers chanted: *Βόνω Δόμνω σέμπερ!*—LAFOSCADE, *op. cit.*, p. 136. Similarly, the Byzantine 'God save the King!' 'Tu vincas!' is written *τόυ βίγκας!*—BURY, as above cited.

Eleventh to the Fifteenth Century (1000-1500) distinguished by the attempted Frank Empire, or, at least, domination, of the East as well as of the West—is memorable in the history of Greek Speech, as a period of such definite further approach of the *Koinḗ*, or Hellenic, to the Neo-Hellenic, or Modern Greek of the next Period that, if the previous Period is linguistically distinguished as Byzantine, this must be distinguished as Romaic; for the two main results of study of the Greek authors of this Period are these: (1) Their language differs from one century to the next, and also presents a continuous development; and (2) before them, or before the tenth century at earliest, the language never appears as it is found in their works.^a Finally, the Fifth Half-millennium of the New, or Aryan Age, reckoned from the Sixth Century B.C.—the distinctively Modern Period initiated by the Sixteenth Century—has been marked by such a still further advance in the development of the old *Koinḗ*^b that, from the Sixteenth Century,^c must be more especially dated Neo-Hellenic, or Modern Greek,

^a See PSICHARI, *Essais de grammaire historique néo-grec*, and *Philologie néo-grecque*, *Preface*, p. xvi., where he refers to the similar views of A. THUMB and P. HESSELING.

^b It is this that Modern Greek is now found to present; and not, therefore, according to former theories, the persistence, either of any one ancient dialect, as the Æolo-Doric, or of any mixture of ancient dialects. 'Nous pouvons affirmer qu'il n'y a pas de traces d'anciens dialectes en néo-grec.'—PERNOT, *Sur les subsistances dialectales en néo-grec. Philologie néo-grecque*, pp. 45-82.

^c 'Même au xv^e siècle, nous voyons chez les auteurs des formes anciennes au milieu des formes modernes, qui ont, il est vrai, la majorité. . . . Les textes médiévaux établissent d'une façon irréfutable tout au moins ceci, c'est à savoir que le grec moderne n'est pas formé avant le xvii^e siècle. De quelque côté que l'on envisage la question, on n'expliquera jamais sans cela comment il se fait que l'Erotokritos et l'Erophile, premiers textes en langue vraiment moderne, surtout le dernier, n'apparaissent qu'entre le xvi^e et xvii^e siècles.'—PSICHARI, *Philologie Neo-grecque, Preface*, pp. xvii. and xxiv.

while the whole Period, and particularly its later centuries, has been distinguished by efforts at a reconstitution of the Language, and the formation of a truly National Literature, as I shall have more fully to indicate in a subsequent Section.

§ 3a. What has been the result of these two thousand years of the development of Greek in Stages corresponding so remarkably with the Half-millennial Periods of General European History, and which are distinguishable respectively as (1) Attic, or Classical; (2) Hellenistic; (3) Byzantine; (4) Romaic; and (5) Neo-Hellenic, or Modern?^a The development has been so slow, and the changes have been, relatively to the millenniums occupied, so slight, that Greek is still grammatically nearer to its origin than any other literary language—so near indeed, that, to use the comparison of the late Professor Blackie, there is less difference between the Classical Greek of two thousand

^a I would, in verification of this generalization, refer to the notes supporting the statements in the foregoing paragraph. I regret, therefore, that I must differ from Dr. JANNARIS as to the Periods he distinguishes in the Introduction to his *Modern Greek Dictionary*, pp. viii. to xii. His 'Neo-Hellenic Era' reaches 'from 600 A.D. to the present time,' in direct opposition to the facts referred to in the foregoing note in support of my dating it only from the sixteenth century. As to the three previous Periods which Dr. JANNARIS distinguishes, I shall here only remark that they are not only altogether incommensurate, both as to lapse of time and extent of change, with this vast Period of 1,300 years, but that the Christian Era, which made of the Κοινή, or popular Greek, the literary language of a New Religion, does not mark with him any definite new stage of linguistic development. As to my use of the term 'Romaic,' to distinguish more particularly the Fourth Half-millennial Period of the Development of Greek, 'Ρωμδικα originally meant simply the language *spoken* at the new Rome, which was, even at Court, after the sixth century, Greek—a 'vast gulf, however, separating spoken from written Greek.'—BURY, *Later Roman Empire*, vol. ii., p. 174. And till quite recently 'Romaic' has been, and is even still, used to designate what Greeks prefer to call 'Neo-Hellenic.'

years ago and the modern spoken language, than there is between the English of Chaucer half a millennium ago and the English of the present day ; or, to use the more significant comparison of M. Psichari, Greek has even now developed changes no greater than those which Latin had already developed in the *Chanson de Roland* nearly a thousand years ago.^a Surely this is a most remarkable fact, and one that presents a problem of a most interesting character. The general causes of linguistic permanence and of linguistic change have, indeed, been more or less adequately stated by various scholars.^b We seem, however, to be thus hardly justified in here evading the task of a more special consideration, if not explanation, of the singular contrast presented by the development of Greek as a single Language, and of Latin as a variety of Languages.

§ 3*b*. Note, then, the following facts in the history of Greece and Rome in the above distinguished Half-millennial Periods since, in the midst of the great Asian-European Revolution of the Sixth Century B.C., they stood side by side in similar economic conditions, resulting in similar political changes.^c In the Classical Half-millennium, the Greeks achieved a great Literature not only earlier than the Romans, but of a character incomparably more original, powerful, and enduring in its effects than was even the Augustan Literature at the end of this Period. In the next, or Hellenistic Period, the first Half-millennium of the Christian Era, another

^a PSICHARI, *Philologie neo-grecque*, *Preface*, ii., 'Pour retrouver dans nos études l'équivalent de ce que peut être, comme document linguistique, pour les romanistes l'Histoire des Francs de Gregoire de Tours il faut que nous remontions jusqu'à Polybe.'—*Ibid.*

^b See, for instance, SAYCE, *Comparative Philology*, and *Science of Language*, v. i., chap. 3, The Three Causes of Change in Language (Imitation, Emphasis, and Laziness).

^c The change from Monarchies to Republics.

immensely powerful Culture-influence was added to that which already, in Attic Greek, tended to the repression of Folk-variations—the Greek of the Apostolic Writings, addressed to Churches both in Asia and in Europe, and the Greek of the Fathers who succeeded the Apostles, and wrote their voluminous Treatises, and conducted their disputatious Councils in the Apostolic tongue—and we must further here recall, as tending powerfully in the same direction, the conflict, by which, as already noted, this Period was marked, between the two great Culture-languages of the West, and such a victory of Greek over Latin, after a struggle of five hundred years, as could not but greatly strengthen the self-conservative tendencies of the former. Again, in the Third Half-millennium—the Byzantine Period, from 500 to 1,000 A.C.—Folk-variations in speaking Greek were repressed by yet another powerful Culture-influence—that, not only of Literary Classes, both Secular and Ecclesiastical; but of a Greek Empire of the East which had succeeded the Roman Empire of both West and East; the influence of an Imperial Administration, no longer even attempting to impose Latin, and of Cæsars who, though they called themselves ‘Roman’ Emperors, spoke Greek, not Latin, and looked on themselves less as Romans who were heirs of Greek Provinces than as Greeks who were heirs of the Roman Empire.^a As the Western Empire had already, in the Second Half-millennium (1 to 500

^a So true was this that Charlemagne was regarded as a rebel; and the Emperor Nicephoros Phocas was indignant at being addressed by the Pope as ‘Emperor of the Greeks;’ though this was done without any intention of offence, and only—as was quite true—‘quia linguam, mores, vestesque mutastis.’—LIUDPRAND, *Leg.*, 51, p. 538, quoted by LAFOSCADE, *op. cit.*, p. 137.

of the Christian Era), been, the Eastern Empire was, in the Fourth Half-millennium (1000 to 1500), overrun by horde after horde of barbarians. In the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, Bulgarian Kingdoms were established in the Western Provinces, and Thessaly lost even its name in that of Great Wallachia (*Μεγάλη Βλαχία*); in the thirteenth century, Constantinople itself was taken by the Latin Crusaders and the Venetians (1204); in the fourteenth century, the Frank Domination of both East and West was further completed by the partitionment of almost the whole of the Greek Empire into Latin Kingdoms, Principalities, and Duchies; and it had besides to withstand, as it best could, the simultaneous invasions of the Slavs on the one hand, and of the Ottomans on the other; and, finally, in the closing fifteenth century, Constantinople was again captured (1453), and not, as previously when captured by the Franks, to be held for but fifty, but for five hundred years. Yet, though the result of the barbaric invasions and Fall of the Western Empire in the Second Half-millennium had been the development of Latin, in the subsequent Period, into forms so diverse that each Province had soon what was practically a new Language; the barbaric invasions and Fall of the Eastern Empire in this Fourth Half-millennium issued in no such diversities, but only in a development of Greek carrying somewhat further, and particularly in the subsequent Fifth Period, from the Sixteenth Century onwards, those changes by which it had already been marked, at the beginning, in the Eleventh Century, of the stormful Fourth Period. How shall we explain these great and diverse variations of Latin, and these slight and sequent variations of Greek, after, in each

case, subjection, not to invasions only, but to immigrations, and hence changes of blood ?^a

§ 3c. Towards an explanation of this extraordinary contrast of Linguistic Development, we may note, first, that the antecedents of variation were, in both cases, similar. A κοινή διάλεκτος was, in each case, the basis of the later changes; and this was, in the one case, preceded by the Empire of Alexander, in the other, by that of Cæsar. And, in each case, these later changes became manifest only after the less or more complete fall of the Empire. The later changes towards the Neo-Latin languages first showed themselves in the sixth century, immediately after the fall of the Roman Empire; and they became definite, and definitive, only in the eleventh century. And the later changes towards the Neo-Hellenic language first showed themselves, as we have seen, in the eleventh century, when the Byzantine Empire of the preceding Half-millennium had, if not fallen, entered on a period in which it was almost as little of an extended and independent Greek Empire as was the Roman, after the victories of the Herulian, Odoacer (476), and the Ostrogoth, Theodoric (493); and these changes became definite and definitive only in the sixteenth century, after the final

^a FALLMERAYER (*Entstehung d. heutigen Griechen*, 1835, and *Gesch. d. Halbinsel Morea*, 1832-36) maintained that not a drop of genuine and unmixed Hellenic blood flows in the veins of the Christian population of Modern Greece. But see now HERTZBERG, *Gesch. Griechenlands*, 1876-79; RAMBAUD, *L'Empire Grec au Xme. siècle*, 1870; and BURY, *Later Roman Empire*, v. ii., pp. 133-44. Dr. PHILIPPSON'S conclusion (*Zur Ethnographie des Peloponnes* in PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen*, Feb., 1890), is, that Greeks in blood form but one element in a vast Hellenised conglomerate of which about 90,000 of the Albanian element still retain their native language, while the Slavs have become completely Hellenised, as also all the descendants of Romans, Goths, Vandals, French, Italians, Spaniards, Jews, Arabs, and Turks who have at various epochs settled in the country.

conquest by the Ottomans (1453). So far, then, instead of contrast, we find striking similarity between the histories of Greek and Latin. Contrast, however, there is — not, indeed, either in the fact of change, or in the character of the antecedents of change, but in the degree of change. The question, therefore, is reduced simply to this: Can conditions be stated at all adequate to such a limitation of linguistic changes as we find in the development of Greek as compared with that of Latin? In reply we note that Culture-classes, Literary and Administrative, not only speaking Greek, but writing Greek, of which the standards were still found in the Classical Period,^a continued, owing to the political conditions above-indicated, to exert a powerful conservative influence for a thousand years longer than the Culture-classes who spoke and wrote Latin. Our general Conflict Theory seems thus further illustrated. In the conflict between Culture- and Folk-classes which determined the development both of Greek and Latin, the Greek, exerted a more powerful and more enduring conservative influence than did the Roman, Culture-classes: and hence it is that Neo-Hellenic is so much nearer its sources than Neo-Latin in any of its half-dozen forms.

§ 4. But superficially only is the problem thus solved. The question as to the cause of the contrasted developments of Greek and Latin forms but one of a large class of similar problems of contrasted Linguistic Development which must be, at least, indicated, in order to any due understanding of this special Greek and Latin problem. The Atlantisians, or American Aborigines, though relatively very few in number, speak throughout certain large districts, but one language

^a BURY, *Later Roman Empire*, v. ii., p. 170.

while, in certain smaller districts, they speak many languages,^a between which apparently no relations whatever can be traced indicative of derivation from even a few common sources; and the Atlantisian Languages, even at the lowest calculation, are so numerous as unrelated 'Stock-languages' that it is impossible reasonably to attribute their variety to an equal variety of unrelated 'Stock-races.' Yet, in contrast to this extraordinary diversity of development, we find that, from the Ganges to the British Isles, across the whole Western Continent of America to the Pacific, the languages spoken are still, after at least two thousand years of such extension (if the Western Continent is excluded), so closely related that there can be no question as to their derivation from a common source, or Mother-tongue. These Aryan Languages, however, though thus closely related, are mutually unintelligible. A still greater contrast, therefore, to the diversity of the development of Atlantisian Speech is to be found in that of the Turkic, or Turanian Races, who, having developed linguistic Varieties rather than Species, Dialects rather than Languages, are said to be still mutually intelligible from the shores of the Ægean to those of the Arctic Ocean. What are the causes of contrasts of linguistic development so prodigious as those presented by the Stock-languages of the Atlantisians; the manifestly derivative, though mutually unintelligible, Languages of the Indo-Europeans; and the vastly extended, yet mutually intelligible Dialects of the Turanians? Again, in contrast to

^a Algonquin and Athapascan, for instance, extend over large inland areas in the north, while some thirty different languages are found in the strip of coast between British Columbia and Lower California—a very significant fact, as I think, for the theory of Asian and Atlantisian relations.

the divergent development of the Aboriginal American, or Atlantisian, Languages, and to the advanced development of most of the Indo-European Languages, consider the stationariness of Semitic Arabic, or—what here more nearly concerns us—of Aryan Lettic, or Lithuanian. ‘The Bedouins of Central Arabia still speak a language which is not only as pure and unaltered as that of the Koran, but even in some respects more archaic than the Assyrian of Nineveh^a 3,000 years ago. And Lithuanian, though unaided by a Literature till the beginning of last century, is still, in its fewer phonetic changes and fewer grammatical losses, nearer the primitive type of Aryan speech than any other existing Aryan language. What are the causes of such enduringly triumphant resistance, millennium after millennium, to all those causes of linguistic change which philologists set forth as continually in action, or tending to come into action ?

§ 5. We cannot, as in the case of the special problem we have just been dealing with, reply by pointing to the conditions of the interaction of Culture- and Folk-classes. For in these last cited cases of relative or absolute stationariness, there have been no such definitely differentiated and powerful Culture-classes fostering great national Literatures, and regulating widely-extending Administrations, as have, in the case of the Greeks, kept the language comparatively close to its origins, notwithstanding the millenniums of its history, and the great area over which it has been spoken. To what cause, then, can results even more extraordinary than those which have distinguished the history of Greek be attributed? Certainly, if the retardative action of Culture-classes on the variation of Languages

^a SAYCE, *Source of Language*, vol. ii., p. 172.

is a *vera causa*, it will be possible either to derive it from, or correlate it with, whatever other causes there may be of retardative action. May there not, then, be required a more general conception of the Ultimate Factors of Evolution; and hence, a conception of the causes of retardation of Linguistic Development sufficiently general to be applicable, not to Greek only, but also to all these other cases? May not these Ultimate Factors be defined as (1) self-conservative and self-differentiative Energies; and (2) selectively favouring or disfavouring Conditions? And hence, may not the general causes of Linguistic Development be found in the interaction of such special forms of these Ultimate Factors as (1) physiological and psychological Idiosyncrasies; and (2) geographical and social Environments? But, if so, the Conflict of Races will be found to be but a special form of a more general Conflict of physiological and psychological Idiosyncrasies, acting on, and reacted on by geographical and social Environments. And thus more generally conceived, our Theory of the Conflict of Races may, with the development of Folkpsychology (*Völkerpsychologie*), be better prepared for a solution of the problem of the origin, not merely of new Languages, but of the original or Stock-languages themselves.

SECTION II.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK DIALECTS.

§ 1. The outlines just given of the Past Development of Greek in the great Half-millennial Periods of the Aryan Age, would be found, if filled in, to date the origins and to trace the history of the various changes, lexical and grammatical, which distinguish Modern from

Classical Greek. They need, however, be here only summarily indicated in their chief features, and not exhaustively. Modern differs from Classical Greek in the loss (1) of Tenses by the Verb—the auxiliaries *θά* (= *θέλω νά*) and *ἔχω* being used to replace the future and perfect, and the subjunctive mood preceded by *νὰ* (*ἵνα*) to replace the infinitive^a—and the loss (2) of Cases by the Noun—the dative being replaced generally by the accusative, though sometimes also by the genitive.^b Nor only thus, as to Grammar, but as to Words, Modern differs from Classical Greek in these various ways: (1) in the use of *εἶναι* for *he is*, or *they are*, and, with *θα*, for *he* or *they will be*^c; (2) in the use of *δέν* instead of the Byzantine *οὐδέν*, or the Classical *οὐ* for the negative; (3) in the ordinary use of what were formerly only poetical words; (4) in the use of old words with new meanings, as, for instance, of old diminutives without a diminutive sense; (5) in the dropping of final consonants (*ν* and *ρ*) and the curtailment of words; (6) in the lengthening of words, particularly for diminutives; (7) and in the importation of new words from all the languages with which the Greeks as a people have been successively brought into contact—Latin, Slavonian, Italian, Albanian, and Turkish.^d And it is

^a See HESSELING, *Essai historique sur l'infinitif Grec* in PSICHARI'S *Philol. neo-grecque*, pp. 1-44.

^b This would appear to date from the seventh or eighth century of the Christian Era; that is to say, from the earlier centuries of the Byzantine, as distinguished from the later Romaic, Stage of the Language.

^c 'Nous voyons déjà dans l'*Electre* que *ἐνι* est employé exactement sur le même pied que *ἐνεστι*. . . . Au xii siècle dans le *Spanéas*, c'est décédiment cet *ἐνι* qui l'emporte, et de cet *ἐνι* dérive le moderne *εἶναι*. Le sens s'est légèrement modifié avec le temps . . . *ἐνι*, c'est à dire *ἐνεστι*, est devenu synonyme de *ἐστί*.—PSICHARI, *Philol. neo-grecque*, pp. xii. and 367-374.

^d 'Agacé d'entendre dire sans cesse qu'il y a en grec beaucoup des mots turcs.' PSICHARI has a section on the *Eléments grecs en Turc Osmanli*, *Philol. neo-grecque*, pp. lxix-lxxxii.

by the exaggeration of these Grammatical and Lexical differences of the Modern from the Classical Culture-speech ; by a simpler Word-order ; and by Literal and Verbal changes distinctive of special localities, that the Dialects of Greek Folk-speech may be generally characterized.

§ 2. First, then, as to Grammar, and what goes with it, Word-order. Greek Dialects still possess a past and present tense, and are thus more complete than English Folk-speech, in which the present tense has frequently to do duty also for the past, as in 'I come,' for 'I came.' And as the Culture-speech must now, like English, form its future tense by the aid of an auxiliary, so it is with the Folk-speech, which, however, in Cypriote, uses *ἔννα* for *θα* (*θέλω να*). But no more in its Folk- than in its Culture- form, does Greek lend itself to such confusion in the Conditional Past as so often occurs in English Folk-speech, as in, 'If he hadn't *ha'* (*ve*) come' (*ἀν θὲν εἶχε ἔρθῃ*). And though, in Greek Folk-speech, Verbs have only two Tenses, the past and present, Nouns have still four Cases, the nominative, genitive, accusative, and vocative. Hence, such a use of the accusative of the Pronoun for the nominative, as in the North of England, 'Her comes, and her says to me,' or, as in the South, of the nominative for the accusative, 'You look after she,' does not occur in Greek. But though the grammar of the Folk-speech is so similar to that of the Culture-speech, its Word-order is far simpler than that of the Literary Language—as simple, indeed, as that of English. Such a sentence, for instance, as the following, which I take at random from the Preface to the *Συλλογὴ* of Aravandinos, lying before me, would, in its German involutions, be no less impossible in English

Culture-speech than in Greek Folk-speech: 'Ἡ κατ' ἐξοχήν ὁμῶς γόνιμος ἐν τῇ δημοτικῇ ποιήσει Ἑλληνικὴ χώρα, κατὰ τοὺς νεωτέρους τοῦλάχιστον χρόνους, δύναται, φρονοῦμεν, νὰ θεωρηθῇ ἡ Ἡπειρος.* And it is therefore unnecessary to give contrasting extracts from Greek Folk-speech, as the simplicity of its Word-order is exactly reproduced in the following Translations, even to the position of the adjectives, which, as a rule, precede the nouns. The possessive Pronouns, however, are, otherwise than in English, placed after the nouns, as, *e.g.*, τό σπίτι μου, 'my house'; and the accusative and dative of the personal Pronouns are placed before the verb, except when it is in the imperative, as, *e.g.*, τὸν ἔπιασε ἀπ' τὸ χέρι, 'he took him by the hand.'

§ 3. So far as to that exaggeration of the Grammatical Differences between the later and the earlier Culture-speech by which Greek Dialects are distinguished. And I now proceed to illustrate the exaggeration in Greek Folk-speech of the Lexical Differences above summarized between Modern and Classic Greek. It is the great number of Grecized foreign words so freely adopted in the Dialects that constitute one of the main elements of their difficulty. Some of these words, no doubt, look more difficult than they are, as, for instance, among very many more that might be cited, μαντζαώραις, μπερούκες, σμπίρροι, τζανταρμίδες, κόμμε σιντέβε, which are only the Italian and French *mezzaorras*, *perruques*, *sbirri*, *gens-d'armes*, and *come si*

* Rather questionable, therefore, is the remark of Colonel LEAKE: 'The arrangement in general is not much more complex than that of our own language' (*Researches*, p. 54). For the above sentence may be thus literally translated: 'The *par excellence*, however, fruitful in popular Hellenic poesy, country, in later, at least, times, can, we think, be regarded as the Epeiros.'

deve. More really difficult, however, are such lines as the following, from the ballads translated.

‘Σύρτε, μαντάτα, στὴ Φραγκιά, στὴ Βενετιά, χαμπέρια!’
μαντάτα = Lat. *mandata* = mandates; and χαμπέρια = Tr. *haber* = tidings (p. 278).

‘Μὲ μπέσα καὶ μὲ πλάνημα καὶ με βαρὺ σικλέτι.’
μπέσα = Alb. *bessa* = truce; σικλέτι = Tr. *siglet*, oppression (p. 384).

“Ἦπνε μου κ’ ἐπάρε μου τὸ, κ’ι, αἰτέ τὸ στὴ μπαξέδαις.’
αἰτέ = Tr. *haydé* = go (used, not in its proper signification, but as an active verb); μπαξέδαις = Tr. *baghtché* = garden (p. 172).

‘Κερδοῦν τὰν τὰ μαῦρα χαρδαλιὰ, καὶ τ’ ἄσπρα τὸ κεφίνι.’
χαρδαλιὰ = Tr. *hardali* (?) = graves; κεφίνι = Tr. *kefin* = shroud (p. 248).

‘Ἀς σαλτίσω μ’ τὸ μίσθαργο—Ὁ μίσθαργος ἀργὸς ’νε.’
σαλτίσω = Tr. *salmak* (?) = send; μίσθαργος = servant (p. 250).

‘Νησσιὰ ἄς κάψ’ τσὴ μάμμα μου, καὶ λάυρα ταγαθά μου.’
νησσιὰ = πῦρ = fire (*Annotations*, No. 31).

‘Καὶ τὸ σκουρὰ στὸ χέρι του σῶϊμαν ἐσγκυλίσθεν.’
σκουρὰ = wine; ὠϊμαν = αἷμαν, blood; ἐσγκυλίσθεν = κυλίω = to trouble (p. 238).

Evidently the discovery of words in Greek Dialects, inexplicable, as perhaps one or two of the above, and such others, perhaps, as *πουρμᾶ* and *μαγνάδι* (see pp. 237 and 407) from known languages, would add to the linguistic proof, already considerable,^a of that theory

^a A considerable proportion of Greek words, from the names of Greek Deities downwards, are inexplicable from Greek roots.

of the derivation of the Hellenic from a pre-Hellenic Civilization^a which I have, for the last dozen years, advocated in connection with my general theory of the Conflict of Races. And the pursuit of such researches, by more adequately-equipped scholars than ourselves, may perhaps lead, some day, to a work on *The Languages of Greece before the Greeks*.^b

4. Hitherto I have dealt with characteristics of Greek Dialects which are but exaggerations either of the Grammatical or of the Lexical differences which distinguish the Modern from the Classic Culture-speech. I have now to illustrate those Literal and Verbal changes—elisions, substitutions, and additions of letters,^c and fusions and changes of words—which are peculiar to the Folk-speech, and constitute the second main element of its difficulty. Some of these peculiarities have been incidentally illustrated in lines above-cited with other objects. But I must now add the following special illustrations of elisions, etc., from the Originals, translated in vol. i., pp. 97, 250, and in which peculiar forms of Greek and other words occur:

^a Suggested as my theory was by remarking, when at Larissa in 1880, that this Thessalian Larissa (Larsa in the Folk-songs) was connected by a broad band of Larissas with the Chaldean Larissa (Larsa in the Cuneiform Inscriptions), my effort has been to connect the Pelasgians through the Hittites with the Chaldeans. And as to this, see now DE CARA, *Gli Pelasgi ed gli Hethei* (1894), and the reasons now given by Professor RAMSAY for accepting Professor SAYCE'S theory of a Hittite Empire.—*Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia*, 1895.

^b Such a title will recall the remarkable work of my late lamented friend, Professor TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE, on *The Languages of China before the Chinese*.

^c It may be said that it is not the letters that change, but the sounds. However that may be in the speech of the Folk, the letters have certainly changed in the recording of their speech by most collectors. And in the following illustrations I copy exactly from the originals whether their orthography is judged correct or not.

‘ Δὲν τῶξερ’, ἀδερφοῦλα μου, πῶς τῶχες νὰ πεθάνης.’

(τῶξερ = τὸ ἤξερα ; τῶχες = τὸ εἶχες.)

‘ Ἄς ἄγω ἐγὼ κι’ ἀψύδρα ’μαι, κι ἄς μείνω, κί αὔρι ἄς ἔρθω.’

(ἄγω = πάγω ; ’μαιε = εἶμαι.)

‘ Σῶμβα ἐζώσκη τσὴ ζωστρὴ καὶ σῶβγα τὸ ’λυσσίδι,’

(Σῶμβα = εἷς τὸ ἔμβα σῶβγα = εἷς τὸ ἔβγα.)

But the most general elisions, not of the Folk-speech only, but of ordinary conversation, are those of the vowels of the personal pronouns, as, for instance, *Παναγιὰ μ’* for *Παναγία μου*. Characteristics of special localities are the following. In the storm-secluded old Pelasgian island of Samothrace there is an elision of the harsh ρ, as *στ’αβὰ* for *στραβὰ* ; γ is dropped, as in *λιερὴ* for *λυγερὴ*, in Nisyros ; and β, as in *ὀυνὸν* for *βουνόν*, in Megistos. Not only in Thrace and Macedonia, where Greeks are mixed with Bulgarians, but generally, ρ is substituted for λ, as *ἀδερφὲ!* instead of *ἀδελφὲ!* and as in the following rough verse from a Cretan love-song :

‘ Το κυπαρίσσι ρέγομεν [= λέγομεν],

Τὸ μυρισμῆνο ξύρο [= ξύλο],

ἀποῦ σου μοίζει, μάθια μου

στὸ μάκρος καὶ στο ψήρο [= ψήλο].’^a

Other substitutions are such as these: σ for χ, as *ἔρσεται* for *ἔρχεται*, in Amorgos ; τς for κ, as *τσίτρινο* for *κίτρινο*, in Imbros and other Northern Islands ; θ for τ, as *μάθια* for *μάτια*, in Crete ; and τσὴ for τῆς in Asia Minor and the Islands off its coast. One must also note certain additions of letters^b : as *νύπνος*

^a This verse is translated in *Annotation* 24, p. 400.

^b See note on last page.

for ὕπνος in the Cycládes, of which the island of Ἴος is called Νίος, just as Icaria, on the Asiatic coast, is called Νικαριά, while Naxos is called Ἀξία. In the Islands also the first letter of a second word is often added to a preceding word, as, for instance, τὸφ φερής for τὸ φέρης, and σάθ θὰ for σάν θα, as σὰθ θά τρώγω.^a Certain characteristic changes of words must also be noted. Thus in Epeiros, we find ἀσκώθεκα for σηκώθεκα (I arose); in Crete, ὄψες for ἐχτές (yesterday); in Cyprus, ἀγράχτιν for ἀδράχτιν (spindle), and χέρκα for χήρα (a widow); in Milos, ἀφάλι for ὀμφαλός (navel); and in Cappadocia θωρῶ, and in Pontus θερῶ for θεωρῶ (I see).

5. Much more might be added on the characteristics of the various Dialects of Greek Folk-speech. For my restricted space has obliged me to refrain from any attempt at incorporating the observations of other students, and to confine myself to giving extracts only from notes made in the course of these Translations. But the belief that Sanscrit stands nearest to the Aryan Mother-tongue has been overthrown by the discovery that the European system of vowels is more ancient than that of the language of the Vedas. Greek, therefore, must now take for us the place which has till lately been conceded to Sanscrit. And I would fain hope to have contributed something to widening the circle of those impressed with the great philological, and therefore historical, interest of the Folk-speech we have been discussing, and hence, of the importance both for Philology and for History of what can, however, be achieved only by a company of

^a These may be pure assimilations, but they are represented by Greek collectors as added letters.

scholars—an *Etymological Lexicon of the Greek Dialects of Europe, the Archipelago, and Asia Minor*.^a

^a For such a Lexicon there already exists an immense amount of scattered materials. First, there are such general Glossaries as those given in the *Τραγούδια τῆς νέας Ελλάδος* of KIND, 1833 ; the *Popularia Carmina* of PASSOW, 1869 ; the *Δημοτικὴ Ἀνθολογία* of LELEKOS, 1868 ; the *Νεοελληνικὰ Παραμύθια* of VON HAHN and PIO, 1879 ; and in a special number of the *Νεοελληνικὰ Ανάλεκτα*, 1870-71. Secondly, there are such special Glossaries as those appended, for Epeiros, to the *Συλλογὴ δημοδῶν Ἀσμάτων* of ARAVANDINOS, 1880 ; for Crete, to the *Ἄσματα Κρητικὰ* of JEANNARAKIS, 1876 ; for Cyprus, to the *Κυπριακὰ* of SAKELLARIOS, 1890 ; and, for Ainos, Imbros, and Tenedos, to the *Διάλεκτος* of Manasseidos. Thirdly, there are such special works as those of PIO, *Traité sur le Dialecte de Haute-Syra* ; PETALAS, *Θηραϊκῆς γλωσσολογικῆς* ; P. DE LAGARDE, *Neugriechisches in Klein Asien* ; and MOROSINI, *Studj sui Dialetti Græci della terra d' Otranto*, 1870. Fourthly, there are the very numerous special studies by Greeks of various Dialects of their Folk-speech, and collections of peculiar local words and forms to be found in the volumes of the *Ἑλληνικὸς Φιλολογικὸς Σύλλογος* of Constantinople (of which there are some twenty-five quartos at the British Museum) ; of the *Δελτίον τῆς Ἱστορικῆς καὶ Ἐθνολογικῆς Ἑταιρίας τῆς Ἑλλάδος* of Athens, 1883, etc. ; and of the *Πανδώρα Ἐφημερίς τῆς Ελλάδος* ; and other Greek periodicals. And Fifthly, there are such other works and articles on Greek Folk-speech as those especially of PSICHARI, and those of which the titles are given in the Bibliographies appended to some volumes of the *Δελτίον*. I shall only add that it is now several years since I brought under the notice of the Council of the Hellenic Society, but without result, both the scheme of such a Lexicon of Greek Folk-speech, and a proposed contribution to it, as eminently worthy of the aid of the Society.

SECTION III.

THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF GREEK.


§ 1. Having thus indicated the characteristics of Greek Folk-speech as found in the Originals of the foregoing and following Translations, I would venture on some remarks on the burning question as to the direction to be given to the present and future development of Greek as a Literary Language. For certain

Greek Writers have, since the establishment of the Modern (German) Kingdom, made it their aim to reclassicalize that Neo-Hellenic, or Fifth Stage of the Language, naturally developed, as we have seen, from the Stage I have specially distinguished as Romaic, as that was from the Byzantine, and that again from the Hellenistic. They have brought back the dative; nay, even the infinitive in *-ειν*, instead of the now long used *νά* with the conjunctive; and are, in a word, endeavouring to make of Neo-Hellenic a Neo-Attic. They are not, however, unopposed. Greek Writers are on this question divided into two Schools, which, from the names of their leaders, are distinguished respectively as *Psicharisti* and *Kontisti*. The former would make the Modern Literary Language conform to the grammar of the Modern Folk-speech. The latter would, on the contrary, bring the Modern Literary Language into more accordance with both the lexicon and grammar of the Classical Culture-speech.^a Now, I venture to say that the defencibleness of such an aim as this—I but translate, as has been seen, a Greek authority—cannot but appear in the highest degree questionable to an Evolutionist. Nor is the expression of such an opinion so rash, perhaps, as it may at first appear. It is, indeed, with me derived from an historical, rather than philological, point of view. But in the settlement of such a question, historical ought certainly to have at least as much weight as philological considerations. If also I venture to give expression to an opinion

^a Compare BIKELAS (*Διάλεξεις καὶ Ανάμνησεις*, 1893, Προλεγ. σ. ιβ'): 'Υπὸ τὴν σημαίαν τοιοῦτου ἀρχηγοῦ συσπειρωθέντες οἱ ὑπέρμαχοι τῆς δημώδους ἐπονομάζονται σήμερον Ψυχαρισταί, καθὼς ἀποκαλοῦνται Κοντισταί οἱ ἐξ ἴσου ἐνθερμοὶ ὁπαδοί, τοῦ διαπρεποῦς καθηγητοῦ τοῦ Ἐθνικοῦ Πανεπιστημίου, οἱ θέλοντες τὴν διόρθωσιν τῆς νεωτέρας Ἑλληνικῆς διὰ τοῦ λεξικοῦ καὶ διὰ τῆς γραμματικῆς τῆς ἀρχαίας.

derived from my special point of view, it will be found to coincide generally with that of the leader of the first of the two above-named Schools into which Greeks are divided on this question of the modern development of their Language. And hence, after stating the historical grounds of the opinion above expressed, I shall support it with some slight indication, at least, of the philological facts and arguments so strenuously urged by M. Jean Psichari.

§ 2. As to the historical facts referred to. Brief and inadequate as has been my summary of the past development of Greek through the Stages which I have distinguished as (1) Attic, (2) Hellenistic, (3) Byzantine, (4) Romaic, and (5) Neo-Hellenic, and which mark respectively the Half-millennial Periods of the New Age initiated by the Sixth Century B.C., it should, I think, have sufficed to convince the reflective reader that Greek has had a continuous and unbroken life; that its present form in the Folk-speech has its roots in the whole of its past history; and hence, surely, that the further development of this ancient, but still living, language should be continuous with its present development. But if so, the very proposal to take the First of these five Stages of development—the Classical Culture-speech of 2,000 years ago—as a standard for the correction and development of the Literary Language of the Fifth Stage, can hardly but appear as self-condemned. The changes in the grammar, the vocabulary, and the pronunciation of Greek have been neither accidental nor merely perverse, but have been either directly caused by, or in correlation with, the great changes of European Civilization. The analysis and simplification which mark Modern Greek, and especially in the Folk-speech, is not only



in accordance with the similar characteristics of other European languages, and of English, the most advanced of all, but is in correlation with that whole series of movements which are usually termed democratic. Hitherto, as I have endeavoured to show, the Culture-classes have exercised a preponderant influence in the development, or rather in the comparative retardation of the development, of Greek. It is the Folk-element that may be destined now to have the preponderance. For, though the Fall of the Greek Empire had no such results as had the Fall of the Roman Empire—the Romanic Languages — it *had* its linguistic results. Not very remotely, perhaps, they may be compared to the Dialectic Regeneration which followed the Norman Conquest in England, and swept away for ever the inflections and technical terms of the Anglo-Saxon Culture-Speech. Is not the attempt now, after centuries of such Dialectic Regeneration, to bring back Classical Greek, something like what might have been a similar attempt to bring back Classical Anglo - Saxon? All the omens to be drawn from History seem to me to favour that section of the Greek Culture-classes who are opposed to such an attempt. For the scientific student of History finds linguistic, literary, and political movements all in the closest correlation; and finds also such correlations between different States, and particularly those of the European System, that developments in one State can, with due regard to differences of conditions, be more or less surely foretold from the developments already accomplished in other States. And to a student who has noted in the histories of the other European States, and especially in that of Great Britain, where it is most of all evident, the intimate connection of the growth of



aspirations for Political Liberty with growing interest in Social Conditions and Folklore, and of both with changes in the Literary Language,^a tending, so far at least as language and style are concerned, to the more popular intelligibility of thoughts as profound as those of a Hume or a Huxley—the success of the Greek ‘Kontisti’ is almost as difficult to imagine as would be that of a British literary School who might now—I will not say endeavour to restore Classical Anglo-Saxon—but even endeavour to restore the Latinisms of our much later Prose Classics.

§ 3a. These conclusions from my own general historical point of view I shall now endeavour to support by remarks drawn mainly from the philological works of M. Jean Psichari. First, then, note that confusion of the distinction between *style* and *language* on which he insists as at the root of all discussions with respect to the development of Modern Greek. To use his illustration of this distinction: Racine did certainly not write in the *style* in which the people speak; but no less certainly was it the *language* of the people that he wrote.

‘Oui, je viens dans son temple adorer l’Eternel!’ is hardly in everyday *style*; but each word, even ‘Eternal,’ from the barbarous, not classic, *æternalis*, is in everyday *speech*. On the contrary, if one says in

^a I have above, in the *General Preface* (pp. xvii and xxii), had occasion to note the chronological relations of the suppression of the Jacobite Rebellions; the new era of Folklore studies initiated by MacPherson; and the new era both of Philosophic Speculation and of Popular Style in the exposition of Philosophic Thought, initiated by Hume. Not, however, till the present century have German philosophers followed the example set by the style of Hume. Compare the styles of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann with that of Hume’s contemporary, Kant.

Greek, ἡ θυγάτηρ μου ἀσθενεῖ ('my daughter is ill'), instead of ἡ κόρη μου εἶναι ἄρρωστη, one speaks *as the people*, so far as concerns the simplicity of the idea expressed, but uses another *language* than that of the people. By no means, however, does M. Psichari's insistence on this distinction between *style* and *language* mean that Modern Literary Greek should confine itself to the popular Vocabulary.

§ 3b. What marks Linguistic Science, in its more advanced stage, is recognition of the Grammar, rather than the Vocabulary, of a Language as that by which it is essentially characterized. A Language may even consist entirely of foreign words, without losing its distinctive character; and it is, indeed, sometimes just in foreign words that one may most surely recognise the continued vigour of a grammatical system. Thus, in Greek, otherwise than in French, with its more simplified grammar, a foreign noun cannot be adopted without being robed in Greek cases; and *café*, for instance, is declined ὁ καφέ-ς, plural, οἱ καφέ-δ-ες. Hence, with reference to the adoption either of foreign words, or of words from the Classical Period of Greek, the one restriction he would impose is, that they conform to the modern grammatical system. Thus, if it should be necessary to express such a scientific idea as that, for instance, of Grammatical Inflection, for which no Folk-word is available, *Κλίσις* may, of course, be borrowed from the Classical Culture-speech, but on condition of being used only in the grammatical forms of the Modern Language; hence, not as ἡ κλίσις, τῆς κλίσεως, but as ἡ κλίση, τῆς κλίσης; and this, just as in French one says *désinence*, in accordance with the forms of the living language, and not *desinentia*. As to its Vocabulary, therefore, M. Psichari's contention is

that Literary Greek should borrow as freely as the other European Languages, either from its older forms, or, if necessary, from foreign languages, but only with such submission to the popular morphology and grammar as I have just illustrated; and he especially protests against such a mixture of forms as is now found in Literary Greek and in no other Literary Language. For to write such forms as *εἰς τόν*, by the side of *στόν*, or *πατήρ* by the side of *πατέρας*, is simply to confound two different languages—as Dante would have done had he ever used *both* such forms, as, for instance, *fù* and *fuit*—and such a style is neither truly Classical nor truly Modern.

§ 3c. This insistence on the Morphology and Grammar, not of the Classical Culture-speech, but of the Modern Folk-speech, as what should mainly be kept in view in developing the Modern Culture-speech, has, of course, given new ardour to the study, not only of the popular Grammar and Vocabulary, but of the Phonology of local Dialects, and their influence on those common to regions of larger and larger circumference. Such regional Dialects are those of the Folk-verse and Folk-prose, translations of which are here given, in all their various, but corresponding, Classes. This also is a Literature, and now, not—as, till recently, it has been—merely an Oral, but also a Written Literature. The interest now excited in, and study given to, native Folk-literature, will certainly, in Greece as elsewhere, variously influence not only Culture-literature, but the Language in which it is expressed. Whatever, therefore, may be the present success of the ‘Kontisti,’ we may feel assured that this Atticizing School of Athens will pass away, as did the earlier similar

Schools of Constantinople^a and of Alexandria. More and more generally it will be felt by Greeks that they need a language as modern as their thought: 'Χρειάζεται ἡμῖν γλῶσσα τοσοῦτον νεωτέρα ὅσον καὶ ἡ διάνοια ἡμῶν.'^b And I may add the remark that Greeks have this special advantage in working out a Culture-language at once adequate to the expression of Modern ideas and popularly intelligible—alone of European peoples they possess, in their Folk-speech, the elements, at least, of most of the technical terms of European Science.^c

§ 4. But this controversy among Greeks as to the direction to be given to the development of their Modern Culture-speech is very far from being a matter which has for us no practical importance. I venture to think that due recognition of this controversy, and of that conception of the development of Greek as a living language which is the scientific basis of the views

^a Some of the finest pieces of the *Greek Anthology* are by Byzantine scholars.

^b PSICHARI, 'Ιστορικά καὶ γλωσσολογικά Ζητήματα, σ. 497.

^c Thus, for instance, the elements of the terms *Mathematics*, *Mechanics*, *Dynamics*, *Kinetics*, *Physics*, *Physiology*, *Botany*, *Phytology*, *Dendrology*, *Psychology*, *Zoology*, *Anthropology*, *Geology*, *Seismology*, *Kosmology*, etc., are all in common use in the Folk-speech. If the elements of certain other scientific terms are, in the Folk-speech, used now with somewhat different meanings—as, for instance, those of *Ornithology*, *Hippology*, *Hydrography*, etc.—they would still be readily understood in their scientific sense. For, though *πουλιά* is the Folk-word for *birds* generally, yet *ὀρνίθεια* is *poultry*; though *ἄλογος* is the Folk-word for a *horse*, yet *ἱππάριον* (or *ἄππάρων*) is a *pony*; and though *νερὸ* is the Folk-word for *water* (a Nubian inscription of the sixth century has *νήρον*), yet *ιδρῶς* is *perspiration*. There are also, no doubt, scientific terms, though they are comparatively few, which would not be thus either directly or indirectly understood, as, for instance, *Ichthyology*. For *ψάρι* has now completely taken the place of *ἰχθῦς* as the Folk-word for *fish*. And, of course, such scientific, but unscholarly, compounds as *Conchology* or *Sociology* would—if Greeks should deign to use them—have to be explained.

maintained by the 'Psicharisti,' will greatly affect our current theories with respect, not only to the pronunciation of Greek, but to the far larger question of the place of Greek in Modern Education, and the method to be pursued in learning Greek. The former question has recently been again raised by a pamphlet entitled *The Restored Pronunciation of Latin and Greek*, issued by Professors Arnold and Conway, 'with the unanimous assent of their colleagues, the classical professors in the Welsh University.' But the stage of Pronunciation that is 'restored'—hypothetically it must be admitted—is but that of a single century, the fifth B.C.; and it is proposed, apparently, that this hypothetical 'restoration' shall be drilled into students of Greek as the one and only right way of pronouncing Greek in all the stages of its development. Naturally this has not passed without objection.^a Admirable, of course, would be the accomplishment of being able to pronounce Greek as did Æschylos in the fifth century; but hardly less admirable surely the accomplishment

^a Dr. R. J. LLOYD, of Liverpool, the chief critic hitherto of the 'Restored Pronunciation,' 'enters a *caveat* against the hard and fast adoption of the fifth century, B.C., as the standard period of Greek pronunciation. Why the fifth rather than, *e.g.*, the fourth? We surely need not wish to be more Attic than Demosthenes or Plato. And in any case we cannot create a system which will be equally suitable to all ancient authors of every period and dialect. . . . There is good reason to believe that the fourth and fifth centuries, B.C., formed a period of relatively rapid change in Greek pronunciation.'—*Academy*, January 11, 1896, pp. 39, 40. See also his subsequent letters, February 29 (after a reply by Professors ARNOLD and CONWAY, February 15), March 7, March 21 (after a rejoinder by the Professors, March 14), March 28, and April 4; and the general reply of the Professors, May 2 and 16. Professor JEBB is quoted as holding 'it to be far more important that a student of Greek should be able to comprehend or enjoy the ancient metrical compositions as such than that he should be assisted in acquiring the modern Greek pronunciation.' But as to this, opinions may reasonably differ.

of pronouncing as did Demosthenes in the fourth century; or, indeed, as did St. Paul at Athens; or as, half a millennium later, Procopios at Constantinople; and so on to the present time. Haply the historical study of Greek phonetics may one day make such accomplishments possible. But nothing surely could stand more in the way of such progress than an attempt to standardize for all time a mere moment, 2,000 years ago, of Greek Literature and Greek Pronunciation. Yet, if this is not done, it will be asked, How are English students to be taught to pronounce Classical Greek? Some would boldly reply: As it is now traditionally pronounced by the Greeks themselves.^a I confess to much sympathy with such a reply;^b but I will only venture to say that no pronunciation should be taught as other than as, so far as ascertainable, *an* historical pronunciation;^c and to add that the sooner this lesser question of the Pronunciation of Greek reopens the larger question of the place to be assigned to, and the method of teaching, Greek in

^a See, for instance, GENNADIUS, *Forum*, October, 1894, and *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1895, and January, 1896.

^b Thus also Professor SAYCE, and chiefly on the ground which has weighed so much with myself, namely, the time lost, and difficulty put in the way of acquiring Modern Greek by first getting accustomed to a different pronunciation of Classical Greek. There is, however, no such objection in the case of Latin, of which also the Classical pronunciation is more certainly known.—*Science of Language*, vol. ii., p. 342.

^c 'Essayons donc,' says M. PSICHARI, 'autant que notre science nous le permet, de prononcer le Grec ancien à l'ancienne, et réservons la prononciation moderne au Grec moderne.' He adds: 'Que ce soit un jour par amusement, ou par intuition de génie, ce qu'Erasmus découvrait, c'était un principe. Il avait vu que le Grec ancien ne pouvait pas se prononcer comme le Grec de son temps. Aujourd'hui nous ne sommes plus les disciples directs d'Erasmus; l'étude des langues et la physiologie nous ont amenés à des conclusions bien plus pénétrantes et précises.'—*Pronunciation du Grec*, pp. 22-24.



Modern, and not merely English Education, the better it will be for the practical solution of the minor question. For consideration of this larger question may lead to its being seen that the mental discipline now required, the discipline that makes scientific thought and investigation possible, is to be incomparably more certainly secured by Physical and Biological studies—even if only temporarily pursued for the sake merely of the mental discipline they afford—than by studies of the Classical stage of an assumed ‘dead’ language; that Greek, therefore, and even in a sense Latin, can be, with adequate fruitfulness, studied only as a living Language, and hence, not merely, or even chiefly—save by those with a special vocation thereto—in its Classical, but in its general development; and hence, further, that Greek, like other living European languages, should be taught in its Ancient, after it has been acquired in its Modern, form.^a For what is that Modern form? It is the common Language of intercourse and commerce throughout the whole Levant; is already the medium of an immense Folk-literature; and will, in its promised new development—as yet chiefly in the poets, Solomos, Vilaras, and Valaoritis—be the medium possibly of a new Culture-literature worthy

^a A writer in the *Saturday Review*, in an article entitled *Modern Greek as She is Wrote*, February 14, 1891, denounced, with the usual *Saturday* vituperation, those who hold ‘the theory that Ancient Greek should be learned through, and after Modern Greek.’ But his only argument against the theory was a severe criticism of a certain example of that Modern Literary Greek which he characterised as a ‘bastard speech.’ This criticism, however, had the appearance of relevancy as an argument only because there was no hint in the whole article that one party among Greeks themselves have written quite as severely of the contemporary literary dialects, rather than language, as the Reviewer himself, and that there is now a sustained and scientifically based effort to bring Literary Greek into line with what the Reviewer truly refers to as ‘the naturally developed Romaic of the popular ballads.’

to rank with the best of the Modern Literatures of Europe. It is at last recognised as somewhat of an anachronism that a boy should be laboriously trained to write a page or two of Latin so Classical as to be endorsed *sine errore et elegantissime*,^a while yet unable either similarly to write his own language, or even to ask for what he wants in such Modern Latin as French. And yet Greek is still so taught that the satire of Skelton is still as applicable as it was three hundred years ago :

‘ But our Grekis their Greke so wel haue applied,
That they cannot say in Greke, riding by the way,
How hosteler, fetche my horse a bottel of hay.’^b

§ 5. Unquestionably, however, the way in which this question of the place of Greek in Education is settled will depend very much on the Greeks themselves. But that contrast in the histories of Greek and Latin, which I have above attempted partially at least to explain, is but an illustration of a far more general historical fact which ought surely to inspire the Greeks with a conception of their mission in the future much more fruitful than mere self-congratulation on the part played by predecessors, rather than ancestors, in the past. The current Academic view of History which obtains its theory of ‘Unity’ by making all historical events dependent on, or subsidiary to, the history of Rome, is not only a mere fiction, but unfortunately also a veil which obscures all the facts which might otherwise lead to a truer theory. Immortal as the *Decline and Fall* must be, the history of Europe is not

^a That was what alone, in my day, was required to secure, and did secure, for many a Parish- and Grammar-School boy, a good University Bursary, or Scholarship, at Aberdeen.

^b *Speake Parrot.*



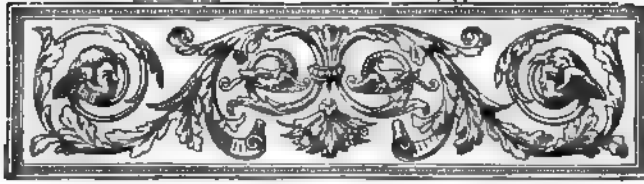
truly, as to Gibbon, the history of the Roman Empire. No sooner had a general European Civilization been constituted—a civilization, not merely, as in the Classical Period (500 B.C.—I A.C.), of two European peninsulas, but, as in the succeeding Imperial Half-millennium (I A.C.—500 A.C.), a Civilization extending from Britain to the Bosphorus—no sooner had such a general European Civilization been constituted than, under the nominal unity of the ‘Roman’ Empire, there again arose two distinctly different, but far more widely extended, Civilizations—the Civilizations, not of the Greek and Italian peninsulas only, but of Eastern and Western Europe, the Civilizations of the Greek and the Latin tongue: Civilizations different in every regard, economical and political, moral and religious, philosophical and literary. It is in the interaction of these two clearly differentiated Civilizations, and not in an appellation which, after the Fall of the Western Empire, was, for a thousand years, little more than a mere vain and empty name, that the true unity is to be found of European Civilization. And whether or not the Greeks realize their great political idea of reseating themselves at Constantinople—if indeed this idea is still seriously believed in even by enthusiasts—they may, or at least ought to, be able again to exercise, in South-eastern Europe and the Levant, such a definite and special function in the life, and especially the intellectual life, of the European Commonwealth of the Future, as, for a thousand years, they exercised under their Greek, though nominally ‘Roman,’ Emperors, from the successor of Justinian to the last Constantine.*

* The reader may be reminded that the intellectual influence of the Greek Empire on Western Europe was by no means confined to that of its dispersed scholars after the capture of Constantinople

Thus—and for those more especially who, in perusing these Folk-songs, may have been struck with the similarities of Modern and Classical sentiments—I have pointed to the contrasted conditions of the development of Greek and Latin as one element at least of the cause of the greater nearness of Modern to Classical Greek than of the Romanic Languages to Classical Latin; have illustrated the linguistic characteristics of the Originals of these Translations; and have indicated not only the forces tending to a further development of Greek, but the connection of the controversy on this subject with the Dialects of the Folk-poesy here translated, and even with Educational Questions astir among ourselves. Reflecting, however, now on the immense scope of the subjects which I have ventured to treat in Sections of but a few pages each, I feel deeply how inadequate that treatment has been. But a warning of this I meant to convey by the term I have applied to this essay, *Excursus*—though, indeed, it might equally well have been applied to my *Introduction*. As a mere *Excursor*, therefore, my aim has been only to survey the ground; to collect and collate opinions; and to provoke rather than, as yet, enter seriously on discussion. For ‘*Excursores sunt milites infimi ordinis et virtutis, qui huc illuc extra aciem excurrunt, vel prædandi causa, vel speculandi, vel prælii committendi.*’^a

by the Turks (1453); but is to be found in a similar dispersal after its capture by the Franks (1204); and still more importantly, perhaps, in the Imperial present of those works of Dionysius the Areopagite with the Commentary of St. Maximus the Martyr, which, translated by that greatest thinker of the Keltic Race, John Scot Erigena (850), transmitted to the West that Neo-Platonic tradition and influence which was carried on through the Scholastic Philosophy to the rise of Modern Philosophy with Bacon and Descartes.

^a CICERO, *Verr.*, 4, c. 8.



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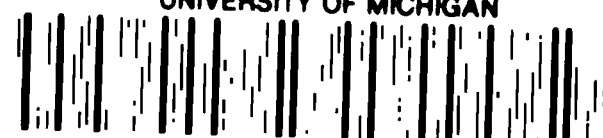
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